THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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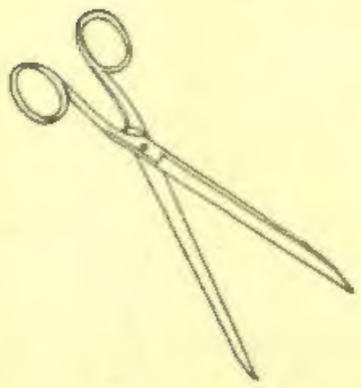
May Edginton — George Agnew Chamberlain
Ben Ames Williams — Thomas Beer — Edwin Balmer and William MacHarg
Margaret Culkin Banning — Joseph Hergesheimer — Kenneth L. Roberts

FOR YOUR CHILD'S ROOM

This month's
Health Interest Poster

Watch for new one next month



This boy is the star runner on his team. One reason is, every morning he eats a *hot* cereal breakfast — *Cream of Wheat.*

MY RECORD					
1st WEEK					
2nd WEEK					
3rd WEEK					
4th WEEK					

Children love Cream of Wheat with raisins, dates or prunes

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This will interest your child

School tests show that the child who eats a hot cereal breakfast is mentally and physically prepared to do a better day's work in school. Here is a way to help your child take a new enthusiastic interest in this health habit. Hang this poster on the wall and send to us for free package of gold stars. Have your child paste a star in the record form every school morning he eats a *hot* cereal. We will be glad to send with the stars a sample box of Cream of Wheat and authoritative booklet on child feeding. All free. Write today to Cream of Wheat Co., Dept. A-7, Minneapolis, Minn.

LUCILE, *Paris*

SETS A HOSIERY FASHION STAGE IN AMERICA'S SMART SHOP WINDOWS

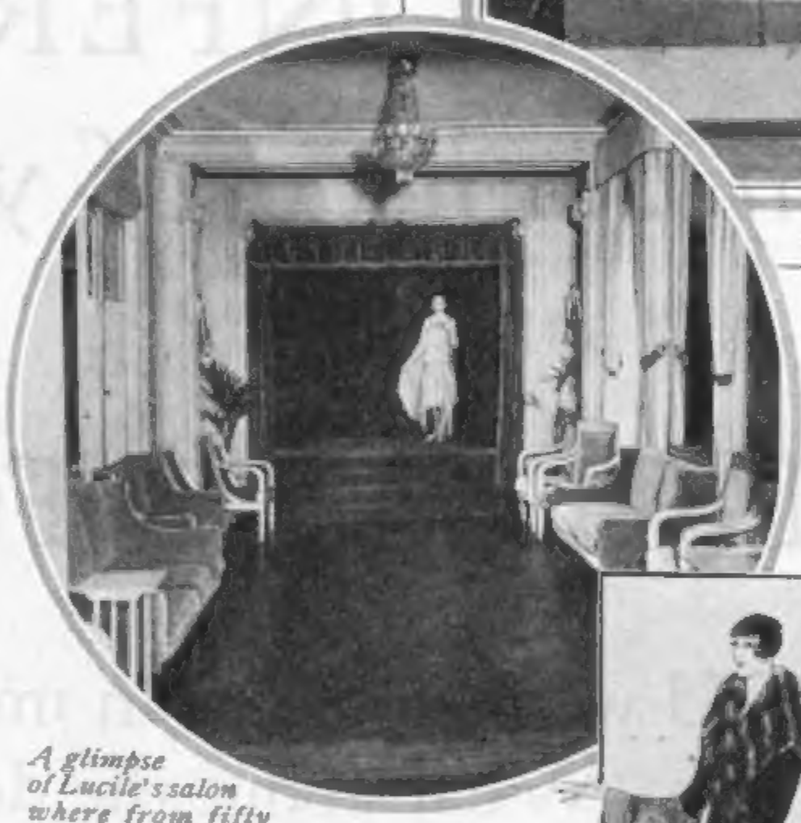
Now, through the Holeproof Hosiery Company, this world-famed couturière depicts the coming trends in Paris. Shows you her latest hosiery colors. Gives the new lines in gowns. ¶ Somewhere, very near you, there is a shop displaying Lucile's style predictions with original sketches and exquisite stockings. Forecasts will appear at frequent intervals.

***Fashion's Entrance** at 11 Rue de Penthievre, Paris*

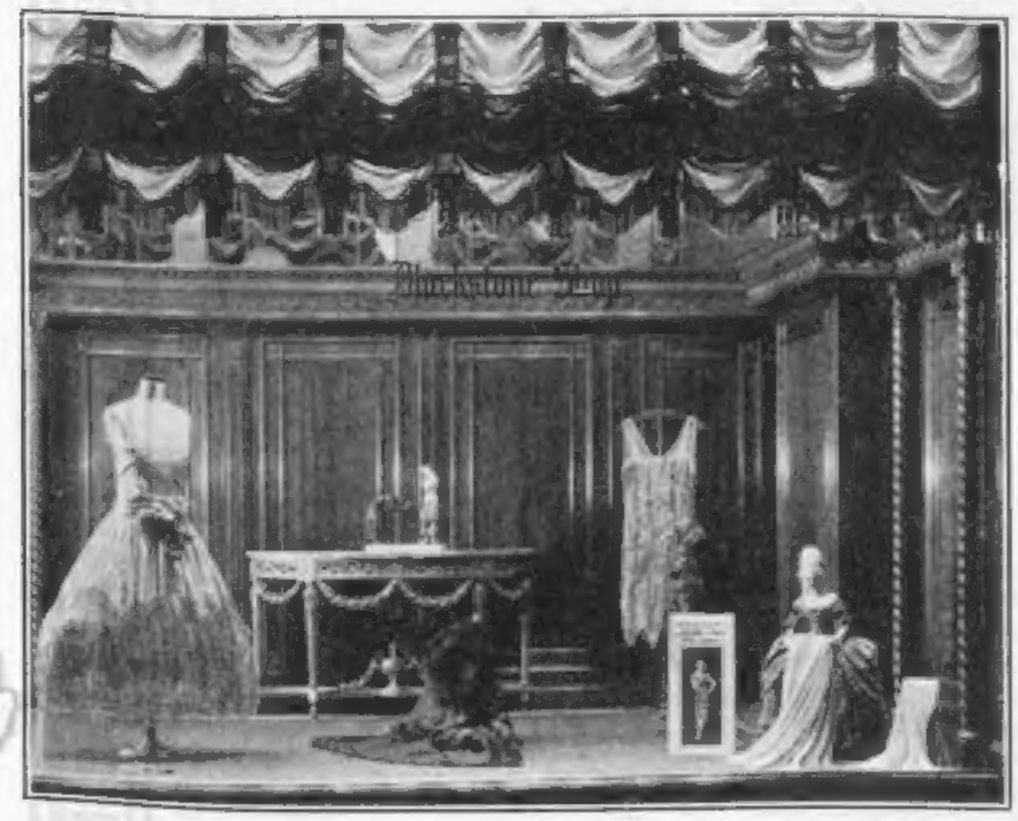
TODAY thousands of merchants' windows hold a new and unique fascination. In them are sketches from the designing rooms of a master French modiste. These drawings are of gowns not yet displayed in Paris. Prophecies of coming modes to guide you in today's selection.

Not long ago to have Lucile in Paris meant to have her out of reach unless one went abroad. But today we speak of her—wear her creations, as if she lived nearby. And so today American women may be guided by Lucile herself.

Now through one of America's leading hosiery makers you may wear stockings in the original colors that Lucile herself creates. Exquisite stockings stylishly correct, yet moderate in price.



A glimpse of Lucile's salon where from fifty nations come connoisseurs of fashion to view each season's openings. (Right) An original designing room sketch of a new Lucile success



Blackstone Shop, *whose patrons fill Chicago's blue book. Here in its windows imported gowns and Holeproof Hosiery in Lucile colors add to fashionable Michigan Boulevard a touch of Paris*

LUCILE CREATES IN PARIS NEW COLORS FOR HOLEPROOF HOSIERY

Fashionable women ask for hosiery colors that are correct in Paris ... for colors particularly designed to wear with Paris clothes. So Lucile creates a shade to complement each new fabric . . . to match each new color trend in shoes.

Ordinary colors often seem *tres chic*, but she asserts that in a dozen nudes not more than one will be artistically correct. That's why Lucile has been secured exclusively to give the perfect cast to every shade. There is but one Lucile blonde — Maxine; one correct flesh — Fanchon. Thus you have in Holeproof's shades authority no other maker of fine hosiery can offer you.

And this, plus Holeproof's five famous style points, has won these sheer and graceful stockings nation-wide distinction.

LOOK FOR THE LUCILE WINDOWS DISPLAYING HOLEPROOF PARIS COLORS

In them are shown this month the three latest shades—Fanchon—Celeste—Maxine. The hosiery is in a wide variety of styles, filmy chiffons and rich sheer lustrous silks, full-fashioned and other styles, ranging in price from $1.00 to $3.00. Special full-fashioned sheer and service weight chiffons at $1.95.

5 Fashion Features

1—Correct Paris shades Lucile created. A unique scientific dyeing process keeps colors clear and bright . . . protects from fading.

2—Exquisite clearness. In sheer chiffons shadow rings are avoided only through the use of uniformly even thread. So at greater cost Holeproof selects silk judged finest of all oriental grades.

3—Superlative transparency. There is no cloudiness, nor any streaks. Loose ends are trimmed from each stocking by hand.

4—Full-fashioned. In every color and every weight there is a full-fashioned number that imparts slender, graceful lines to charming ankles.

5—No imperfections. Here Holeproof safeguards you by nine separate inspections. It is a fact that scarcely any other fine hose are so uniformly perfect.

Holeproof Hosiery

Milwaukee, and London, Canada

WHEN YOU HAVE A CONFERENCE

with the head of your business

YOU DRESS UP FOR IT

YOU want to make an impression. What about the dozens of other times he sees you "out of the corner of his eye"?

Good clothes and hard work will make every impression a good one

Our clothes will do their part of the work

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

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George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

Frederick S. Bigelow, A. W. Neall,
Thomas B. Costain, Wesley W. Stout,
B. Y. Riddell, Thomas L. Masson,
Associate Editors

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THE JOY GIRL

By MAY EDGINTON

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

"Were You Looking for a Taxi, Miss?" Most Deferentially He Asked

DON'T pinch me, Mr. Sandman," whispered Jewel.

"I'm sorry."

"Pinch Flora if you must pinch girls; she'd be quite flattered."

"I don't want to pinch Flora."

"Such is life," said Jewel, and turned her attention to the end of the last reel of the new Fairbanks picture.

In the half dark, Sandman gazed hungrily at her small and classic profile. He had not pinched her. "Pinch" was an opprobrious description of the eloquent squeezes with which he had been caressing her so slender arm. He did not pinch girls; it was childish and unbefitting his station of man of the world. He suffered at the manner in which she always put him thus, in a place lower than he considered to be rightly his. And he was mad about her.

Flora, her friend, sat on his other side, and had eaten nearly all the chocolates. He had noticed before that extraordinarily beautiful and tempting girls always had plainer girls devotedly tacked onto them; he had never quite made up his mind whether it was a sense of self-protection on the part of the beautiful girls, or a sense of cunning on the part of the plainer ones, who no doubt had learned that where their desirable friends went, there went, too, all masculinity; there went cinema stalls, dancing, ices, and even wild rides on pillion seats of motorcycles. For if he begged of Jewel, "Come out with me on the motor bike next Sunday," invariably she replied, "Oh, on Sundays I couldn't disappoint Flora." Then he always said, "I'll bring a friend to take Flora."

And so it was. He never had Jewel alone. Never! Never! Never!

"I seem," murmured Flora coyly, "to have eaten everything up."

Light again engulfed the theater. The screen was blank. Jewel rose, sighing, "It's over."

Sandman's eyes went to her. She was pulling down her little hat, shrugging that near-fox tie about her shoulders. The extreme shortness of her skirt, as she moved out in front of him, showed two legs whose equal he had never seen. Oh, beautiful—beautiful! And yet, what did these girls think they had, with all their beauty? Just beauty; just nothing else. Just a picture to look at. She was so sure, so critical, so swift, so disdainful; and yet—for what reason? What justification? She talked as if she were a society beauty. "My people" this and "my people" that, and "Oh, I have an engagement, thanks." But what sort of people had these cold, proud, glittering, gay little girls? Why, he had seen her people! Her father, in his late middle years, was just a clerk, in the very position that young Sandman found himself on the threshold

"My Dear, I'm Not Made for Hugh Sandman. I Want More Than That. I Want to Go Into the Ritz and the Embassy Club Like Those Women We Watched Last Night"

of life. A position no better! And yet she affected to think very little of Sandman and his friends, didn't she? And then these engagements—what were her engagements?

Well, the cinema seats, the dance teas on Saturdays and the motorcycling on Sundays that he and his friends provided, weren't they?

Like many other young men of shrewd honest heads and soft honest hearts, Sandman reflected on this as he followed Jewel from the theater, the more devotional Flora following and admiring him. He shepherded them upon an omnibus, paid for all three tickets out to Dulwich. She might not even ask him in after he had escorted them home; and Flora, who worked in the City, rented only a bed-sitting room near her friend's home, and she could not, or would not, ask him into that. No, it was quite likely to be: "Thanks so much, Mr. Sandman, for seeing us home. I won't ask you in tonight; I really don't know what my people's arrangements are. Good-by." And yet, strangely, it was worth it.

They talked about the Fairbanks picture. "It's his figure I love," said Flora dreamily, leaning from the seat behind them to speak to the two ensconced in front. "He has a divine figure. I would sell my soul for a man like that."

It was soft autumn; a most lovely and wistful night, with a faint smoky smell upon the air. Perhaps people in the little houses that the omnibus was rolling by had made bonfires earlier in the evening of the weeds and rubbish in their struggling gardens. And the stars were very still and steady, as if set to keep watch; and there was a moon, the harvest moon, rather red. It was a night, Sandman knew, when he could have taken a girl into his arms and suddenly have been transformed into someone very unlike the City clerk Sandman. But there was not a girl to take into his arms; there was only a girl to be looked at, with her fashionable little hat pulled down, her near-fox fur snuggled up and her silk knees gleaming in the moonlight that searched for such delightful knees upon the top of the rumbling chariot.

Of course there was Flora, just behind. One could, no doubt, have been very cozy with Flora, had one had the heart for her.

At the corner of Wallflower Road, Dulwich, the conductor pulled the bell and stopped the omnibus. He knew Jewel's face and the road she lived in. They alighted, and Sandman went with them between the rows of small houses washed by the heavenly light of the moon. He could not help wondering if he would be asked in for a glass of lemonade or a cup of cocoa and cake; if they might not all sit down and smoke a cigarette together before he left her.

At the gate of a front garden so tiny that it seemed hardly a garden at all, Jewel stopped. She held out her hand. "Good night, Mr. Sandman. So nice of you to see us all the way home. I don't know quite what my people's arrangements are tonight, so I won't ask you in. Flora's coming in for a few minutes with me, and then she'll run home alone, won't you, dear?"

"Yes, dear."

"So good night, Mr. Sandman."

"Good night."

He walked off, knowing that he would be just such a fool many times more—in fact, whenever he had the opportunity. Tomorrow, in the office, one or two friends would say to him, "Where were you last night, Sandman?" and he could answer, "I took out Jewel Courage." And they would say, "You have luck!" And he would pretend that he had.

As he walked down the road he was sore, but he was muttering, justly, to himself, "Of course, we fellows make 'em like it. We do it."

And Jewel and Flora entered the little villa. As they stepped into the narrowest of halls, oilcloth covered and lighted by a mere glimmer of gas, a door opened on the right and two people in the later middle years stood there looking at the two girls, fresh from the outer world of youth.

"Flora's coming in for a few minutes to borrow that frock, mother."

"Yes, dearie. . . . Good evening, Flora. . . . I've put the cups and the cake up in your room, dearie."

"Thanks, mother."

"I shan't keep her up long, Mrs. Courage."

"No, don't keep her off her beauty sleep, Flora," said Jewel's mother, and the wilted man at her shoulder began: "You go out too much for young girls. When mother and I were your age ——"

But by then they were upstairs, shut into Jewel's bedroom. "Never listen to him," she said, throwing off her hat and running her hand over her hair. "It's bad for him."

"Shall I light the gas ring and make the cocoa?"

"Yes, do; while I get out the frock."

"I shall never look the same as you look in it."

They busied themselves, Jewel lovingly with clothes, Flora domestically about the cocoa cups. They sat on Jewel's bed, drinking the cocoa, and Flora talked: "I wish Hughie Sandman were half as mad about me as he is about you, my dear. But when you're there, men haven't eyes for anyone else. I wonder what it feels like to be you. Sometimes I think a girl with your looks can do simply anything—anything. It must be divine to be like you."

But Jewel sat looking before her. She could just see herself in the distant mirror, and she looked herself all over moodily and critically.

"What are you dissatisfied about now?" asked Flora lovingly.

Jewel spoke, sighing: "Where does it all lead to, and when?"

"Well, considering that you could marry any one of half a dozen men tomorrow ——"

"Men like Hughie Sandman!"

"As I've asked you before, what's wrong with him? Awfully good-looking, and such a sport!"

"My dear, I'm not made for Hugh Sandman. I want more than that. I want to go into the Ritz and the Embassy Club like those women we watched last night. I want pearls, my dear, and sables, and a real old Spanish shawl, and earrings; a limousine and a masseuse, and to

travel and improve my mind. My heavens, do you think I want to look like my mother looks at forty-five?"

"Is that all she is, really? I suppose my mother looks much the same though."

"They all do. I was reading a book about Venice in bed this morning. It was called A Mediterranean Cruise, and it described all the places I'd like to go to on my honeymoon."

Flora regarded her. "It always seems to me that one day you'll get all you want, Jewel."

"I mean to try."

"After all, you're barely twenty."

"Don't you ever want things, Flora?"

"Want! Wants aren't cash, my child. No. I'm more easily satisfied, I suppose. I enjoyed this evening: you were bored."

"I was thinking how lovely it would have been to go with a man in evening dress to stalls at that new musical show."

"I was satisfied with Hughie Sandman and the pictures. Oh, I did enjoy myself! And the chocolates—you wouldn't eat them because they were only second best."

"I hate second best."

"With Hughie and his friends it's either a bigger box of second best or a small one of best."

"I know."

"Oh, Lord, there's your mother tapping on the door!"

Flora had gone. Jewel moved about her room in a thin nightgown of pale-blue flimsiness that somehow contrived a fairly expensive effect. She brushed her teeth and cleansed her face delicately with a much-advertised toilet lotion, and examined her lovely hands. Her mother watched her. With a look of worship, rapt, intent, ecstatic, her mother watched her. She sat in the shaky basket chair, her hands in her lap, fingers fiddling with the manicure tools, and looked upon her marvelous girl. She was old before her time, tired, inept, foolish, disappointed, but her mind was set steadfastly toward one goal—the goal of attainment for Jewel. She was resolute that Jewel must not be old before her time, nor tired; that she should never be disappointed, if, anyhow, with the hard-won coin of maternity, her mother could purchase for her the toys she craved.

"Aren't you nearly ready, dearie darling?"

"Nearly."

"Because you're going to have your manicure tonight if I wait till dawn to do it. We've put it off two nights now."

"All right. All right."

Then the girl moved before her long glass, the only long glass in the house. She posed, leaning back slightly, hand on hip, shoulders delicately set. Her eyes were dreamy, absorbed in visions of herself. She shook her head and let a wave of her short hair fall down across her forehead. Now she had the look of an exotic gamin, her big eyes staring insolently, with raillery, through the hair. She made her mouth serious and then she made it laugh. Her mother might have been a dummy for all the notice her presence evoked.

But her mother watched her, enchanted.

"My figure's improved since last spring. I've got thinner. I'd like to be so thin and so light that I'd look as if a puff of wind would blow me right off my two feet." She ran her hands down the sides of her body, showing what a wisp she was.

"You look like that now."

"Well, you'd better do my hands if you want to."

"Put your dressing gown on first, lovey."

The girl wrapped a fragile dressing gown about her, posed before the tall glass again, and perched herself on the bed. Her mother, sitting forward in the basket chair, placed a cushion on her lap, on which she received two exquisite hands. She began her work.

"I suppose there is not a girl in London who has more beautifully cared for nails."

"I like being beautiful."

"It's what I've always trained you to be, isn't it, dear?"

Jewel nodded, looking tolerantly down at the bent gray head. The head had always seemed lowly, like that; first brown, then gray, always it had so worshiped at the shrine of the adorable child. And now, as in the beginning, it seemed natural to have this mother slave always working, always striving, always plotting and planning, to the one end.

"You're a fine beauty specialist, mother."

"Well, it's a thing any woman can learn by practice, and I learned it for you, honey."

"I was thinking the other day—it was rather funny why you'd never tried it on yourself."

The slave looked up, and a smile very sweet and rather shy, and quite resigned, crossed her face. "Why should I?"

"Well, why should any woman?"

"When I was young I was brought up differently; brought up to think women were best if they were useful. My mother used to say to me when I was young, 'Looks are a snare and a delusion.' Now that I'm older, I know; yes, looks are a snare, but they are not a delusion. And it is not women that they snare. I know now women don't get much in this life just by being useful. I didn't mean my baby girl to grow into what I did."

"There's no fear!"

"Ah, life is very deceitful," murmured Mrs. Courage.

"Still, I suppose you're quite contented now, mother," Jewel said curiously.

"Oh, now! What's the good of being anything else?"

"It's a pity father hasn't got on, of course."

"He never had the makings of success in him, my dear. He only thought he had."

"He still thinks so, poor old man."

"Poor old man!" said Mrs. Courage, and her lips turned down a little at the corners, with pity rather than contempt.

"Well, I shan't make your mistakes, mother, so cheer up."

"My mistakes?"

"Marrying a clerk on tuppence a year and drudging for him all my days. Young Sandman can see me doing it though."

"Young Sandman!"

"He wouldn't look at Flora tonight."

"That girl's too eager."

"Well, she'd get nothing at all if she didn't come forward for it, would she?"

"There are plenty of girls like that. I was like that, I expect. You're lucky."

"To be what I am? Yes."

She acknowledged it complacently. Turning her head, looking over her shoulder, she could catch a view in the mirror of her white back, surrounded by the frailty of the very low cut blue nightgown.

"And yet," she considered—"and yet, how does a girl like me get near the right men?"

"You'll meet one, one day," said Mrs. Courage with faith and devotion. "You'll meet your fairy prince and marry him and have all you want."

"And when I do, I'll make him pension you and father handsomely. You'll get your reward, mother, for all you do for me." *(Continued on Page 50)*

"Do You See, Jewel?" Flora Whispered. "People are Talking About Us"

Civilization and the Water Tap

By Richard Washburn Child and Hugh Nawn

AN ENGINEER and an observer of the progress of mankind stood together on the top of a Cyclopean dam at Gilboa. A river was slowly filling the vast reservoir which was to supply the millions who come to their water taps in New York City some 125 miles away.

The engineer, who had worn himself thin tearing off the tops of mountains, covering whole towns, building tunnels and siphons large enough to march armies through 2000 feet below the hilltops, saw perhaps the result of a seven-year struggle with Nature. He saw again from the stone quarries in the hills the tiny antlike armies of workers moving about on the gigantic stage of an engineering operation. He saw the flickering light of the night work done to hasten a water supply of a city. He remembered the eternal tooting and roar of trains making the fill, and saw perhaps once more a whole town being destroyed by fire so that tomorrow it might be covered deep with water. Perhaps he was weary at the end of a winning fight with terrible obstacles and satisfied that he had seen through a job of vast importance to this generation and other generations to come. He was ready to tell of that battle with Nature.

But the observer of the progress of mankind was thinking of the millions and millions of water taps far away. He was meditating upon the fact that the guaranty that when those taps are turned on something should flow bounteously from them is the most vital of all public considerations. For upon this flow, civilization depends most of all.

Water! Water!

WATER more than any other factor is the basis of civilization. It is so much the basis that no one thinks of it. The old adage, "You never miss the water till the well runs dry," expresses the matter-of-factness with which the people who use more water per capita than any other nation in the world accept their supply of water a good deal as they accept their supply of air. This is so true that it is almost impossible to find in our literature a word about the romance and drama of water supply.

The usual attitude is: "There is the faucet. If I am thirsty, or if my body or my property is unclean, or fire threatens me, I will turn on the tap, and behold! Water—endless water!" The mind stops at that brass faucet. If you ask the average citizen of Chicago or Los Angeles or New York where his water comes from and how, he will have no more accurate idea of all that makes that steady stream possible than he has of the fourth dimension or the Einstein theory. The faucet is as commonplace as his own little finger which helps to turn it.

And yet suppose that faucet ceases to give forth water. There would be a household panic and an industrial cataclysm. If all the faucets at one time ceased to give forth, the whole structure of a civilization would crumble. Within twenty-four hours armies of refugees would be stumbling forward toward water. Men, women and children, abandoning everything else—shelter, food, clothing, property—would go groping through the night, sniffing for, listening for the sound of water.

Water! Water!

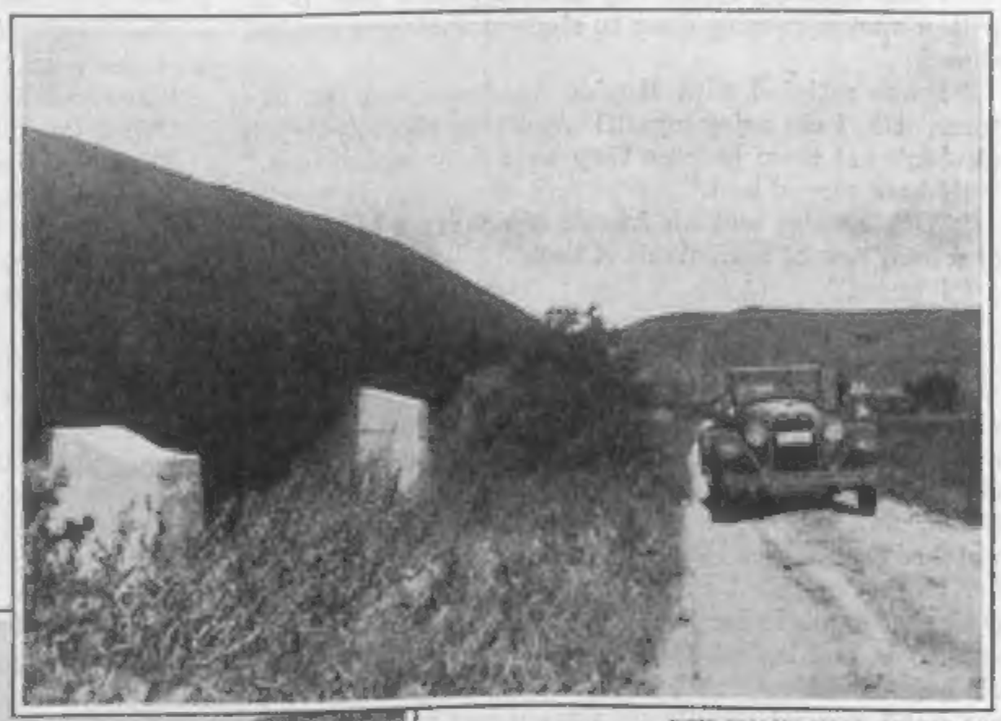

PHOTO. BY SE COU, FROM EWING GALLOWAY

The Los Angeles Aqueduct Carries Water From the Mountains to the Sea

PHOTO. FROM WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

A Sudden Rush of Water Wasted Billions of Gallons at Croton, New York

As one of the engineers of a great city supply has told us: "Drama? Of course there is drama in the mere fact that almost any modern American never allows his mind to travel behind his faucet to contemplate the engineering triumphs which make water supply possible, or to consider what would happen if that supply failed. Let me tell you."

He told us. An eel went to the shoals of Bermuda to spawn. That is where eels go to spawn. Few know it. Few know that even fresh-water eels go to spawn out in the shallows of the Atlantic; that no matter where eels may live, the urge comes upon them at last to return to the place of their birth to reproduce their kind. Few know that one species comes all the way from European shores and returns there. It is like the salmon, which puts out to sea from a river when young and returns from its deep-sea life to the river again to seek immortality in regeneration.

One egg hatched out near Bermuda and the little eel returned to the waters of the New York supply system. Like Phineas Howe's turnip, "He grew and grew and never meant any harm," until he got into the aqueducts, then the mains, and then the service connection of a citizen of New York, where he stuck. And lo! after forty years during which the householder had turned on his faucets and received water, suddenly the faucets were turned and there was no water! No water! Panic seized the household. Nothing to drink. No bath for the baby. No washing of dirty hands. No cleaning of pots and pans. Panic! The center of civilization had dropped out, and for the first time in nearly half a century the head of the house had to sit down and think behind his faucet.

In a Valley of the Catskills, the Little Village of Gilboa Rested Secure and Safe Until it Found Itself in the Path of the Great Schoharie Development for the Water Supply of Greater New York

Cheapness and Constancy

THIS article is written by an observer of civilization from material furnished by a young engineer who has been in a seven-year fight for more water for New York City. It is to make Americans think behind their faucets.

There is every reason why they should do so. Urbanization and industrialism and the molding of a structure of civilization in which cities of America play so important a rôle represent an immense complication of the problems of water supply. The most essential factor of life in such civilization is that water should be cheap and above all constant. To fail in constancy would mean destruction.

No matter how small the likelihood of failure, the mere thought of it, when once the mind goes behind the faucet, is enough to blanch the face of the thinker, just as it turned the Romans white when the Goths cut the Roman aqueducts.

As another water engineer expresses it: "We can live without shelter or clothing for months, for some new makeshift can be had. We can live without food for days. But to live without air or water is figured in terms of hours and minutes."

Civilizations of large population, and particularly advanced civilizations of concentration in cities, have been built and ruined by the means of the rainfall which supplied them. Ellsworth Huntington, in the book entitled Climate and Cosmology, has shown how the great civiliza-

PHOTO. SUPPLIED BY INTERNATIONAL NEWSREEL, N. Y. C.

The Great Pipe Line at Potts Hill Reservoir Near Sydney, Australia

tions which once grouped themselves about the Mediterranean tottered when less raindrops fell to make a water supply for concentrated population.

It is rainfall—plus wisdom, daring, resourcefulness and efficiency of engineering—which guarantees our very existence. It is not, as some say, conservation by forestation, because, once reservoirs are made, there is less evaporation when the reservoirs are filled by torrential flows than when the supply of water comes slowly to the giant catch basins.

The Development of Man

THE very fact of the existence of cities—concentrated population and the evidence of the gregarious coöperation of man—makes necessary the catch basin and the aqueduct and the distribution system and the faucet. Primitive man used water as the animal which comes to the river to drink uses water. He went to the water; the water did not come to him. He did not ask of engineers, as we do, that water should be brought to his right hand. He stooped over and drank and bathed in the stream. He learned to use his two hands as a scoop, and when the water ran through his fingers he used a gourd, and then invented—because of the eternal, constant need for water—the art of pottery, an art founded on man's need for water. He carried water away from that stream. And with that carriage of water a new era of civilization began—water was taken to man and not man to water.

And then man discovered also another way to bring to himself water. He dug a well. Wells had their genesis, it is said by authorities, in man's desire not to get water, but to be dry. He wanted drainage. He discovered that the way to get it was to dig a trench or hole in the ground. And behold, in the deeper holes pure water came filtrated, and was even willing to stay there for tomorrow's use. So there was storage—storage of water—the forerunner of the reservoirs such as those at Ashokan and Gilboa, New York, on which millions of human beings depend.

The institution of the city, indeed, was founded upon the institution of the well or the spring. To this day the traveler in the Far East, in the center of China, who comes at dusk to a walled town, knows that the town is there because of a well—a water storage; to this day the traveler who sights a gray stony medieval-founded city in Italy or Spain knows that it has stood there these hundreds of years for one reason only—a spring has not failed. Nature has done what modern engineering may do. She has brought water to man from far away; and where that water is delivered man will congregate and civilization begins, industries are undertaken, coöperation rather than competition becomes the slogan; leisure, art, learning flourish on water.

But as towns and cities grew, the supply of spring or well at the site became inadequate. The earthen vessels, the wooden tubs, could bring not enough, and only with great effort, such as we see today in Indian villages in the Mohave, the Moki and the Navajo territories. If Nature brought water in troughs or through holes in the earth, a rock, why not man? So there, except for the modern dam, was the final stage in the development of the city—the aqueduct from a distant supply base.

One of the authors, who lived in Rome for some time in one of the ancient palaces, used to go to sleep every night with the sound of seven splashing fountains in his ears—the sound of uninterrupted water which had flowed for hundreds of years from Lake Bracciano, many miles away. It was part of the aqueduct system on which Rome and the great ancient cities were founded, upon which they depended for continuity, upon which their great populations based their very existence, upon which the glories of Egypt, Greece and Rome had their rise. These plashing fountains told the story of man's engineering skill, of civilization, of the same eternal need for water which may so well engross the mind of the city dweller in America today when that mind goes behind the faucet in the kitchen and the taps in his porcelain bathtub.

The ancient Egyptians, as is evidenced by traces of great canals and storage lakes, used the waters of the Nile at flood periods to impound them not only for irrigation during drought but also for regular water supply. Their pictorial representations show devices for raising water, consisting of buckets connected by chains raised by wheels moved by oxen. The old civilization of China knew exactly the same devices, called noria, and to this day in the interior of China the same invention is used; and in the agricultural fields men can be seen running on one side of a wheel of empty buckets while on the other filled buckets dump their contents into ditches or reservoirs. Evidences of aqueducts are found in Syria, and those in the neighborhood of Jerusalem are attributed to the reign of Solomon. The first account of an aqueduct is found in Herodotus, for he discusses aqueducts in regard to the water supply of Samos.

A Wonder of Ancient Rome

THE Greeks probably knew earlier than other civilizations the principle which is so useful in the United States today as a saving of pumping costs—that of gravity supply. Water was the only beverage of the early Greeks, and before the aqueduct systems, their wells were the social centers of the towns and cities, just as the fountains in Italian towns are today. The aqueduct built for Athens by the Roman Emperor Hadrian still gives that city a large part of its supply. But Rome developed the most magnificent of all ancient water systems. Says Pliny, concerning aqueducts supplying Rome with water: "If any person shall very attentively consider the abundance of water conveyed to the public for baths, fish ponds, private fountains, gardens, villas—conducted over arches of considerable extent through mountains perforated for the purpose, and even valleys filled up—he will be disposed to acknowledge that nothing was ever more wonderful in the world."

Frontinus, who wrote an elaborate treatise on the Roman water system, covering 441 years, says that for a long time the Romans were content with the supply of water drawn either from the Tiber or from wells and springs.

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PHOTO. FROM EWING GALLOWAY, N. Y. C.

The O'Shaughnessy Dam and Hetch-Hetchy Reservoir, California

The Magnificent Rock Face of the Gilboa Dam, New York, Will Hold it Safe Against the Ravages of Time. Neither a Wide Range of Temperature Nor the Heavy Impact of Falling Waters Will Disturb its Massive Security

BULLDOG

By ROGER DANIELS

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

NEXT case!" Judge Barringer was brisk. Word had come to him that the railbirds were plentiful down in the marshes of the Big Swamp and he was going hunting. It was Monday morning and the police-court docket was an unusually large one even for Monday morning.

Out of the group of negroes waiting in the prisoners' pen, a group so large this morning that it overflowed onto the sunny porch beyond, edged a giant negro in answer to the turnkey's signal. Rather, he could have been said to plow his way through, for the men and women ranged before him separated as does soft loam under the impelling blade of the plowshare. Once free of the crowd, the man stepped forward with an easy but awkward shuffle until he stood directly in front of the judge's desk. At that moment Judge Barringer was intently scanning the docket slip and figuring how soon he would be able to get away.

The prisoner's massive head might have been chiseled with an ax from a block of black marble, and not too finely chiseled, at that. It had the sheen of black marble, and was square and formidable, that head, viewed from any angle. The jaw was square and protruding, the forehead was square and receding, the nose was broad and flat. Just now the mouth was spread wide across the shining ebony face.

"Mawnin', jedge," the big negro said with a sheepish grin. "Heah Ah is!"

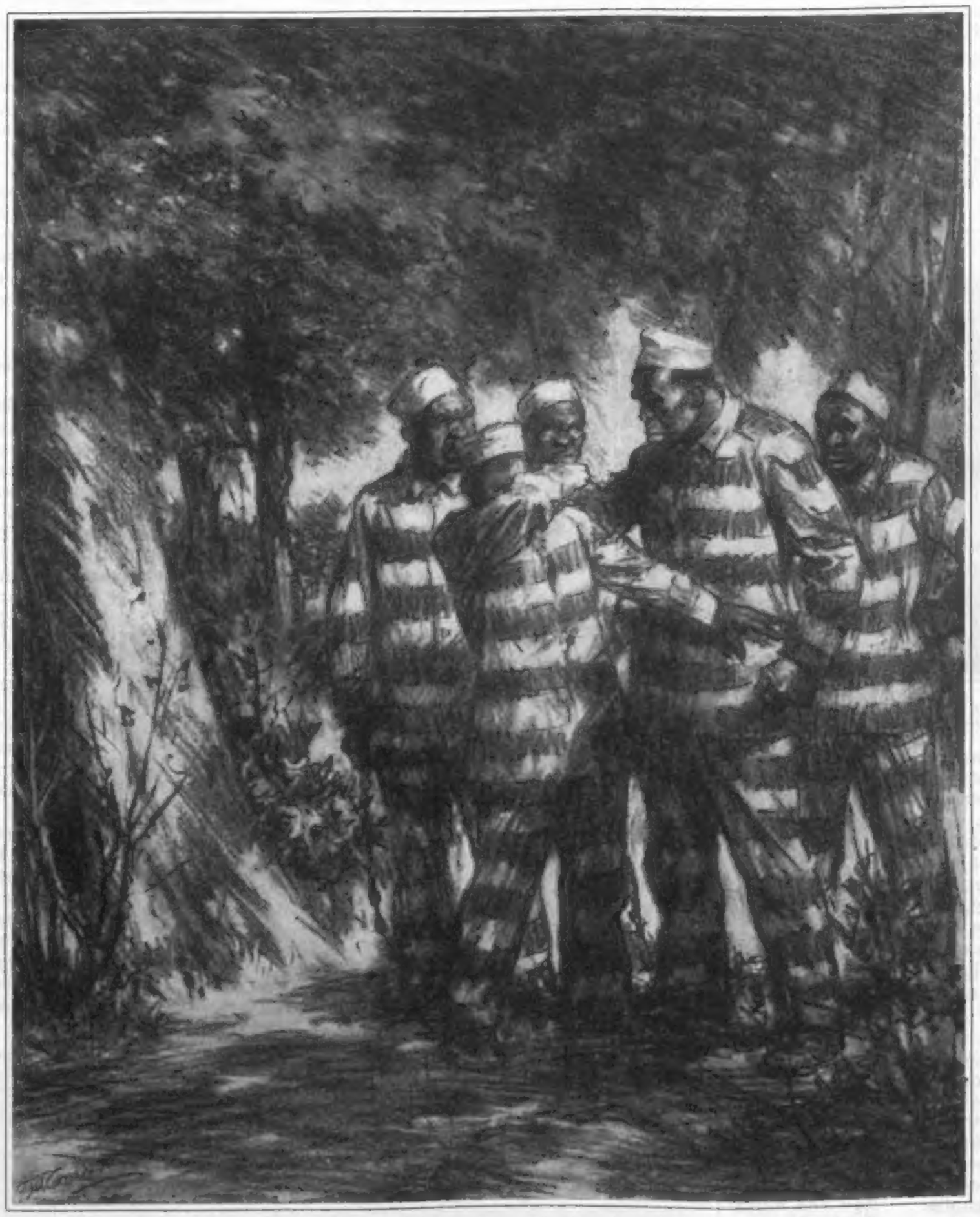
Judge Barringer's head jerked up instantly. He was not accustomed to mawkish familiarity from his charges, nor did he fail to administer stinging rebukes, when such were attempted, in the amount of sentence given as well as in verbal reproof to any and all who might presume to take such liberties. But as he took cognizance of the figure that loomed before him, his expression changed. The frown that had furrowed his forehead did not linger. It could not be said that he smiled, but a look of real recognition, kindly and forbearing, came into his eyes. One hardly frowns at an old acquaintance.

"Well, Bulldog," Judge Barringer said, calling the big negro by the only name he had, "I haven't seen you for the longest time. Where have you been hiding?"

Bulldog grinned, even a broader grin than before, so that his white teeth showed in a semicircle. "Same place wheah Ah usually is, Jedge Barringer, Yo' Honor. Down on the Fahm wiv Cap'n Jim." The Farm was the chain-gang camp.

"It's too bad, Bulldog," the judge said, shaking his head; "you're big enough to keep out of trouble and mind your own business."

"Yas-suh, Jedge Barringer, tha's jes' what Ah was a-doin', mindin' mah business, an' Ah jes' gits me into trouble jes' the same. Seems lak me an trouble sticks together lak a pair ob dice." He grinned again. The grin became infectious and Judge Barringer took it up. Even the stolid fat Sam Perks, the turnkey, grinned. Then came a general titter, to be brought to a sudden halt by the judge's staccato gavel.



"What Yo' Mean Yo' Ain' Kill Nobody? What Lie Yo' Fixin' to Tell Now?"

Judge Barringer had suddenly remembered the railbirds and the Big Swamp. He was off for a three-day hunt and there were several things he must attend to personally before turning over the affairs of court pro tem to the clerk. With still more than half a heavy Monday docket to be heard from, there was no time for amusement this morning.

"Well, where's the witness against Bulldog? Is the court to be kept waiting? What has he to say for himself and why isn't he here?"

The patrolman who had arrested the big negro stepped forward.

"The witness is still in the hospital, judge," he said. "Pretty badly done up and they don't know when he will be out. I guess the case will have to be continued until he can appear."

"Waste of time," Judge Barringer said crisply. "I know Bulldog." He turned abruptly to the big negro. "Well, what happened this time? Tell us your side of the story."

Bulldog shuffled from one foot to the other. "It was thisaway, jedge, Yo' Honor. T'se las' six months what you give me, they ain't up till tomorrow. Cap'n Jim, he startin' the big 'Geechee Canal tomorrow. Come las' Friday, Cap'n Jim, he say, 'Bulldog, yo' bin a mighty good nigger this trip. Ah'm lettin' yo' out a couple ob days ahaid ob time. Mebby you-all be back so's we kin staht wif the new 'Geechee Canal together.' Ah reckon dat Cap'n Jim be right, jedge, Yo' Honor, 'cause heah Ah is!"

As Bulldog broke into another of those infectious grins, it was necessary for Judge Barringer to rap for order, although he was forced to cough to hide his own mirth. Any other morning Bulldog might have been highly amusing entertainment, but the railbirds were calling from the Big Swamp.

"So much for that," Judge Barringer said. "Tell us what happened. Why is this man in the hospital?"

"It was thisaway, jedge, Yo' Honor," Bulldog repeated the formula: "Ah gits me home an' Ah finds that a yaller Washin'ton nigger been shinin' up to my Sally while Ah bin down on de Fahm. Yas-suh, jedge, Yo Honor, he's shinin' when I gits home. I comes in de front do' an' he goes out de back. All Ah done, jedge, was jes' flicked dat nigger, 'cause he don' move fas' enough."

"You just flicked him. What with?" Judge Barringer asked, as the term was a new one to him.

"Wif the back ob mah han', jedge, thisaway." Bulldog made a snapping gesture with one hand; "jes' lake yo'd flick off a fly, jedge. Dat's all Ah done to dat measly little nigger. He wasn't big enough to hit."

"So you just flicked him like you'd flick off a fly?" Judge Barringer questioned.

"Yas-suh, dat'sall, jedge, Yo' Honor," Bulldog answered.

"And now this man is in the hospital and they don't know when he will be able to appear. It seems to me that the last time you were here you said you had just made a pass at a man and when they got him to the hospital he was cut in ten different places." Judge Barringer leaned back with an air of resignation. "Bulldog, you're hopeless. I'm going to send you back to Captain Jim for another six months. For the general safety of the community at large, you'd better do your flicking on the new Ogeechee Canal."

"Yas-suh, jedge, Yo' Honor," Bulldog answered.

Such a remark coming from any other prisoner would have been impertinence and would have been swiftly treated as such. But between old friends there are no impertinences. Bulldog turned away with a grin and plowed his way through the crowd in the prisoners' pen to the bench in the rear. Two negroes got up hastily to make room for him.

The business of the court moved along swiftly. The railbirds were calling to the judge's bench from the Big Swamp. Bulldog, on the prisoners' bench, was thinking of the convict captain. He liked Captain Jim. "Ah guess he knowed Ah'd be back in time all right," he mused to himself. "Well, Cap'n Jim, Ah'm comin'."

Later that afternoon there was a meeting between the two. "Been waitin' all mawnin' for you, Bulldog," was the convict captain's greeting. "Just you run along and get your work clothes and then you can go over and clean up my quarters."

The regular routine of the check-in was usually dispensed with in Bulldog's case, as it was today. Once safe in the convict camp, he caused no trouble. He did the

work of seven ordinary men and had withal the stolid patience of a work horse. Only when he was at liberty was Bulldog dangerous, like a colt turned out to grass which suddenly remembers that he can kick. Captain Jim had been busy for several minutes with the other prisoners before he realized that Bulldog still stood back of him, shifting uneasily from foot to foot. He recalled that the same thing had happened on one other occasion and grinned inwardly.

He half turned. "Bulldog, you go over and tell old Henry," Cap'n Jim said, "to give you something to eat."

"Yas-suh, Cap'n Jim," Bulldog said with alacrity, his eyes brightening and his lower lip hanging expectantly at the thought of food. "Dat's what Ah was hopin' yo' was going to say, Cap'n Jim. Ah ain't eat since las' night." The sheepish grin spread over his face. "Seems lak Ah cain't relish de bacon and grits what dey gives up to dat city jail. Dey don't know how to feed a nigger lak yo' does, Cap'n Jim."

"So that's why you came back so soon, is it?" the convict captain said with a laugh.

"No, suh," Bulldog answered soberly, his brows knit and his lips protruding. "Ah didn' come back fer no particular reason, Cap'n Jim. Now Ah stops and figgers it out, Ah guess it jus' happen." His face lit up with an idea as he asked with all the wonder of a small boy, "Cap'n Jim, you-all didn' put no sign on me to make me come back?"

"If you don't get out of here quick I'll put a sign on you you won't forget," the captain exploded.

"Yas-suh," Bulldog called back to him over his shoulder, being already half a dozen paces on his way.

Ten minutes later, garbed in his chain-gang work clothes, with a chain dangling from his waist, Bulldog poked his head through the open window of the cook shanty.

"Ev'nin', Uncle Henry," he said in a mellifluous tone to a gray-haired negro in cap and apron who was ladling the contents of a huge pot set at the back of the big square stove.

Uncle Henry looked up, his face crinkled with smiles that seemed to close his eyes until they were shiny, laughing dots.

"Dat you-all, Bulldog? Sho' nuff I jes' dis minute 'cided you done dis'point Cap'n Jim an' slumped a fresh ham bone an' two pounds ob meat on it into dat soup. But, Bulldog, boy, for you I fishes it out."

"Yas-suh, Uncle Henry, Ah knowed yo' ain't goin' to see Bulldog starve. Mebbe yo' has a handful ob dem yaller sweet yams." Bulldog's mouth fairly dripped.

"Hush up dat fool talk, boy," the old cook chuckled. "Don' it do my heart good to see them what likes they vittles? Bulldog, yo' am de most satisfactoriest meal hound what I know." Uncle Henry doubled with laughter, in which Bulldog, his mouth already crammed full, joined heartily.

Uncle Henry sincerely liked Bulldog. The giant never referred to the fact that Uncle Henry was a lifer. For twenty-seven years he had been a convict-camp cook. It was as a young man that, under the influence of ten-cent white mule, he had lifted a chair against his legally married wife. In Uncle Henry's mind that dreadful event had always remained as an accident. His whole life was being freely given in atonement. When some of the younger convicts taunted him and called him the old murderer, they left a hurt that remained with Uncle Henry for weeks.

Bulldog shuffled toward the door finally with a sigh. "Ef Ah swallows another swallow, Uncle Henry, Ah busts."

"Boy, come again when yo's hungry; yo' makes me proud." The old cook chortled, looking after him.

As Bulldog turned into the lane to Captain Jim's quarters, a small whitewashed bungalow, two hounds bayed a ferocious greeting.

"Yo' Lady Belle, yo' Junie, hush yo' mouf!" Bulldog bayed back. Then he grinned and tossed the remains of the fresh ham bone over the chicken-wire inclosure. The hounds left off their racket instantly and pounced on the bone, while Bulldog leaned complacently against the inclosure and eyed them with satisfaction.

"Dem houn' dawgs go after dat bone lak it was a runaway nigger," he commented with approval. Though every other negro on the place looked upon the bloodhounds as a possible Nemesis, such a thought had never entered Bulldog's massive head. To him they were companions, and the fact that he was allowed to feed them was proof conclusive that he was above the ordinary regulations of the convict camp.

He turned from the hounds presently and made his way to a small outhouse, where he procured a pail, a whitewash brush and a scraper. Captain Jim liked things to look spick-and-span, and the timbers supporting the bungalow porch had acquired a reddish-brown mud color from the recent rains. Bulldog proceeded at the first job that he knew would catch Captain Jim's eye. He knew on which side his bread was buttered.

Wasn' it sad to see Titanic sinkin' down,
Wasn' it sad to see Titanic sinkin' down;
Husban's an' wives, little chilluns los' dey lives;
Wasn' it sad to see Titanic sinkin' down.

Verse after verse, in the droning singsong of the old spirituals, kept time to the whitewash brush. The underpinning of the bungalow was certainly going to catch Captain Jim's eye when he came up the lane.

Two and a half hours later Bulldog took up his accustomed place in line on the way to the mess hall. If he had recently gorged until he couldn't swallow another swallow, that was not going to interfere with his doing full justice to Uncle Henry's supper. And later, spread out at full length in the bunk room over the mess hall, he lay on his back and slept the sleep of the just. Sleeping on one's back is said to be conducive to snoring, but Bulldog was a silent sleeper. If he was primitive in his mode of living, so, too, he was primitive in his sleeping hours. Dead to the world he was, yet ready to be instantly awake.

Once upon a time a fellow convict night guard had taken the liberty to bring his stick across the soles of Bulldog's bare feet as he lay asleep. It was a common trick, and as the sleepers were chained to their flat bunks, the guard had only to step back out of harm's way, while the startled sleeper rubbed open his eyes and bellowed revenge to the accompaniment of catcalls from the other prisoners. But the unlucky guard who had attempted the prank at Bulldog's expense carried an eye that squinted forever after as a warning to all and sundry that the giant was equally dangerous, asleep or awake. It must have been that Bulldog had heard the swish of the descending stick in his sleep, for the smack of it against the soles of his feet and the whoosh of his hand striking the unwitting guard had been nearly simultaneous. So Bulldog slept the sleep of the just.

He was awake with the sun, and lay there for half an hour studying his toes, even as a small boy of five or six months studies them. When a man can do that intently for half an hour, his conscience isn't bothering him. So to breakfast presently and to take his place at the head of

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But When the Black Giant Reached Down and Picked Him Up He Made No Protest. He Was Not Even Aware That He Was Being Carried

A LYING VISION

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

"It Must Have Given Him Quite a Shock, After He Came Out of the Bank, Everything Done With So Smooth, to Have Old Willow Call Him by Name"

HALF a block or so from the wharf where the fishermen dock when they come in from the sea, there is an Elevated station, the stairs running up directly from the sidewalk. The Fishermen's Trust is on the corner just beyond, and between it and the fish wharf there is an entrance to the ferry. The street just here crooks to follow the water front; and thus the ferry property and the bank building, although they are contiguous at the rear, have a little wedge-shaped space between them at the sidewalk. To this niche someone holds title; and in it there is a one-story structure, narrow and constricted, in which a man may with some difficulty move to and fro and turn around. The place is dark, since there are no windows except that which fronts the street, and that is shadowed by the structure of the Elevated. But the darkness made no particular difference to the tenant. His name was Willow, and he was blind.

Willow may have been fifty or sixty years old; a bland, benign old man with white hair and rosy pink cheeks. He was a merchant in a small way, selling cigars and cigarettes, candy, fruit, a magazine or two. His shop was so contrived that the whole front could be transformed into a counter presented to the sidewalk. In the angle behind, Willow had a high stool on which he sat, and a small stove with which in winter he warmed himself. It was such an efficient little stove that even on cold days he managed to have the window open most of the time. The stand was well located; for a good many people came off the ferry to board the Elevated, and as many more came down the Elevated stairs to take the ferry. Then there were, of course, many passers-by. Those who most often came this way knew Willow and were apt to stop to speak with him. He recognized them by their voices, their footsteps or in some other way of his own; and he had for each one a ready and familiar smile and a friendly word.

He spent some sixteen hours a day in this little shop of his, coming early and staying late. There was a slack time after the dinner hour; but the later evening, with people going home from the theater and the like, was often fairly profitable. And Willow had no other place to go. He had no family responsibilities, and his home was solitary.

His death occurred on the night of the first of August. The day had been dull and cloudy, with an east wind blowing damply from the sea, and in the afternoon a continual and irritating spit of rain. Willow might have been forgiven for leaving earlier than usual; but he stayed through the evening and made some few sales, dropping the coins in the drawer beneath the counter as his custom was.

About a quarter before twelve o'clock, however, the footfalls of pedestrians in the street outside became less frequent and he decided to close and go home. He put the day's receipts in his pocket, drew the glass covers over the counters where his wares were displayed, lowered the hinged window and secured it, turned out the light and sprung the lock behind him. Against the rain he threw a cape across his shoulders. He carried, as blind men must, a cane; and with this he tapped lightly on the paving before him as he crossed to the foot of the Elevated stair.

On the station platform, high above the street, he exchanged a word or two with the guard, who, by special favor, unlocked a gate so that he might make his way to the southbound platform; but thereafter he stood solitary till a train stopped at the station. He entered one of the middle cars and sat in a seat near the door, his blank eyes staring patiently before him, till the train reached the end of that particular line. He arose then and passed out to the platform and descended the stairs to the street.

This was a neighborhood of small stores, housed for the most part in structures one or two stories in height. Willow was at home here; he moved quietly along the street, his cane following the line of the curb, until he reached a crossing; waited there till his ears assured him there was no traffic near, and moved straight ahead till his cane discovered the opposite curb. He turned here to the left, angling across the sidewalk in order to touch the fronts of the stores; and so eventually he came to a little alley, or passage, no more than three feet wide, leading in between two of the buildings. The alley was unlighted, but he followed it with sure feet, for this was the portal of his home. A little way within there was a door in the right-hand wall, and within the door a stair that led upward to the three rooms where he had his lone abode.

When he came to this door he had the key ready in his hand, fitted it into the lock. He had moved boldly, for Willow had nothing to fear. He had never an enemy in the world; and his manner of life, well-known, was not such as to excite cupidity. But this night, as he turned the key, he stood suddenly motionless and attentive, as though he had felt that there was someone by his side; he stood so in the darkness; and then in the darkness he smiled, and seemed about to speak, when some sixth sense warned him of that which impended.

But the warning came too late; he had no time to cry out before the thing was done.

About one o'clock the next afternoon—that is to say, on the second of August—a round little man entered the doors of the Fishermen's Trust and asked to see President Peace.

"I'm Inspector Tope," he explained. "He sent word he wanted to talk to me."

While he waited he stood by the writing desk in the lobby, his eyes drifting here and there. He was a chubby man of middle height, with pink cheeks and white hair and a gentle blue eye, like a child's; not a man likely to attract attention in a crowd, except for a curious readiness in his posture and in his gait. He walked or stood with his hands a little out from his sides, as though forever alert to leap and grip and hold. The inspector was a specialist on homicides; and when, after a brief delay, he was admitted to the office of the president of the bank, it became immediately apparent that this fact had led to his presence here today.

"I called up headquarters," President Peace explained, "and they told me you were on this matter of poor old Willow."

"Yes," Inspector Tope agreed.

"It's actually murder?" Peace inquired, and Tope nodded.

"Yes," he said. "There's a hole in the back of his head like he'd been hit with a peen hammer."

Peace hesitated for a moment. "You see," he explained, "I knew the old man well, and I had done some business for him. In fact, he named me as executor in his will. Tell me about it if you can."

"The woman that takes care of him found him," Inspector Tope said readily. "She's been used to get there early and get his breakfast and then stay and clean up after he started down here to his shop. She had a key, but this morning she couldn't open the door. The body was lying against it on the inside. She let out a yell and that brought the nearest officer and he sent for the medical examiner, and he said it was murder, so that brought me in."

"Couldn't he have fallen downstairs?" Peace asked thoughtfully.

Tope shook his head. "This woman, she says he was like a cat, knew every step around the place, and never stumbled. Besides, he couldn't have made this hole in his head on the stairs. There wasn't anything there the right shape."

"What do you make of it?" the bank man persisted.

The inspector made a movement of his hand, suggesting an open mind. "I don't know. He had a little money in his pockets. Don't know whether he carried much or not."

"He took home his day's takings every night," Peace volunteered. "But they were never more than a few dollars; and he banked here every morning, as soon as we opened. He was extremely regular. I often met him when he came in. I noticed his shop was closed this morning, but I was busy back from New York at ten o'clock last night and I had no time to read the papers till an hour or so ago."

"I guess," Tope said, "somebody laid for him in the alley outside his door and nailed him there, and then stuck him inside and pulled the door to. Probably he kind of slid down against it, after."

"There may be finger prints on the door knob," Peace suggested. But the inspector shook his head.

"It had rained all night, more or less, and there was mud on it, and the woman wiped it off before she unlocked the door." He was silent for a moment, then looked across at the other man. "You said you were his executor," he remembered. "Did he have any property?"

"Why, quite a little," Peace replied. "He did a fair business and he spent little or nothing. I helped him invest his money. He owned that block of stores where his home was, and he had some securities besides. Worth close to a hundred thousand dollars, I should say."

"Who gets it?" the inspector asked

Peace hesitated. "Well," he replied after a moment, "this shouldn't be made public at once, of course; but he left it to the Museum of Fine Arts."

Tope looked at him curiously. "That's funny, too," he commented.

"Yes," Peace agreed. "Yes. He was a strange old man But—he had no relatives, and he wished to help the collection of beautiful things for those who could see to look at and enjoy."

"Not likely the art museum murdered him," Tope commented unsmilingly.

"Hardly," the other assented. And he added: "I just sent for you because I thought you'd want to know that his affairs are in my hands. I'll want to arrange for the obsequies, and so on. And any help I can give you at any time ——"

The inspector rose, nodding "I'll let you know," he agreed

"You've no lead at all?" Peace inquired, rising too.

"I've talked to people around there," Inspector Tope replied. "In the garages, and so on, wherever there was anybody that late at night. It was raining, and there don't seem to have been many people around. But the night clerk in the drug store saw one man."

"There must have been a good many men moving through the neighborhood in the course of the evening," Peace reminded him.

"Yes," Tope agreed. "Probably nothing in it. Only it just stuck in my mind."

"Why?" Peace insisted.

"Well, it stuck in the clerk's mind," Tope replied. "That's the only reason I can think of. He remembered it. Must have been something about the man that he noticed "

"What kind of man?" Peace asked: and the inspector said: "Well, he was short, the clerk says He showed me where the fellow's head came on the window about five feet six. But the clerk didn't see him very plain; only he saw he wore a beard "

The other seemed struck by this. "Is that so?" he commented: and was a moment silent, and then smiled "There aren't many beards nowadays," he remarked

The inspector nodded. "That's the way it hit me."

"I'll let you know if I see a good beard," Peace promised laughingly, rising. "Good day, inspector."

"Wish you would," Tope seriously agreed, and said good afternoon.

As he went out through the bank he found himself looking this way and that to discover whether there was anyone here who wore a beard. But he saw no one.

During the days ensuing, the murder of old Willow faded from the front pages of the newspapers. There was no new development to keep it alive; but Tope went to and fro, talking, questioning, watching and considering. He attended the funeral services and nodded to President Peace, who was also in attendance there; and when a day or two later the bank man made public Willow's bequest, the inspector went to the trustees of the museum to discover what they knew about the old blind man. No one of them had ever heard of him; but the persons employed in the museum itself remembered that Willow had sometimes come there on Sundays, seeming content to sit and listen to the people passing by.

He had, it appeared, no speech there with anyone; and the inspector was more and more struck with the fact that Willow was a very solitary man. Those who patronized his little store knew him and spoke with him, but elsewhere he seemed to have few contacts. President Peace was, or appeared to be, his only intimate; and when the inspector spoke of this the other agreed that it was true

"I sometimes dropped in to see him," Peace explained, "on Sunday nights. That was his only night at home. I think he liked to have me come."

The inspector found no further trace of the little bearded man. He was at length satisfied that so far as the locality where Willow lived was concerned he had covered all the ground; and he spent thereafter a good deal of time near Willow's shop, closed since the tragedy, watching the passers-by. Now and then a bearded man appeared, and Tope made it his business to discover what his business was; but none of these inquiries gave him any lead

He was standing one day by the open end of the wharf where the fishermen's schooners were docking when he saw another inspector, Dave Howell, descend from the Elevated station and go into the bank building; and this attracted his attention, so that he left his post and moved that way and waited patiently enough till Howell should emerge. Howell's specialty was commercial frauds, forged checks, embezzlements and such matters. He might be making merely a routine call. But Tope's curiosity was aroused; and when the other man appeared at last Tope approached and spoke to him His words were casual

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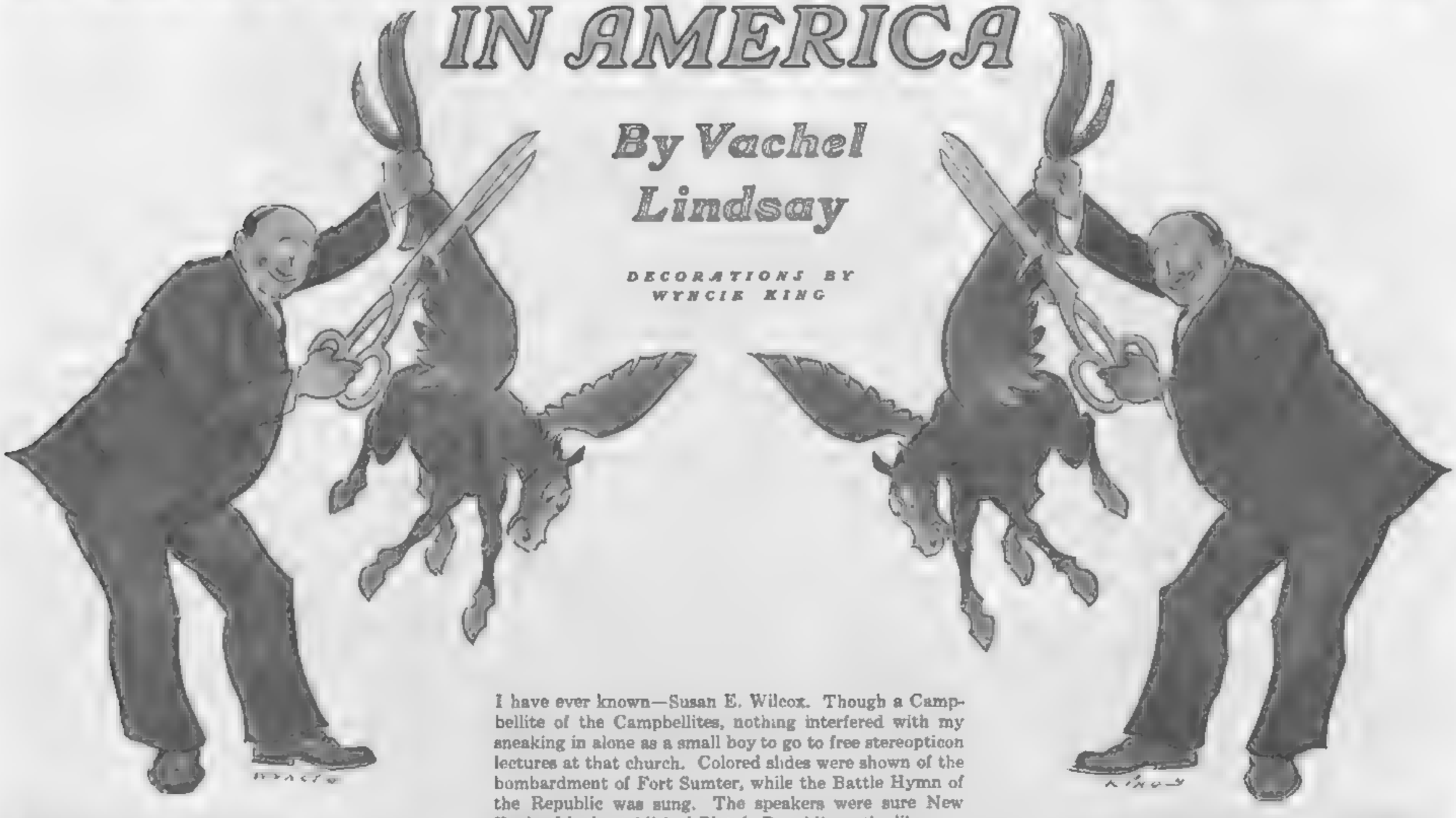
"He Grew a Beard on His Vacation Two Years Ago, and After He Came Back He Was Different. Discouraged Any Intimacy in the Bank"

WHAT IT MEANS TO BE A POET IN AMERICA

By Vachel Lindsay

DECORATIONS BY WYNCIE KING



MY RESIDENCE at Fifth and Edwards streets, Springfield, Illinois, is an old before-the-war mansion. There I wrote most of the prose and verse known to the readers of this article. I have lived in one room upstairs, writing poems and drawing pictures, very often in an empty house, while the rest of the family wandered to China or Colorado or Europe. Sometimes I get silly and pugnacious about it, and say it is still more emphatically my home than that of any other living member of my family. This article is written in the Northwest, in the woods around Spokane, Washington, in Glacier Park, on the Blackfeet Indian Reservation, and elsewhere. My dream home is still Springfield, Illinois; my address is Spokane. Springfield is packed with people I love with all my heart, people of all sorts and kinds, intensely loyal to the memory of my father and mother. As a family physician, my father brought into the world about one-third of the people of that community born in the mauve decade. As an elder in the First Christian Church, he was very busy and very zealous.

Surrounded With History

WHENEVER I begin to write a poem or draw a picture I am, in imagination, if not in reality, back in my room where I began to draw pen-and-ink pictures and write verses in my seventeenth year. Both windows of that room look down on the great Governor's Yard of Illinois. This yard is a square block, a beautiful park. Our house is on so high a hill I can always look down upon the governor. Among my very earliest memories are those of seeing old Governor Oglesby leaning on his cane, marching about, calling his children about him. Another is a series of recollections of the Blaine and Logan campaign, when I was about four years old. After much scrutiny of the colored cartoons in Puck, I attended, with my mother, a staunch Republican at the time, the speeches of James G. Blaine and Black Jack Logan, delivered from a platform erected temporarily in the Governor's Yard. Through the great driveway of that yard I have seen the dazzling and earnest pageants of the Democratic and Republican parties pass. Being a Democrat, in spite of maternal thunders, I watched with more passionate interest the parades for Governor Altgeld and Governor Dunne. The graybeards may remember that Puck was a Democratic paper.

Across the street from the old house is a tiny Congregational church. There attended the greatest English teacher I have ever known—Susan E. Wilcox. Though a Campbellite of the Campbellites, nothing interfered with my sneaking in alone as a small boy to go to free stereopticon lectures at that church. Colored slides were shown of the bombardment of Fort Sumter, while the Battle Hymn of the Republic was sung. The speakers were sure New England had established Plato's Republic or the like.

My father was a raving Breckenridge Democrat from Gallatin County, Kentucky. My political infancy was one of mixed emotions. I might say I have emerged an Abraham Lincoln Democrat, with some Virginia prejudices. I am not a Kentucky mountain white, as one firm British biographer has said. My friend Percy Mackaye's recent successful and delightful book, Tall Tales of the Kentucky Mountains, is as novel to me as to any other man. When my father and mother talked about Kentucky it was The Blue Grass and Lexington, and then again Lexington. Yea, the old house at Fifth and Edwards streets, Springfield, in the beginning had nothing to do with us Lindsays. We went into it without its consent. The old house at Fifth and Edwards streets belonged during Civil War times, when we were far away, to others. It belonged to the C. M. Smiths, the sister and brother-in-law of Mrs. Abraham Lincoln. I can very well remember Mrs. Smith's calls upon my mother when I was a child in long curls, and her telling my mother of the parties given to Abraham Lincoln in our parlor before he started for the White House.

These calls of Mrs. C. M. Smith were made upon the Lindsays around 1886. She was making them welcome as newcomers of ten years' standing in the city of Springfield. I was six years old at the time, but I did not miss

that point. As a matter of fact, I am still living in the 1886 Springfield, though the town has way outlived it.

To take the visitor to the tomb of Abraham Lincoln at Oak Ridge Cemetery, and to the house of Abraham Lincoln about four blocks from our house at Fifth and Edwards streets, was always pure fun. The house was an old playground. In the cottage next door lived my infant cousin, Miss Ruby Vachel Lindsay. We played in and out of the Lincoln house, whatever our Southern traditions. Oldroyd, the famous Lincoln collector, made us quite welcome. The Lincoln house was not, as it now is, a fair parallel to Mount Vernon, a meditative temple of well-selected old furniture. Every inch of wall space was covered with the bitterest cartoons for or against Lincoln that were issued during his campaigns. The idea of controversy in connection with him was my initial impression. The bronze-statue and steel-engraving William the Conqueror Lincoln had not yet emerged.

Pouring the Country Into Springfield

I AM still making my living reciting my verses for crowds who refuse to buy my books. I must do this, as all American rimers must, however sick I may be of the sound of my own voice. The death of my people ruined touring for me forever. All my books are packed with allusions to the Springfield I still dearly love, with all its odd corners. One book is an apocalypse of Springfield as the Pilgrim City; a prophecy of its history. Not a character in it is a Springfield person, but some fixed American type from elsewhere. I tried to pour the United States into Springfield for one hundred years, since all the world seemed coming on pilgrimage in increasing numbers.

In every university group of one thousand people for whom I speak, there is at least one who has galloped through the books the morning of my arrival. Of late they are saying to me, "You are not in Springfield as much as you used to be." The answer is very simple: I expect to return there, if I have to send back my ghost. But the only things left there that are kin to me are the old house at Fifth and Edwards streets and my English teacher in high school—Susan E. Wilcox.

The attachment to a House of Seven Gables and childhood memories and school memories may seem fantastic to those who have never had them, but it seems to me that the peculiar situation of the place, with the growing weight of the Lincoln legend and my desperate boyish effort to

vindicate the legend there through the years, makes it reasonable. This legend has grown imperceptibly. It has been an enormous and deepening education to me. Susan E. Wilcox helped to make Lincoln one of the glories of high school. It was one of the glories of my life to be John Drinkwater's particular host after his play had made such an international hit in London, and just before it was to be put on on Broadway and taken across America.

Standard Verse

JOHN DRINKWATER, a deep-hearted and true pilgrim, came to put his wreath on Lincoln's tomb before he ventured to address the American people through his play. That strange and unexpected pilgrimage was the beginning of a new mystical life for my mother, who, as a young girl, in her early teens, had seen her sweethearts march off from a Southern Indiana village, all to die on Southern battlefields, for the most part fighting their own kin and hers. In this whole story so far I am a Springfield boy in a town gone, ages gone; a youth always s x years old, almost completely surrounded by a father as fiery as a Southern battle flag, and voting for Grover Cleveland amid fury and flame, and defying the whole town. Some people say he had red Indian in him.

So far as I know, this is as much of the narrative as is personal. Now I will return to my subject: What it Means to be a Poet in America. Poets and poetry readers know all too well. We will not trouble them with this discussion

I promise not to make a single quotation of poetry to the end of the discourse, because most real he men, when they strike a poetical quotation nowadays, indicate their true Americanism by throwing the magazine away before they finish. If you examine the discourse with a microscope you will not find even a scrap of a poetical quotation in it—no, not from Milton! If I am a bit defiant it might be excused from the standpoint of heredity. And let me tell you the story of a young educated Swede from Minnesota my wife and I met at Glacier Park entrance, Western Montana. He was solemnly mourning that the Blackfeet Indians there on display had gone back to the blanket in spite of a university education, and that all highly educated red Indians did. He said he just couldn't understand them. I told him I could. I said, "I act just like I did before I was educated." He wouldn't laugh; but my wife did.

What do I mean by a poet? By a poet I mean anything so classed by the educated public, and I am not going to use up a bit of energy ruling out anyone who writes good verse

There is no word in America more hated than the word "poet." This is because poems have been used to punish students in grammar and high school; and as they grow up, in college and university. Standard poems are rubbed in like salt from the day the poor youngsters can read at all This will continue indefinitely unless all poetry is thrown out of the grammar schools, high schools, colleges and universities, and poetry becomes a volunteer game, as baseball and football are—something to be discovered out of study hours. The first curse then of the poet is the freight-car load full of perfectly meritorious literature textbooks pouring into the smallest town every year; the second is the schoolma'am rubbing these textbooks in.

Then there is a third curse—the art-store panel of the portraits of dead poets. It is hung up all over the land, from the first-reader rooms to the little seminar rooms for the postgraduates at the great universities. This art-store panel is a picture of seven senile, spiteful, educated, overbearing old gentlemen with long whiskers and long hair, and the atmosphere of executioners. They all look like the kind of quick workers that would steal pennies from a dead child's eyes. I have seen the pictures of most of these men in their youth. They were handsome boys, regular sheiks; they really looked like the young miniatures of Shelley and Keats and Byron.

But think of the atrocity of making a small boy memorize Thanatopsis, A Meditation on Death, then of telling him it was written by William Cullen Bryant at eighteen! Even if the youth had poetry in his soul, he would swear a secret and eternal vendetta against the name of poet forever. And is he, by way of apology, shown a picture of William Cullen Bryant at eighteen, before he was educated, charming, debonair, sheiklike, the Apollo Belvedere of his day? No; he is shown a picture of William Cullen Bryant that is ferocity itself, with gray hair all down his back and whiskers that go on forever. So poor little Willy Smith is only waiting to meet one of those poets down an alley, and hopes to have a gun handy. Moreover, if Willy does not know Thanatopsis to the last word, memorized like the multiplication table, Willy has to stay after school and miss the baseball game, and he is

> captain of his team. Could any angel from heaven then persuade that small boy that Thanatopsis is poetry? Death is no poem to rub into babies, nor should they be bothered with puffy, self-important, overeducated, toothless, malevolent old bullies.

Bryant and all the others have been hated by the typical young American ever since they went into the textbooks, and will continue to be hated unless they are thrown out of the textbooks, and until that art-store panel of the long-haired frights is destroyed forever. Let's all go back to the blanket is my song.

I have never chanted my verses for women's clubs or Chautauquas except in the direst financial necessity; I have sung them almost altogether for the English departments of colleges and universities, under the auspices of some local versifier and troubadour who is disguised as an English instructor. He is generally a minor instructor, not yet sour enough to be an adequate head of an English department. But he is allowed one field day in the year. On that day he sends for a poet who has had a wreath dropped on him by a dashing publisher or magazine, or by some prize-giving poetry society. The instructor has a pathetic notion that the weary gentleman he sends for is his superior because he has seen him in standardized print.

A Motto for American Poets

THE instructor is apt to be a poet who has issued a little sheaf privately, without his home town's consent, and who thinks there is something more to the story. Of course there is where he is wrong. The line of demarcation between good and bad poetry is right there. Most good poetry is all written before a man gets so-called recognition, when his town is still hounding him, and before he gets a publisher or gets into a magazine. The first and last motto for any American poet is: Be a pamphleteer all your life if you would keep your singing power and save your soul. Or to put it another way: Go back to the blanket and stay there, and act just like you did before you were educated.

This minor instructor is allowed his one day in the year. He is allowed enough money to pay the visiting poet's bill—that is, his car fare to the next town and his hotel bill. The instructor is also allowed to pack the house for the visitor with the entire student body—either a chapel or some such assembly. The student is marked off a day's work if he does not attend. The visitor often finds this out years afterward. The real assembly, however, comes when this local poet, still disguised as an English instructor, his shy little wife, who generally does her own work, their two most promising pupils and their sweethearts, assemble

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THE PRIVATE REGISTER

The Parrot Clawed at Its Block Perch and Screamed at Them

By Edwin Balmer and William MacHarg

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE WRIGHT

STEVE FARADAY scented in the call something decidedly unusual, even in the never monotonous round of his affairs as owner of the Hotel Colony on Park Avenue, New York, and half a dozen other houses across the continent.

"You hotel people," said his visitor, as if casually, "have a highly confidential list of guests which you call a private register."

Steve nodded.

"How does it work?" the visitor asked, tapping his heel with his walking stick. He was Winston Breed, once Steve's classmate at Harvard, a New Yorker whose childhood had been spent in Europe, where his father had held a diplomatic post.

He was twenty-six, Steve's own age; a trim, engaging personality whom Steve had encountered with pleasure at class reunions and rather more frequently by chance meetings in New York. Never before, however, had he dropped into Steve's rooms beside the Colony. Now, so manifestly casual was this inquiry about the private register that Steve felt sure, after fifteen minutes of trivialities, that Breed had come to the purpose of his call.

"Naturally," Steve answered, smiling, "the chief characteristic of the private register is that it is private."

"From whom?"

"From everybody. In my Colony next door, for instance, the names of the guests on the private register are known only to the management. That means Sigert, the manager, and a few employes proved to be reliable; and that is the case in any well-run hotel. A guest who wishes privacy asks to be put on the private register, and privacy is assured to him."

"How complete?" asked Breed, looking up from his heel.

"Complete. As perfect as he could have in his own home—or more so. There is no public record of his presence; there is no mention of him in the house. If anyone asks for him, he is not there. So far as outsiders are concerned, if the hotel is properly run, he is not present."

"No one at all can reach him?"

"No one, if he says no one. Usually such a guest gives us a list of persons whom he will see, and to them and them alone—after we are sure of their identity—he is in the hotel."

"That's the regulation?"

"That's it."

"Well," demanded Breed, "how do you beat it?"

Steve felt suddenly enlightened as to the object of the visit. "Oh," he said, "so that's what you want—to beat a private register. Where?"

"I don't know." Suddenly Breed threw his cane into a corner and became frankly intent. "That's one of our—of my troubles. I don't know where she is."

"So it's a woman!"

"A woman? Quite a woman! A woman, Steve, who, now that she has determined on it, has more possibility of making trouble than any ten men or women ought to possess. All I know is that she's stopping at a hotel on this island. I have to find out which hotel and how to get to her in the hotel after I have located her."

"Who is she?" inquired Steve, with mounting interest.

"She's registered, I think, as the Countess Tyznane."

"That's her real name?"

"That's her name. It's a very old one and well known in Europe. I don't think she is likely to use any other—Clothilde Countess Tyznane. But that name is not on any public register. She's on a private register, wherever she is. What I want you to do is to find out for me whether she is at your hotel next door, and if not, find out where she is. There are not more than half a dozen hotels which she would patronize, and they are of the same sort as the Colony. You'll do that, Steve?"

Steve flushed; his impulse to oblige Breed was opposed by his hotel training and tradition.

"You're asking me, Win," he said, "what would usually be a quite impossible favor. If I knew that the Countess Tyznane was now at the Colony, I would not tell you. The most I could do would be to inquire whether she wants to see you; and if she said no, I would have to deny that she is here. As for telephoning to other hotels about their private registers, I would not do that any more than they would do it to me. At any rate, I would not do it, unless I had something much more definite than your mere assurance of the importance of your reason."

Breed appeared embarrassed. "It is sufficiently important, Steve. This appeared two days ago." He took from his pocket a newspaper clipping and handed it over. Steve read:

The Countess Tyznane, of Prague, is in the United States overseeing the publication of her memoirs. Clothilde Countess

Tyznane has lived from childhood among the gayest sets in European capitals, her numerous relatives are familiar figures in society, racing and gambling circles. Her memoirs are said to be best described as diabolous, and are likely to excite as much interest and even more consternation than the journal of Maria Bashkirtseff some forty years ago. They promise to exceed in their sensations the intimate revelations in the memoirs of the wife of a certain English prime minister much more recently.

"Well?" Steve inquired.

"Do you know anything about the Countess Tyznane?"

"No."

"Hers is an important and well-known family. For a hundred years at least they have been, socially, the stormy petrels of Central Europe. There's an old prince of the connection who is a Monte Carlo character. He's picked up and rouletted away a dozen fortunes; and there's another one who's a swordsman—a duelist even in this day and age. The women are even livelier personalities than the men, and the Countess Tyznane has not been what could be called a quiet one. A fascinating, headstrong, lovely woman, Steve, who has little realization of the results of her own thoughtless actions."

"I understand," Steve commented.

"Very well. They have associated much with Americans, and, naturally, with the most prominent ones. We—our family, that is—knew the Countess Tyznane extremely well. When I was a boy, living abroad with my family, Clothilde and I saw a great deal of each other. The war separated us. Since the war, you perhaps know, I have been held very closely on this side of the water by family matters; but I have crossed several times, and on each visit I saw Clothilde. The girl whom I remembered, Steve, chiefly as a delightful, rather hoydenish companion, had become a wonderful, alluring woman, capable of disturbing the thoughts of any man." He hesitated, and added constrainedly, "She seemed as glad to see me as I was to see her."

"Yes," said Steve, studying Breed with increasing curiosity.

"Clothilde," Breed went on, "began very early to write her memoirs, when she was still a little girl. Memoirs are rather a tradition in her family. At different times I have read, I believe, nearly all she has written. I don't know whether a court of justice would declare them libelous; I hope no court will ever have need to pass on that. They are rather worse than deliberate libel would be. Clothilde has a strong inclination to ridicule, and has given it free rein regarding her American acquaintances. Innocent as she is herself, she is inclined, with her European upbringing, to scent scandal in their actions. She has written freely her speculations about all this."

"The *enfant terrible*," suggested Steve.

"Yes, that. I told my father, at one time, some of her comments regarding him, and some of the ridiculous statements she had put into his mouth about public affairs. He was furiously angry. They would, he declared, if they became public, ridicule him out of his political career. He went to her and demanded that she destroy the manuscript. She refused. She had, she said, no intention of ever publishing it, and he exacted from her a promise that it never would be published, and he had to be content with that."

"She is then, you think, about to break her promise?"

"Apparently. The affair is, however, somewhat broader than that. In the last few days a number of my friends—people high in American political and social life—have come to me. They had received information, before the newspaper paragraph which I showed you was printed, that her memoirs were to be published. Apparently they have had communications from her. She is in New York, but they don't know where she is. Knowing my close acquaintance with the countess, they came to me to get me to intercede with her."

"You think it serious, Win?"

"Very serious. It will ruin homes and careers. It is the sort of thing one cannot protect oneself against, and the consequences are going to be grave and perhaps tragic for a great many people."

"Tell me, Win, are you engaged to the Countess Tyznane?"

"Not that; there has never been anything definite Meeting her again, and seeing what a wonderful woman she has become, I let myself have some hopes "

"Did you know she was coming to America?"

"Yes; I did not know exactly when, and I certainly did not know for what purpose."

"You have received no communication from her since she has been in New York?"

"No."

"Does she know, you think, what the effect of her memoirs is going to be?"

"I can't doubt it."

"Then why is she doing it?"

"I don't know," Breed answered unhappily. "I can only guess at it. The war, for one thing, left her and most of her family broke. That's a possibility; another is that she may have developed a hatred for Americans which she thinks gives her the right to injure them."

"However," said Steve, after reflecting, "a court, you say, probably could not interfere with her. I don't see then how a hotel man can, even—or rather especially—if she should prove to be a guest at his hotel."

"I'm not asking you to interfere; I'm merely asking you to locate her and get me a chance to talk with her."

Steve avoided making any promise. He was sorry for Breed; nothing, however, could well be more definitely a private matter than a determination on the part of the Countess Tyznane to break off her acquaintance with him Steve could not, from a hotel or any other point of view, see himself attempting to intrude in that.

When Breed had gone Steve went to the Colony, where he found Sigert in the manager's private office.

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The White Hand Held It Without Triumph or Immediately Betraying Curiosity. "You Have Another Message, Monsieur—Monsieur le Propriétaire?"

DO AND DARE

By THOMAS BEER

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

REUBEN FIELDMARSH, president and owner of the Comaska Valley Lumber Company, had two sons. The first was named Darius and the second was named Cyrus Edward. Both sons were born at Comaska, Oregon, and there remained until they severally came to attend Yale College, which is the central member of Yale University and situated in New Haven, Connecticut.

It may be said at once that Yale College and Yale University attended Darius Fieldmarsh during four years, for in those days to be a consummate football player was something that it isn't in this grisly epoch; and I, who am not yet senile, can remember thousands of healthy young men rolling along the streets of New Haven on snow and ice in the thinnest dancing pumps because one football hero affected such footgear, and holding their arms at an angle suggesting that an apple was concealed in either armpit because another hero had enlarged biceps and couldn't straighten his arms at his sides.

These things were done, little boys, to emulate the manners of great heroes, who were doubtless very fine fellows in their day, although I'll be hanged if I can remember what their names were. But Darius Fieldmarsh I saw in his grandeur, on a warm afternoon of September, 1907, strolling down York Street past the freshman dormitories and past battalions of nervous freshmen who all knew who he was or were informed, as the dark god passed, by their neighbors.

"You Take Care of John Henry a Minute, Will You, While I Get Some Grub?"

This dark god was in human form, but he managed to give the effect of stone in motion. That evening one-half the class of 1911 was attempting to walk with its shoulders rigid and its chin a little elevated. I don't think the gait was really an affectation of Dare Fieldmarsh, because he was naturally a grave, expressionless person, and the thickness of his black eyelashes robbed his eyes of any meaning. He seemed to stare into a golden future and not to approve of the paltry thing any too much. Thus, one imagines, a young Pharaoh appeared before the people on his way to sanction a new temple, at once a god and a man and a good deal bored with both conditions. And perhaps after three years of being Dare Fieldmarsh for paragraphs of the sporting pages, and incapable of failing at anything, the tall boy in the black suit was a good deal bored. To get everything, they say, is to have nothing; and he had everything which a boy of twenty-one is likely to want, or nearly so.

This deity, then, advanced under the elms of York Street hatless and stolid, with sunlight momently washing his brown face, and behind him came his retinue. His attendants were the son of a bishop, the son of a gas company, the son of a celebrated mother who won her celebrity by carrying the first chameleon pinned to her frock in 1892 and by naming her daughter Chiffon, and the son of a man on whose Irish head the slope of a hill in California tumbled once, revealing a lot of gold when he sat up and dug himself out of the dirt. These minor deities were also hatless, so we knew that they were seniors and drew aside from their passage. They halted when Dare Fieldmarsh halted, and all looked up at a window of a private dormitory, while Darius dropped back his head and yelled, "Hi! Do!"

He yelled thrice. Several lads got out into the middle of York Street and watched the addressed window from that vantage. Rumor passed from mouth to mouth—correctly—that Dare Fieldmarsh had a younger brother in our class. From every direction boys gazed at the window which would reveal this second edition of the great Darius. I distinctly shivered as a yellow head thrust itself out of the window and a pair of naked shoulders followed the head.

"What y'want, Dare?"

"Get dressed and come over to my rooms," Darius commanded from the sidewalk.

Cyrus Edward Fieldmarsh took a cigarette from his large mouth and said reflectively, "I'm unpackin' my trunk. . . . Gee, ain't it hot here? I'm bare naked an' I'm sweatin' like a pig."

An incorrect rumor at once started down York Street that this oaf was the son of Dare Fieldmarsh's father's groom and an object of charity. Obviously, a brother of Dare Fieldmarsh would not say "ain't" and speak thus coarsely in public to a god.

"Get dressed," said Darius coldly, as became a deity. "Hustle! I want to take you to the tailor's."

"Whaf-for?" asked the ignoble and naked Cyrus Edward, thirty feet in air. "I got a whole pack of duds in N'York yesterday, Dare. I don't need nothin'."

Darius shrugged. His attendants were too polite to grin, but they all wanted to, and the son of a bishop more or less did so, after Darius had mounted the steps of the big house teeming with boys from window to window and passed in. The minor deities were left to hold the situation in propriety, and began to match pennies beside the steps. Their audience gravely and nervously watched them and awaited the forthcoming of Darius, who, you see, had to quell and subdue his kid brother on the second floor. He came forth and presented a terrible creature to the civil attendants. All York Street watched this introduction from every angle.

Cyrus Edward was wearing a liver-colored suit striped with white lines, and a pair of yellow buttoned shoes. A pinkish sweater, lettered C in honor of Comaska High School, held in his chest, which was formidable, and a felt hat covered with the signatures of his class at high school held his head. I saw no more than that, because the attendants of Darius closed around this apparition and it was wafted down York Street rapidly. The minor deities rallied to the aid of their leader in this disaster and retreated with him and his burden in perfect dignity, passing from sight into Chapel Street, where some merchants were suddenly enriched.

I don't know what became of Cyrus Edward's original clothes. At dinnertime he walked into a lunch room of Elm Street in which my roommate and I were modestly eating, and I recognized him only by the size of his ears and the sound of his voice, ordering beefsteak with onions. Dare had transformed his brother into the model of a correct freshman outwardly, and inwardly had dazed him into a momentary submission.

The long, fair boy looked nothing like Dare. His tiny pink ears wriggled when he ate and his vacuous blue eyes roved every which way among the coffee cups, and plates of the counter and over the faces of the other lads. His own face was completely round and centered on a broken nose of no particular size.

A few things had been omitted from the transformation too. Cyrus Edward needed instruction in tying a tie, and he, most decidedly, needed a manicure. It doesn't matter that he made noises when he ate. I have heard a famous French novelist and an English prelate make much worse noises.

"That can't be Dare Fieldmarsh's brother," said my roommate into my left ear.

"I think it is though. It's the same kind of build. Look at his shoulders, Monty."

Monty regarded the shoulders of Cyrus Fieldmarsh, and, being nearsighted, looked at them too visibly. Cyrus Edward wiped a string of onion from an end of his mouth and belligerently asked, "What the hell are you lookin' at?"

"You," said Monty diplomatically. "We were wondering if you're Dare Fieldmarsh's brother."

Cyrus Edward was appeased, and he said, "Sure! I'm Do Fieldmarsh—Do an' Dare. It's the name of a book pop useter read when he was a kid."

All freshmen are utterly immoral, or were in 1907, and, Monty and I were waifs from a small school which seldom sent graduates to Yale. We, mentally, proposed to ourselves that it would be grand to be friends of Dare Fieldmarsh's young brother, and the morality of this course did not trouble us in the least. We beamed at Do Fieldmarsh almost lasciviously and moved two stools down the counter to sit beside him. He might be revolting and he was obviously an oaf, but he was adjacent to a god, and, anyhow, we were seventeen.

Thus it befell, little boys, that we went out to examine New Haven, Connecticut, with Do Fieldmarsh, whose father had given him three thousand dollars by way of farewell and had told him heartily to do the right thing by his friends. The rest may be scheduled on a time chart. At nine o'clock I drank my first cocktail and Monty drank his third in the bar of the old New Haven House. At 9:15 Do told the barkeeper to mix some champagne with grenadine and aloe gin, because a foreman of the Comaska Lumber Company had told him that was a swell drink. At 9:30 a serpentine dread entered my intelligence. I left Do and Monty progressing toward the very famous bar of one Reynolds and went back to York Street, majestically

treading on portions of my overcoat which kept flapping down from one arm onto the sidewalk.

At 10:16 or so Do Fieldmarsh confidentially assured Monty over a beverage of a deep red tint that three years of this Eastern college had just spoiled Dare for keeps and that Dare's friends were a bunch of New York dudes and didn't know good clothes when they seen 'em. This heresy outraged Monty to his vitals and he called Do a boor. Do intensely retorted by swinging his fist against Monty's jaw and walking over the results of the collision on his way out of the bar. Monty, recumbent on the floor, shakily respected Do's right arm for a while, and then came back to our rooms through a flood of ribald sophomores which invaded York Street, howling "Hey, fresh, put out those lights!" to the dark windows until a bored policeman sent them away and peace tried to reign. At 11:45, however, Do Fieldmarsh coursed along the fronts of dormitories, tossing a number of small bottles filled with pickles at windows and making a fair score of ten panes. He achieved a complete celebrity by midnight and the policeman afterward complained that he never took a tougher speaking kid to jail

"Dare," Do told me the next noon, "is awful mad at me. . . . Hey, you limp, don't you? . . . Yeh, he's awful sore on me. He ain't been home in three years and he's got to be kinda swell—you know."

"Swell?" I guardedly asked

"Yeh. Don't show his feelin's about nothing Say, he talks just like he was from N'York It'll make the boys in camp laugh when I write about that, 'cause Dare useter get a tree down as fast as a grown-up feller could. He's awful husky, Dare is. Only, he ain't like he useter be Comes of stayin' round here and never comin' home."

I asked, "You mean he hasn't been home since he came to college? But that's three years!"

"Sure it is," Cyrus Edward grunted. "Hey, which leg are you lame in?"

I don't pretend that I was very clever at seventeen, but I suddenly thought that Do Fieldmarsh wasn't a fool. My limp, except for his notice of it, passed without mention for four years at college and has seldom been noticed since At least this maniac from Comaska, Oregon, was not unobservant

"It's my right leg."

"I'd hate to have sumpin wrong with one of my legs!" said the oaf. When I'm captain of this football team here ——"

Thus ended my acquaintance with Do Fieldmarsh as an undergraduate. I broke out laughing in his face, and with a wave of prudence, turned and cantered from him. A person who proposed to be captain of a football team after one day of college was too much for human use! I fled and didn't look back

Let us resume the time chart. At 2:30 P.M. Do Fieldmarsh went out to practice with the freshman football squad, which was being coached by a young gentleman of great beauty who was too light for the university team The coach told Do to tackle him, and Do, not liking the easy negligence of the young man's manner, said, "Say, sister, ain't you scared I'll spoil your face if I do?"

"That'll be quite all of that," the sophomore observed "Get off ten yards and try to tackle me."

Cyrus Edward snorted, retired ten yards and came on in the best manner of the Comaska High School team. It might have been a superb tackle, but young Richardson walked out of range and Do's full face met the soil of Connecticut with what was reported in York Street as a booming sound. About a hundred freshmen gurgled, and the coach, a little unkindly, smiled as Do picked himself up

"Yella!" said the brother of Dare Fieldmarsh. "You was scared to let me try!"

The sophomore tapped his fingers lightly together and considered Do's inches. It would be wrong to waste this bundle of bones and hard muscle by ordering it off the field, but discipline had to be secured and the whole hot squad was watching in a flare of sunshine.

"Just where," he asked, "did you go to school?"

"What about it?"

"I was wondering whether anybody ever told you that you have the manners of a hog."

Cyrus Edward Fieldmarsh stared at the rim of freshmen for a minute and then at the sophomore. There was no sound to cheer him on. This trim, handsome person in the white sweater was looking at him rather as Dare had looked at his yellow buttoned shoes yesterday. The pause lasted ten breaths or so, and then Do swung about and walked through the press of lads in dirty jerseys. At four P.M. he was seen getting off a car in Chapel Street, and just there the time chart of his undergraduate epoch gives out. At midnight, or a little earlier, he was united to Miss Theresa Bogan, waitress in a lunch room, in marriage by a sleepy justice of the peace some distance out from New Haven. The journals mentioned that he was seventeen years old and a brother of Dare Fieldmarsh. His education then progressed elsewhere and not along academic lines

But lines worked themselves heavily among the muscles of his flat, homely face and gave it a certain expression of force and violence when he walked into the glittering spaces of the café on the night of June 20, 1915, with a naked child riding his shoulder. He shoved aside a Galician waiter and came stalking past three tables straight to the center of the tiled room. All that was left of the first Do was—or were—his tiny ears, flat to his touseled hair. I sat up and stopped staring into my melted ice and wondering whether I'd live until the liner tomorrow took me out of Havana.

Beyond the arches of this restaurant, white coats passed on the plaza's darkness and women were white heaps in the slowly drawn victorias. A languid monster of heat rolled on the city and the newsboys yowling in the streets made the voice of our complaint. The man in shirt and filthy trousers was wet from walking and he had to shake back sweat from his lips before he said briskly, "Here! This is my kid and I've got to get him outa this climate, see? I've got ten dollars in my pants. If anybody'll trust

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I Came on Him in a Canyon Somewhere Below Los Angeles, and He Was Matching Pennies With a Person Named Mike

THE BURNING BUSH

By Courtney Ryley Cooper

One Comes to Respect Fire Early in the Canadian Bush

THE gentle art of slapping a moose with a canoe paddle is one that insists upon concentration. In the first place, the operation requires a slappee, with the consequent training of eyes upon every dark object in the course ahead, the noiseless negotiation of shore bends, the instant readiness to take advantage of every possible means of sneaking upon one's prey; and secondly, there is always to be considered the fact that no moose likes to be slapped. Therefore Jack Nankervis, my trail partner, and myself had paid little attention to anything else except the task ahead. We were twenty-odd miles in the bush, on the Shekak River of Central-Western Ontario, watching the stream intently as—our guides paddling silently and we doing as nearly likewise as could be expected—we sought our moose on the homeward journey to camp from the trout rapids, ten miles below. At last a rounded hump revealed itself in a group of lily pads, far ahead. A moment of appraisal followed until we identified the form as a cow moose, then the chase was on—swift paddling when her head was buried beneath the water in the search for succulent grasses, stonelike stillness when that head raised that she might look about her.

Nor was there any idea of cruelty in our pursuit. Instead, there was a grand feeling of righteousness in saving a life and at the same moment having a good time. Indians, in Canada, under the ancient treaty rights, need observe no game law. A camp of Crees was within twenty miles; and Indians, if you please, in these advanced days, travel swiftly by means of outboard motors to their happy hunting grounds. A good slap with a paddle and its consequent fright would send this cow moose to more inaccessible feeding beds and thus keep her skin intact. So we worked forward right merrily.

Sneak and stop, sneak and stop—thus we progressed until we were at last upon her, blocking her course toward the shore. A loud grunt, a shake of the head and she rose in the water as if with a leap, then began to swim, while canoes cut the water in sharp pursuit. Slowly we gained. At last Jack was almost upon her, and I yelling across the water, "Spank her, Jack! Spank her!"

Jack raised his paddle for a succession of resounding spats which brought loud remonstrance from the insulted cow lady. She grunted and blew a spray from her open mouth. She made a swift turn, went under the bow of the canoe, nearly upsetting it; then, disgusted and humiliated after treatment which no lady moose should undergo, she crawled up the bank and in a distance of ten feet disappeared in the almost impenetrable bush. We remained to laugh and joke—then suddenly to pause in wondering silence.

It was the muffled roar of an airplane which had caught our attention, sounding eerie, grotesque, far out there in the bush; that and the appearance of the sun, blood-red now, even though it was yet two hours high—red and weakened as though it were nothing more than a plate of burnished copper. The slight haziness which we had noticed all day had increased in the west until the sky now was smudgy with far-away smoke. Again, off in the distance, the burring of that airplane sounded anew, roaring viciously, then suddenly shutting off, only that it might break into new exertions. Grant Howe, our head guide, turned nervously.

"Down on a lake somewhere," he argued, "and can't get up."

The Fire Alarm

THE fun of slapping a moose was forgotten. That smudge in its shield across the sun, had changed the appearance of the whole bush, as though this were the afterglow of sunset instead of five o'clock in the afternoon. The coppery hue of the water, the somber influence which the haziness instilled in all of us—one learns rapidly to respect fire when one steps into the Canadian bush.

And still that airplane in the distance, blasting its exhausts for long moments at a time, then sinking anew into silence, an operation repeated and rerepeated, as though, by its roaring, it could send a message of its presence throughout the whole tremendous expanse of mystic bush. It seemed as though this were a command, to be answered at once. But we could only wonder and scheme and plan. Scarcely three hours remained before the blackness of night. To attempt a rescue at this hour would be worse than foolish; it would mean a tortuous, fiendishly hard journey through trailless bush to an unknown goal—a matter for daylight, for every possible aid instead of the obstacles of darkness.

From a Canoe, the Impenetrable Bush of Canada Seems Inexhaustible

Then the roaring sounded again, rising higher and higher, and bringing cheer to worried minds. Still higher and closer it came, until at last, skimming serenely over us in the coppery haze of the smoke-screened sky, a giant sea boat, bearing the plainly visible markings of the Ontario Fire Ranger Service, sailed across our line of vision and disappeared over the edge of the narrow bush-lined horizon, while we, relieved, paddled on to camp. We thought we knew what had happened, but midnight changed our minds.

A Forest Fire in Canadian-Settlement Country. It Cost Two Lives

The soft sound of a canoe, scraping on sand, mingled with the humming of innumerable mosquitoes about our netted sleeping bags. Then came the glare of a flashlight and the sound of a familiar voice:

"Hello, fellows! Can we boil the pot? It's the boys!"

"The boys" were Ontario fire rangers, young men we had met days before, on their slow way down the river as they cleaned the many portages of the débris left by spring floods. Then, as the water boiled over a newly made fire for the making of the inevitable tea:

"That airplane did a pretty good job this afternoon. Guess you heard it. We were a half mile in on a portage when it began fooling around in our territory, rising, then dropping and shutting off the motor. Finally we happened to think that it might be looking for us. So we got into our canoe and made for the middle of the river. Sure enough, down it came, almost to the tops of the trees and dropped us a note, calling us in. Pretty bad fires over west. Guess they're getting every man they can."

Then to their tea and back to their canoe—for a night of paddling ere they could reach the railroad. A long night, back-breaking and lonely. But the burning bush of Canada is a far different thing from its Scriptural counterpart; and when its warning smoke rises against the sun, even airplanes must seek men and find them in the dense intricacies of the bush, and those men must be ready to answer.

Time was, in the Canadian bush, when there would have been no fire rangers cleaning out portages on a route leading 100 miles or more into the wilderness. Time was too when there would have been no airplane to shoot forth from its base, and in a needle-in-a-haystack hunt scour

over hundreds of square miles of territory, all in part of an afternoon, find two white-shirted dots in the dark mask of the tangled bush and summon them to the fighting of a forest fire. Time was when such things would not have been thought necessary, when they would have been frowned upon as a waste of money in a country where forests existed in such profusion that the mental attitude of almost an entire dominion confined itself to the attitude that trees were grown to cut and wood was made to burn.

But that time is fast waning. Canada, from the Atlantic to the far-away provinces which fringe the Pacific, is having a forcefully rude and providentially fortunate awakening regarding its forests. It is learning that trees were not all grown to cut. It is realizing that, after all, wood has other uses than burning. After decades of apathy, of shrugging of shoulders, of passing the buck, Canada is learning—and just in time—that its second greatest source of wealth in the whole dominion, its forests, stands in danger of extinction.

This statement, no doubt, will be met with loud guffaws, not only by every person in the United States who has learned all about the forest situation from North Woods fiction, but by countless Canadians as well. Has it not been a matter of common knowledge for generations that the forests of British Columbia, of Ontario and Quebec and parts of Manitoba were limitless? That, no matter how deep the ax might bite or how fiercely the fire might burn, there were always two trees to grow where but one had grown before? But then there are still persons, even in Canada, who believe that the whole new north is a mass of tamarack forests, when, if the truth be known, the tamarack is just strengthening in new growth after having been practically destroyed by the European larch fly some twenty years ago. So goes it.

When Trees Were More Than Splinters

BECAUSE of these alarming reports, Canada is really awakening to the problem of its forests; a problem which seems silly to one who merely travels through the bush and sees it from a canoe. Then, in truth, the supply does seem inexhaustible; as though all the axes in the world could not make an indentation upon this endless forest which stretches everywhere to the water's edge, where the red deer may hesitate a moment in wonderment at the approach of one's canoe, and then with a single lazy bound be lost to sight almost within the barrier of the first fringe of tangled vegetation. Or to one who must penetrate from one lake to another, fighting his way through the blackness of the growth, where the sun penetrates only in scanty beams, as through holes in a black cloth, and where the trees seem to form a veritable wall against the progress of a human being. But appearances are sometimes deceptive, and the answer comes when a lumberman looks dolefully up from his figures and indulges in reminiscence

"Yes," he'll say, "it's all right to think there's a lot of wood in the bush; but how about the fact that twenty-five years ago, when my father was lumbering before me, his men would never sink an ax in a stick of timber unless it was at least two feet through? How many of those two-foot sticks do you see nowadays, unless it comes from British Columbia? Of course, you'll hear from some people that it was predicted forty years ago that there wouldn't be any white pine left by this time; but we're still cutting white pine. So we are—here's a bill of lading for five cars right on my desk. The only difference is that when those old-timers made that prediction, they were talking about sticks of real wood, not splinters. We're using white pine now from four to six inches in diameter for box wood and laths. Quite a difference, isn't there?"

Statements like this mean a great deal in Canada, for only agriculture ranks higher in the dominion's wealth than the proceeds of forestry. Figures show that only 27 per cent of the original forest remains. Some 13 per cent has fallen to the woodsman's ax. What became of the other 60 per cent? Fire and its attendant handmaidens of rot, windfall and insects!

Yet, if one were merely to compare figures upon their face value, it would seem that Canada was not nearly in so bad a way in regard to fire menace as the United States. For instance, 1924 was an extremely red year in this country's fire ledger. Nearly 29,000,000 acres of United States forest were burned that year, with a direct loss of about $38,000,000. Canada, in a disastrous year previous, when the fire losses went far above the average, lost 5,000,000 acres of forest land by fire. That was about one-sixth of the area that was reported for the United States the year following. But in that 5,000,000 acres of flame the damage was nearly $47,000,000. The average loss an acre in the United States was not two dollars. The loss in Canada was more than nine dollars an acre. When a fire starts up there, it burns something!

And there is this to consider: Canada isn't quite sure just how much money she is losing every year by fire. The reason is that Canada isn't quite sure of everything she possesses. In a country where even now districts are really being explored and mapped and surveyed for the first time, every little fire and every little patch of destroyed ground cannot be reported, for the simple reason that there is no one to report them. An island in a lake, perhaps a mile square, may catch fire from a bolt of lightning and burn to the water's edge, unknown and unmentioned: it is too far from civilization for anyone even to see the smoke.

A Companion for Civilization

CANADA marks down its big fires and its accessible fires; others it knows nothing about. A year or so ago, for instance, the dominion decided to find out just what existed in the regions adjacent to James Bay, at the south end of Hudson's Bay. In addition to being disappointed in the timber—much of the country being muskeg and scrub—that survey also discovered that more than 20 per cent, 2,000,000 out of 9,000,000 acres, of available timber country was gaunt and lifeless from burn-over. How did it happen? Nobody knows—nor when.

Therefore it is more than possible that Canada's figures on fire loss are too low, the average yearly amount being placed at about $16,000,000. But the knowledge of even this amount of wastage is causing a great many persons to sit up and take notice, while obstructionists point to the average of the United States, which is about $22,000,000, as evidence that the more fire protection there is, the greater the loss seems to be.

That is, of course, a silly argument. Fire follows civilization; the greater the population, the greater the fire loss. The United States has more than eleven times the population of Canada; only the efficiency of its forestry service saves this country from a vastly greater fire loss. If Canada had even twice her population at the present time, and the same forest policy which she has today which is rather haphazard, to say the least it is safe to predict that her fire loss would increase threefold.

That is not intended as a slap at Canada far from it. Canada is an up-and-coming country, as full of life as a race horse at the barrier, fighting

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The Smudge of a Forest Fire Rising Over the Sun on Lac Seul
Above—Public Buildings of Haileybury, Ontario, Restored After the Fire of 1922. A Life Raft at Rouyn, Quebec, for Use in Fire Emergency
In Circle—Ontario Fire Rangers. A Deputy Chief and His Assistant

ARTS OF HOAX

By Joseph Hergesheimer

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

THAT phrase, it must be admitted, Willie Gerald addressed with a most pernicious intent to Matthew Wilson. "Arts of Hoax," Willie even repeated disagreeably.

"Do you mean hearts of oak?" Wilson asked, puzzled. "For anyone can see that stand is oak. It's too early to be anything else. It wouldn't be so much in England, but being American it's worth very large money. Why, Mr. Gerald, it belongs to the age of the court cupboard—America before 1700."

They were in Wilson's store, gazing at a primitive and battered stand with a small oval top and three widely raked legs with stretchers. That, literally, was the whole affair—a thick, rough-hewn top, three legs more or less rounded, one very badly splintered, indeed, and three connecting supports; there was a narrow three-cornered skirt, with no surface features whatever, and the top was pegged to a single transverse piece of wood.

"I knew this was to be offered," Wilson proceeded, "and some others knew it too. But I thought I'd come near getting it, because I had a customer with one already who wanted a pair. I could go higher and get my money out of it. Or I could go higher still and not quite get it. The point is he's a very good customer and I could afford to take a small loss on a piece with him." Willie asked if he had merely gone high or if he had been obliged to go higher. Higher, Matthew Wilson admitted. "When the smoke of bidding cleared away I gave two hundred and ninety dollars for it."

"Matthew," Willie Gerald said, "you gave too much. And I hate to see you getting hysterical at auctions. But there is a law of averages and in this case I'll see that it works in your favor. Since this stand was too expensive, you must get others just like it for less. I will supply you with, say, two dozen at four dollars each. In reality they will be superior to this—I'll guarantee to use a better quality paint and the breaks in the legs will be more interesting."

"I can never guess when you're going to be serious," Wilson protested. "The more nonsense you talk the greater trouble you take along with it. Now that stand: You know as well as I do it's the earliest form of our furniture. The earliest and for that reason the most valuable," he declared triumphantly. "You complain all the time about the wrong way people use the word Colonial, and here is a Colonial piece, from the childhood of the nation—the beginnings of the republic, Mr. Gerald: pioneers used that; they cut it out with the same tools they built their log houses with. Prob'ly it stood on a floor of no better than tramped earth. Why, there's not only history to it—it is history!"

"Wilson," Willie Gerald said seriously, "you've been reading your children's schoolbooks again. I've warned you about that. They will destroy any instinct you may have for the truth. And I see I'll have to give you some more instruction in sociology, with a protest against your animistic tendencies. A child, Matthew, makes childish things; a savage, savage things. It is precisely like the evolution of an individual from dull instinctive barbarity—a baby, of course, is a completely barbarous being—to understanding and a tradition of beauty and skill. This stand of yours would be well enough in a museum devoted to the evolution of the human animal. I should say it would come shortly after the arrowheads—perhaps a trifle of twenty million years afterward. There it would be significant. But as a piece of furniture, a thing to put in a house, you might as well give the cook's little grandson a jackknife and ask him to make you a spinet."

"About half of that got by me," Wilson asserted; "maybe three-quarters. There were a lot of words in it nobody ought to have to listen to. The truth is, Mr. Gerald, you're a cynic; your feelings ain't right, and that's bad—what you said about babies and that throw-off on the children's schoolbooks. You shouldn't go on like that; it'll be misunderstood. But about this stand, I did get what you meant, and you are dead wrong again. You can't fake the early stuff; there is a plain honesty about it that will show every time. Simple! And if two-ninety is high, I'd come near giving it again for another as genuine."

Like most people, Willie Gerald declared, Wilson listened only to his own prejudices and desires. "You rationalize instead of think."

Wilson waved his arms helplessly. "If you happen to see anything like this," he added, pointing to the oak stand, "don't just look and insult it. Get it for me. I notice you wrote quite a lot about Windsor candle stands, and there's not much difference I can see."

"Only the difference between a lark and a mud hen," Willie replied. "You will take two dozen, then." "Six," Wilson said sturdily. But Gerald wasn't there to talk about oak. "You liked the three-chair-back sofa."

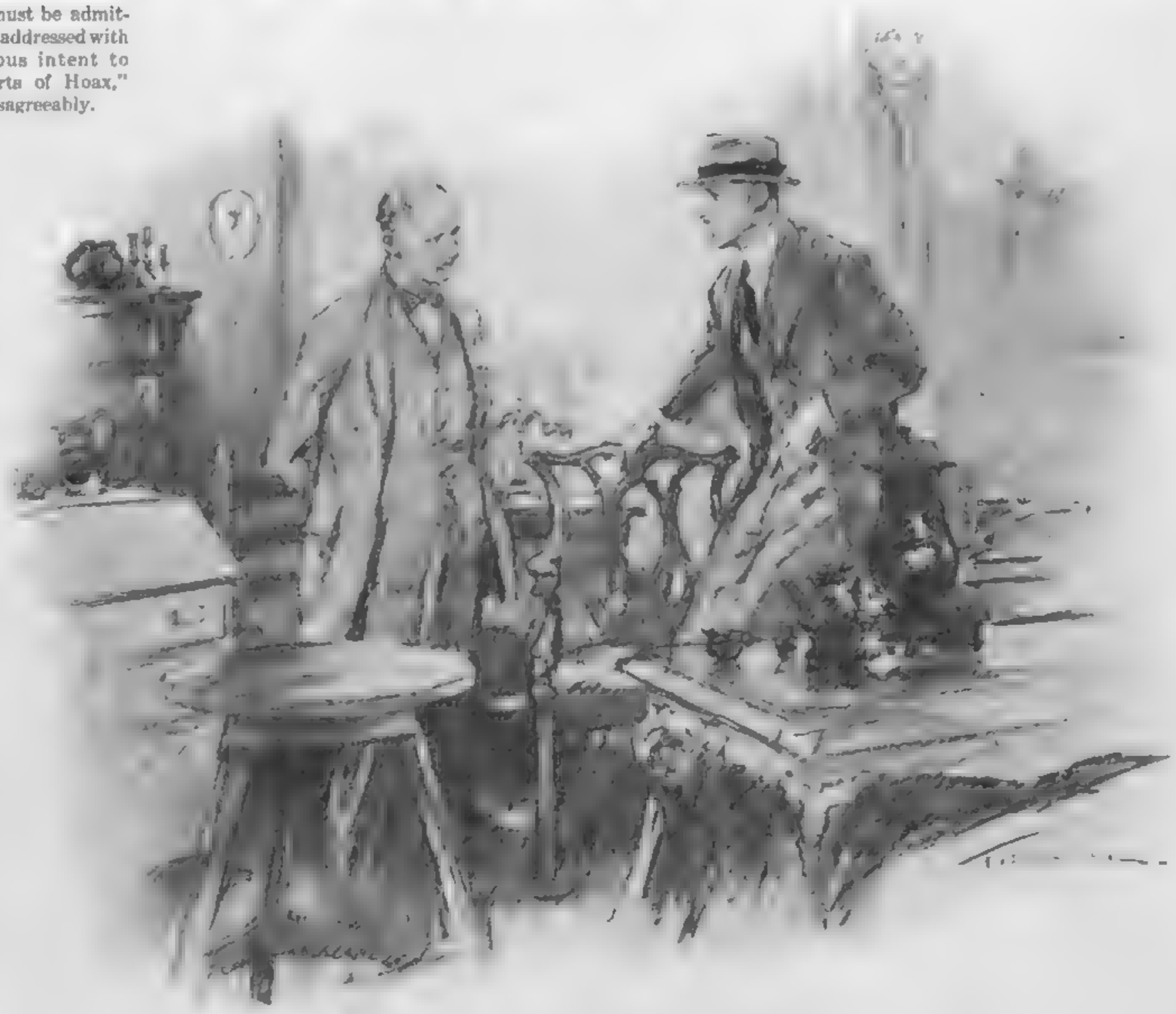
"Liked it!" Wilson exclaimed. "Mr. Gerald, I could have cried when I thought of it going out West. I haven't an idea what got into you. Mr. Salmon Jenning, from Albany, saw it and tried to keep my men from nailing on the crate. I could have had three thousand dollars for it."

Any thought about the sofa was distasteful to Gerald; he was glad that one, at least, had gone definitely out of his existence. It was now three weeks since he had seen Rose Brincker, but he was still, he considered, totally incapable of meeting her. Playing bridge, the night he had seen the second sofa in her house, he had revoked twice—he couldn't, before that, recall revoking in twenty years.

He hadn't thought it was possible that any, any situation in life could be so humiliating. Gerald had been more or less prepared for a disagreeable exposure; that was inherent in what he did; he had accepted the probability with a reasonable equanimity, but to have Rose come on his dishonesty with such a painful suddenness! To come on it himself, like that, with her! Scarcely more than a day before, he remembered, she had been in a rage at Fairman Lane for suggesting such a possibility. Something, in consequence of this, had happened to him—something inside of him. He was at once more aggressive and uncertain, like a boxer dazed by a heavy blow and swinging ineffectively in the air. A little of his feeling of liberty had slipped away from him. What he specially dreaded, most carefully avoided, on the night of his disaster was being alone with Rose. He had no conception of what he'd say to her. What was there for him to say? Yet he had a curiosity—a need, really—to find what Rose thought of it and him. It was made much worse by the fact that he had used the chairs she had given him. Well, obviously, she was done with him.

There, however, he had been assisted, for that was what he wanted. Perhaps the whole occurrence was, at bottom, fortunate, for it would put all serious thought of him out of her mind. Rose had learned that he was a common thief. The fact that she had sent him no word since supported this conclusion. He was free. But any pleasure in that realization was immediately slain by resentment at the meanness exposed in him. Willie Gerald wanted to explain to Rose that not money, but revolt, was the motive of his peculiar acts.

All this brought about a general feeling of exasperation in him; it made Willie Gerald more determined than ever to prove—chiefly to himself—that he was independent of the bonds which held other men in prescribed and limited courses. Rose's knowledge of him, it seemed, gave her a sort of command over him; at least it would if he'd allow it. A part of his annoyance began to be directed at her. It was absurd, her buying the three-back sofa; perhaps she had done it to have just that hold on him. She'd find it was in vain; and in a concrete expression of his resentment he became very gay. He went to parties at Southampton given by individuals who had acquired a very great deal of money very quickly, and there he met very odd ladies, young or indifferently young. They had ginger-colored hair, and persuasive blond hair, and hair the color of thickly varnished mahogany, and their habits were as odd as their conversations and as unpredictable as their thirsts. Often, at the hour for dinner, they chose to go swimming; or, in little scarlet or velvet bathing suits, ordered dinners on the private swimming piers. They were awake all night and slept most of the day, and they played croquet furiously at ten or twenty or a hundred dollars a wicket.



"I Can Never Guess When You're Going to be Serious," Wilson Protested. "The More Nonsense You Talk the Greater Trouble You Take Along With It"

He was liked, it was announced, because he behaved so well. The last vision to tell him that sat on his lap and whispered it, and after she had removed herself—in a direct advance on a young man who wasn't behaving well at all—he wiped an astonishing amount of carmine paint from his ear.

It was all, to his present mood, quite satisfactory; no one of the throngs about him knew the difference, where furniture was concerned, between Queen Anne and Queen Victoria; and glass was a thing you broke to celebrate an occasion. Nearly everyone, too, had an endless amount of money; young girls appeared separately in startling automobiles and took him for short rides at eighty miles an hour; they burned patterns of holes in their flying chiffon dresses with the sparks of uninterrupted cigarettes.

There was, as well, practically no one whom he knew or that he'd ever have to know again. He was called Gerald under the impression that was his first name; when one young thing discovered his name to be Willie she had hysterics and had to be carried to her room.

He was enjoying this when a cool voice said at his side: "I'd just as soon expect to find you in a jungle. I mean the African sort and not one at Palm Beach." Willie Gerald turned and, almost to his dismay, saw Eliza Grinling, or, rather, she had been that before her divorce.

"Then perhaps you can imagine my surprise at seeing you," he replied. "I may be unnatural here, but you're fantastic." She was. Eliza belonged to the only traditionally aristocratic class America possessed. John Price, her father, descended from a line which had been firmly established before the Revolutionary War. The Prices had been openly Tory in their hopes and sympathies, but even that hadn't seriously disturbed their position or riches. They had always, it appeared, been rich; and without waste or show, lived superlatively well. In short, Eliza was the greatest contrast to their present surroundings Willie could imagine.

"Perhaps you'd better tell me how you got here," he went on. "Before I take you home." She begged him not to be ridiculous. "As a matter of fact, I started with the Deverans on their boat; something happened to it and I went to Cheyney Grant's. He had some outrageous-looking professors talking about what would happen if the air all got burned up, and I left. I stayed over a night with Olive Crenshaw, and today I reached here. Did I say I was glad to see you?"

"Not yet," he answered; "but if you keep tight hold of my hand I'll think about letting you stay until after dinner." Eliza looked very badly, he realized; it was evident that she hadn't been sleeping. Her divorce had not been sensational; the publicity was purely formal, but its traces were plain. Before, she would never have been at the Brummerhofs'. She was, at hardly more than twenty, haggard; her voice was high pitched and strained, her speech and movements at once sharp and weary.

"I don't suppose there is any dinner that could be recognized," she proceeded, "but if you like, I'll be down and meet you here at half-past eight."

It was after nine, however, before she appeared; an orchestra had already begun to play in a hall beyond; there was a fragmentary and galvanic dancing.

"There is food outside," he reassured her, "and small tables. If there are more than two chairs we can break the others up." The night, in September, was fine; the noise and music seemed remote. "Eliza," Gerald said, "you ought to be smacked. If you go down, simply no tenpins will be left up. These democratic times will have knocked them all into the gutters."

"If you'd drink instead of talking, it would be so much better," she complained. "Let me talk. You'll be surprised. For example, did you know that I wanted to be a surgeon? Wasn't that screaming? So, of course, I got married instead and had the nicest kind of children at once. Then Linton had to go West and be there at least five years and I couldn't stand it. Willie, we lived in a place where there were neighbors. Imagine! Linton is even more serious than you; he wouldn't put up with me, and I couldn't stand being alone all day with those people, and so here I am. What made it difficult was that we were both right."

He could see this was so. Her marriage had failed, and there was nothing more to be said about it. Eliza, he recalled, had never been lovely, but she was undeniably good-looking. Especially at the Brimmerhofs'. Even more than Rose, she represented what, at one time, had been his conception of the ideal. But she would have infinitely more money and her family was smarter. The French connections by marriage were extraordinarily good. In addition to this, like himself, she had no feeling for horses and detested violent games.

"Now," she concluded, "since you've heard all my history, why are you here?"

"I'm just mad," he admitted, "and this is the form it takes. But it is too difficult and soon I'll have to be reasonable again. I'll find an abandoned car with fifty cylinders and platinum wheels and drive you home." Why, she demanded, couldn't he be contented. No one was bothering them, the whitebait was excellent, and there was a book in her room she wanted to finish which, it said, might only be sold to physicians, educators and scientifically employed persons. "I'll find a large piece of brown soap and wash your silly mouth out," he threatened her. She wasn't even good-looking, Gerald decided. Eliza might have made a very excellent surgeon—though he hadn't known women attempted that—yet she was quite attractive. With what had gone to make her, she'd have to be.

"Now we'll dance," she announced. "No, out here. The music's loud enough. And then perhaps we will swim somewhere, to Morocco or Indo-China; or maybe down to the store for cigarettes. Willie, you do dance better than most." He couldn't remember anyone more beautifully graceful than Eliza.

There wasn't, for the moment, a great deal of difference between her and the other guests at the Brimmerhofs', and this quickly destroyed Willie Gerald's spirit of gayety. He didn't like it. It wouldn't do for such a world to see and take familiar advantage of Eliza Grinling's unhappiness, and at dawn he drove her back to Cheyney Grant's.

"The professors will be good for you," he asserted. "Then go home and rest and see if you can stop looking like the pictures in the Armenian Relief reports. I'll telephone and find if you got there." She thanked him by

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It Wasn't Sport, Willie Considered, But it Was Extremely Soothing

THE WATCHED POT

By Margaret Culkin Banning

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LASSELL

THE Stephen Gillespies worked hard at being married. They took it with all the seriousness that is so oddly characteristic of the era of jazz, which has made marriage into an applied science instead of a romantic adventure or simple ultimate. The Gillespies knew they lived in an age of gayety and irresponsibility and speeded-up living, because stories and plays and movies all told them so. They accepted the fact that they belonged to such times. But, like most of the people they knew, they saw little actually to prove to them that the world was anything more than a rather hard-working, bill-rendering, savings-account kind of place in which you paid for what you got, and often did it by installments, the way they had achieved their washing machine and mangle and six-room house. Stephen had no bootlegger and Jule's total stock of cosmetics amounted to a double compact and a jar of cleansing cream. She had an evening dress and was quite satisfied to speak of it in that lonely way—for the time being.

But, in spite of their simplicity, they were moderns, for they were thoroughly self-conscious about marriage and gravely intended to make a success of it. They left little to fate and nothing to Providence, but took the molding of their joint destiny into their own hands so as to be sure it would be handled well. Jule knew to a dollar where their income went, and was as conscientious about the exact amount of money she might spend on her clothes as she was on the length of time she cooked the cereal for the baby. Though, as she said, she didn't think a girl ever ought to let herself get dowdy. She owed it to her husband to keep herself up.

"Why Don't You Run for Judge, Then, if You Want to So Much?"

John Brubaker, who was Stephen's best friend and had an analogous position in another law firm, admired Jule tremendously. He was an enthusiastic audience for the Gillespie marriage and often said to Stephen, not too much out of Jule's hearing, that if ever a woman could make a success out of a man's life it was a girl like Jule. Jule would ask him why he didn't find himself a wife, and then was a little chagrined when he came back from a three-weeks' vacation one day and announced over the telephone that he had done it. She got over the chagrin almost immediately, for it was only as an audience that she regretted John, and she was really eager to know his wife. There was a pleasing sense of competence in her mind as she anticipated their first meeting, for she knew she would be presented as an ideal.

She intended to be thoroughly helpful. There were many things that brides had to find out about budgets and managing, and Jule felt that she knew pretty well what the problems of John's wife would be.

"I only hope she's good enough for John," she said to Stephen; "he's such a dear."

"He picked her," answered Stephen, with the common mercilessness of men toward other men's gambles.

But that was what Jule could not understand—why he should have picked her. From the moment she saw the soft, incompetent, over-pretty face of John's wife she was disturbed. She and Stephen had gone to the expensive apartment hotel where the Brubakers were staying and found their way up to a tumbled sitting room, in which only one thing appeared to be of any consequence to John.

"This," he said, so proud and tender of her very name, "is Violet."

Violet looked at them with a shade of reluctance, as if she rather wished they hadn't come. She was pretty in a lavish way, with a general gold-and-cream-colored effect that seemed to be still startling her husband every time he looked at it. Evidently she had been lying down, but she offered no apology for the cluttered condition of the room. It was clear as she looked at Jule and said something in a rather delightful voice that she didn't intend to take on John's friends pig-in-a-poke. She remained remote and rather shy in her attitude, although it did not seem to be the shyness of ingenuousness.

They all sat down and the men fell into conversation, leaving Jule to Violet.

"I've been so eager to meet John's wife," said Jule brightly; "you've no idea how fond we all are of John."

Violet did not seem to accept that as a close bond necessarily. "Are you?" she asked.

"And you must let me help you in every way that I can. I know how hard it must be, coming to a strange place like this and trying to find a place to live and all that."

"They make us very comfortable here," answered Violet, and looked about at the visible signs of comfort—the couch with rumpled cushions, the magazines dropped where they had been finished, the flowers, the bowl of hothouse fruit.

"Of course it's very nice for a short time," agreed Jule. "But you and John aren't planning to stay here, are you?"

"I don't know. John says that when he can afford it he wants to buy a house. Probably we'll stay here until then."

She seemed so indifferent or unaware that he would be able to afford a house more quickly if they had not come to live in the most expensive apartments in the city that Jule felt irritated in John's behalf.

"We built the house we're in. It's just a small one. But some day we mean to have another. I think that getting the home you want—and managing it—is one of the most fascinating things in the world," she said a little didactically, "and it seems to me that one of the nicest things about marriage is that the woman has come to have such a share in it."

"But didn't she always?" asked Violet, with a curious look.

Jule almost got red. Was the girl being deliberately vulgar or was she just a fool? "I mean the household end, helping to handle your husband's income and all that. The side of marriage you haven't seen yet."

"Do you do that? Must it be handled? Does it have to be?"

"Does it? You've no idea! But it's great fun to figure out what you can spend and for what."

"You can't spend more than you have," said Violet reasonably. "I should think that would nearly always settle things."

She turned around to the men rather carelessly, and her husband seemed to be aware of her slightest movement, for he looked at her with such intimate and grateful rapture that Jule felt embarrassed.

"I did pretty well for myself, didn't I?" asked John, grinning at Stephen.

"You sure did," said Steve with such emphasis that Jule tucked the remark away to take up with him later. Of course, under the circumstances he couldn't say anything else, but he needn't say it with such fervor and look so utterly fatuous as he did so.

Violet, however, grew more friendly. This language of admiration was quite intelligible to her, and it was only in that tongue that Stephen and John spoke for most of the evening. Violet told one or two amusing stories and displayed a small gift of mimicry. But Jule's sympathy for John mounted as she watched the new Mrs. Brubaker. When the newness wears off, she thought to herself, and slipped into silent prophecy of disillusion and regret. John

was going to have to buy more of those beautiful stockings his wife was wearing and keep up that prettiness. His Violet wasn't going to help.

"Poor John!" she said to Stephen as they started on their way home.

"You needn't pity him. He's riding high."

"But I do pity him. That girl, Steve!"

"She's not so bad. She seems fond of him."

"She'll be around his neck like a millstone."

"Just so she's around his neck ——" began Steve flippantly.

"I think that's disgusting, Steve. You know she's impossible."

"What's so wrong with her?"

"Everything, beginning with her name."

"Well, of course, she's not a serious kind of girl."

"She's the sort that will never lift her hand to do anything. She hasn't an idea in her head about marriage except that the man pays the bills."

Steve was silent as Jule finished off Mrs. Brubaker. "I wouldn't dislike her so," he said finally; "we may have to see a lot of them. Of course, she's not your kind, but ——"

"I don't dislike her. I'm simply sorry for John. He's such a nice person."

Back in the apartment hotel Violet was bringing up some of the same points. She didn't begin at once, like Jule, or so definitely. She ate a peach and played a phonograph record and meditated. "Are they awfully good friends of yours, John?"

"I should say they are. Why? Didn't you like them?"

"He's nice," said Violet.

"Didn't you like Jule?" he asked curiously. "She's really quite a wonder."

"It's all right if I'm not like that, isn't it?" inquired Violet, somewhat at a tangent.

"Like what?"

"Figuring out which dollar to spend where. She told me that was the most interesting thing about marriage. You tell me when you're broke, John. I can get along on nothing if you want me to, just so I don't have to do all that figuring."

"Foolish child," he said adoringly. "I'll do all the figuring. You just be yourself."

That was exactly Violet's idea and she went on being herself. They stayed in the apartment and the apartment remained slightly crumpled, though it was always clean. The thought of what the Brubakers paid in rent bothered Jule much more than it did Violet. Once or twice she tried to suggest to John's wife, and even to John, that there were apartments to be had which were much more economical. But her ideas never seemed to take hold, and after a little she gave the situation up, except occasionally to sigh over it. She had plenty of things to think about which concerned her more closely. For, in spite of everything, Steve did not seem to get on the way she had hoped. They saved something all the time on principle, but it never was very much, and an illness of the baby's ate into that in midwinter.

Sometimes, when Steve would look more tired than usual and say that the law business was very quiet, Jule had to prod herself fiercely with that conviction that success lay just around the corner. She knew pretty well what she meant by success. It included a better house of their own, a couple of maids, a trip to Europe to broaden their minds a little later on, membership in a club or two, good schools for the baby when he was ready for them, and possibly another child. Almost fiercely she watched for these things to come.

The Brubakers had a son within the year. Jule was as kind as she knew how to be all through that time, though it worried her to see the way John flung money around when the whole event could have been arranged for half the expense. But John did not seem to care. He was not less adoring of Violet than he had been, but when the child was born he became completely enwrapped in them both

"It's so cruel that he hasn't a proper home," Jule said to Stephen. "When I saw him today up in that apartment, stumbling around over the baby carriage, I was so sorry for him."

"John's doing pretty well," Stephen told her. "He's been pushed up a peg in the firm, you know, and they talked a good deal about the way he argued those fire cases There was money in that stuff and he got his share."

"She'll spend it. They just let it run through their fingers." Jule looked around at the furniture in her own living room which had been so conscientiously chosen. "They rented that place of theirs furnished, and I don't believe they ever bought a stick of furniture except the phonograph and the baby carriage."

"It's no way to live," agreed Stephen with a trace of weariness; "no way at all." For they had been over the ground so often and always proved their own virtue.

It was five months later that Jule had news of more of Violet's unbudgeted way of running her life. "Violet's going to have another baby," she reported to Stephen. "Really, I do think John has an awfully hard time."

"John?" asked her husband with questioning emphasis.

"Just look at it from the money end!"

"Those kids of theirs ought to be great companions just the same," said Steve reflectively; and then when Jule asked him what he meant he said that he hadn't meant anything at all. It had just occurred to him that they'd be pretty much of an age.

"But how are they going to manage?" asked Jule. Again Steve refused all responsibility. "It's so heedless the way they go along. No system, no anything. I'd like to know," Jule said, "where we'd land if we went to live in an apartment hotel and threw money around the way they do."

"They get a lot of fun out of life, though, Jule. Let them stagger along."

"Sometimes I think you don't appreciate ——" she began, and he took it up with an immediate disclaimer.

"I do appreciate you, darling. You're the most wonderful wife a man ever had."

"I don't want you to praise me," said Jule, and fancied that she meant it. "But I do want our marriage to be a success."

"Isn't it?"

"Of course. But you know what I mean. I want it to bring us all the things we both would like to have."

Steve got up a little restlessly and moved away from her enthusiasm. "I wonder sometimes," he said, "if we wouldn't do better to enjoy ourselves a little more as we go along."

"Why, we do enjoy ourselves, Steve, don't we?"

"I know. But at this rate we'll be gray before we have the things we are after. And there is an old saying that the watched pot never boils."

Jule laughed. "I'll keep my eye on mine, just the same I'm no Violet." (Continued on Page 150

"I Did Pretty Well for Myself, Didn't I?" Asked John, Grinning at Stephen

A TOUR OF THE BOTTLEFIELDS

By Kenneth L. Roberts

ILLUSTRATED BY WYNCIE KING

"And Get Rid of Those Suitcases," Said Mr. Lamar With a Heartless Laugh. "Where Do You Think You are Going? Europe?"

IT IS a fortunate thing for the human race that one's neighbors are not permitted to be the judges of one's sanity. The individual who is addicted to residences that are fluently equipped with towers, cupolas, bay windows, lattices and fretwork is very apt to characterize as crazy the person who builds a home that is entirely devoid of porches, jigsaw decorations, false parapets and other tricky but useless embellishments.

In the same way, the home builder who insists on the Spartan simplicity that lent dignity and beauty to the early residences of New England, Pennsylvania, Virginia and California is certain that the people who build pousse-café-colored bungalows with a varied assortment of arches and stained glass are severely warped in the upper story.

The resident of New York City is positive that the person who of his own free will resides in a small town in Maine, Nebraska, Arizona, Louisiana or any other state, must unquestionably have several screws loose. Similarly, the residents of Connecticut, Kansas, Virginia, Texas and other states know that anybody who is willing to live in New York City is crazier than a coot, which for some peculiar reason is popularly held to be the extreme limit in craziness.

The young lady who decorates her face with nonsmudgable lipstick and waterproof rouge, and wears only two featherweight bits of lingerie beneath her outer garments, is regarded as being hopelessly demented by the old-fashioned lady who wears her own complexion and eleven undergarments; while the old-fashioned lady is unhesitatingly accused of suffering from a calenture of the brain by her more heavily painted and more sketchily clad sister.

Intolerance Among Antique Collectors

THIS strange state of affairs persists in every walk of life—in the Army, for instance, where a man is considered crazy for joining the Marines, and vice versa; and in wet and dry circles, where the wets think that the drys are monomaniacs, and the drys think that the wets are crazy to drink stuff that is capable of raising ulcers on the inside of a tin can; and among fundamentalists and evolutionists, and so on and so forth.

It is particularly persistent and virulent, however, among the rapidly increasing ranks of American collectors, whose numbers have swelled to such proportions in the last few years that nearly everybody is collecting something at large expense; and almost everything, with the possible exception of old tin cans, old lobster buoys and old egg crates, is being collected by somebody with the utmost enthusiasm.

Why it is that the person who collects, let us say, old scissors should regard with pity the individual who collects old iron thumb latches is one of the mysteries of modern life. An equal mystery, naturally, is why the gentleman who races madly over the countryside in search of iron thumb latches should regretfully state that a brother collector is doubtless loony because of his determination to add other and rarer specimens to his collection of three hundred and seventy-eight pairs of scissors.

To the man who collects Bennington ware, the man who collects old cuff links is a raving maniac. The man who collects old shaving mugs is well aware of the fact that the man who collects old Windsor chairs is dangerously dotty. The Sheraton-sofa addict is regarded as a lunatic by the man who has a penchant for silver luster or pewter candlesticks or wooden sap buckets or ship models or birds' eggs or early fountain pens or cookbooks or first editions or Pennsylvania Dutch marriage certificates or old iron firebacks or early American hairbrushes or any of the countless other things that collectors collect; and the Sheraton collector thinks that the collectors of these other oddities should be rushed with all possible speed to the psychopathic ward.

Such things, of course, should not be. It is all right, for example, for me to accuse a collector of colored handkerchiefs or South American humming birds of being crazy; but there is no reason at all why other people should be permitted to call me crazy because I am given to collecting Russian icons, small pewter measures and images of the Chinese god Hotei.

There should be more tolerance in the field of collecting and antique hunting. Tolerance is without doubt the great lack of present-day antique collecting; and every collector who reads these words and the words that follow is earnestly requested to communicate with his senator or representative and demand that something be done about it.

Not long ago a magazine correspondent who is also a breeder of wire-haired fox terriers and something of a collector—in his own mind—of early Americana, received a communication from the distinguished collector of rare and beautiful early Americana, Mr. Lamar. Mr. Lamar stated in effect to Mr. Sawbuck—which, for the purpose of this narrative, is the name of the wire-haired fox-terrier breeder—that he was about to embark on a pleasure trip through those sections of Pennsylvania, Maryland and Virginia which are most fertile in battlefields, early American bottles and antiques of various sorts. With him on this pleasure jaunt would be Mr. Herkimer, the world-famous specialist on early Americana, and Mr. Le Havre, the eminent expert on Wall Street affairs and early Americana. If Mr. Sawbuck, whose knowledge of glass was painfully lacking, continued Mr. Lamar, cared to join this party, he would doubtless find the trip educational as well as pleasurable, and possibly even downright profitable.

The Twenty-four Best Bottles in America

AS A RESULT of this communication, a chill gray September dawn found Mr. Lamar stalking noisily into the apartments of Mr. Le Havre and Mr. Sawbuck and urging them in a cold and pitiless voice to be up and doing.

"And get rid of those suitcases," said Mr. Lamar with a heartless laugh. "Where do you think you are going? Europe? All you need is another shirt and a razor! Wrap 'em up in a newspaper! I may have to carry a highboy or a painted chest in the automobile, and I won't have any space wasted on suitcases! And hurry up! We've got to meet Herkimer in forty-five minutes, and he lives thirty-five miles from here!"

By the time that Mr. Herkimer had been picked up, Messrs. Le Havre and Sawbuck had finally succeeded in getting their eyes almost completely open, and were ready to converse in a semi-intelligent manner.

"Now, Herkimer," said Mr. Lamar briskly, "this is going to be a long and important trip, and you can't tell where we are going to find some important bottles. Le Havre, here, is looking for bottles, and I think ——"

Mr. Herkimer turned and looked at Mr. Le Havre in a slightly superior manner. "You collect bottles?" he inquired carelessly.

"Yes," said Mr. Le Havre anxiously.

"I have the twenty-four best bottles in America," said Mr. Herkimer unemotionally.

"I have nearly three thousand bottles," said Mr. Le Havre without conviction.

"Have you got a blue Corn-for-the-World half-pint flask with the D upside down?" asked Mr. Herkimer nonchalantly.

"No," said Mr. Le Havre.

"I've got it," said Mr. Herkimer with impressive calm. "Have you got a purple American-eagle pint flask with six claws on the eagle's left foot?"

"No," said Mr. Le Havre hopelessly.

"I've got it," said Mr. Herkimer graciously. "Have you got a pink half-pint flask, unidentified, with a pointed base?"

"No," said Mr. Le Havre unhappily; "but I have nearly three thousand bottles."

"Have you ever seen one?" persisted Mr. Herkimer.

"No," said Mr. Le Havre.

"I've got one," said Mr. Herkimer contentedly.

"I've got an amethyst Jenny-Lind bottle with Jenny's eyes crossed," said Mr. Le Havre.

"It's a sick bottle, isn't it?" asked Mr. Herkimer quickly.

"Yes," admitted Mr. Le Havre reluctantly.

"I know that bottle," said Mr. Herkimer scornfully. "It was offered to me, but I won't have a sick bottle. I only have twenty-four bottles, but they are the best bottles in America."

"I have some very fine Pitkin flasks," said Mr. Le Havre with an ingratiating air. "Sometimes I wish I'd specialized on Pitkins."

"I don't like Pitkins," said Mr. Herkimer in a sanctimonious manner. "They leave me cold. I won't have them in my collection."

"Herkimer," said Mr. Lamar, who had been waiting impatiently to join in the conversation—"Herkimer, did I show you the emerald-green Stiegel creamer I got down in Maine for next to nothing?"

"No," said Herkimer with a slight quiver of distaste. "What was it that you started to say about finding some important bottles?"

A Case of Dementia Cornucopia

"WELL, what I started to say before you bottle nuts started raving," said Mr. Lamar venomously, "was that there would probably be some hard feeling if we all rushed into a shop together, and one of us accidentally stumbled on an amethyst three-mold bottle before the others had discovered it. Now my suggestion is that Sawbuck be allowed first choice at the first antique shop that we reach, and Le Havre be allowed first choice at the second shop, and I'll take first choice at the third shop, and so on. That seems to me to be the fairest way."

"Oh, yes, indeed!" shouted Mr. Herkimer derisively. "That would be lovely! I see myself agreeing to anything like that! You'll put us off at the little shops that haven't got anything; and when it's your turn to stop, you'll stop at the big places and take first whack at a lot of good stuff. No, Lamar, we will all take our chances together. Probably you have written ahead to a lot of these dealers anyway and asked them to save their best stuff for you."

"What makes you think that I would do such a thing, Herkimer?" asked Mr. Lamar carelessly.

"Well," said Mr. Herkimer, "I wrote to a few of them myself, and they replied that they could not save their best things for me because they had promised to save them for you."

The atmosphere of helpfulness and perfect trust that thus enveloped the expedition at the outset was suddenly shattered by a long, quavering howl from Mr. Le Havre, whose keen eyes had detected an antiques sign attached inconspicuously to a tree in a small Lancaster County village. Mr. Herkimer advised strongly against stopping at this sign, but Mr. Lamar pointed out to him that Mr. Le Havre's bottle fever had so gripped him that he suffered the tortures of the damned if prevented from purchasing one or more bottles whenever the opportunity offered. The party accordingly came to a halt and crowded hastily into the shop.

Mr. Lamar and Mr. Herkimer momentarily concentrated their attention on a pie-crust table; and in that moment Mr. Le Havre, throwing up his head like a hound dog on a fresh scent, vanished silently into the upper reaches of the house.

Mr. Lamar and Mr. Herkimer sensed his disappearance almost immediately, lost all interest in the pie-crust table, and hurried on his trail. His momentary advantage, however, had been sufficient, and he was discovered spread-eagled against the front of a corner cupboard, feverishly pawing over the bottles that it contained. The mere sight of bottles had uncovered a wholly new side of his character. His customary amiability had been supplanted by a cruel and predatory air. His eyes glittered with an evil light, and his distress at the approach of his companions nearly caused him to growl and show his teeth.

"What you got in there, Le Havre?" asked Mr. Lamar, vainly trying to peer over Mr. Le Havre's shoulder.

"Nothing! Nothing!" said Mr. Le Havre hoarsely, clutching five bottles to his breast and reaching for a sixth.

"Any of 'em any good?" persisted Mr. Lamar, while Mr. Herkimer, by a quick flank movement, succeeded in snatching a wrought-iron whale-oil lamp from the lowest shelf of the corner cupboard.

"No! No!" gasped Mr. Le Havre, sidling out of the room with the six bottles pressed to his bosom.

But when he had borrowed a fifty-dollar bill from Mr. Lamar to pay for the bottles, and was safely ensconced in the automobile again with the bottles resting in a large cardboard box on his knees, he became garrulous and affectionate once more.

"That was a good haul," said he. "The green-eagle bottle is a very rare one. I bet I could get twenty dollars for it tomorrow. The eagle was a new eagle. Absolutely a new eagle. Van Rensselaer's bottle book doesn't say anything about that eagle. I found a Pike's-Peak bottle that I haven't got. I wouldn't have missed it for a million dollars. The prospector on it is walking to the left. I think it is a very important bottle, and very much more significant than it would be if the prospector was walking to the right. You see plenty of prospectors walking to the right on Pike's-Peak bottles, but it's darned seldom that you see them walking to the left. Also I picked up a cornucopia bottle that has a very beautiful cornucopia. This makes the thirteenth cornucopia bottle that I have. I cannot have too many cornucopia bottles. A person who gets a feeling for cornucopia bottles is never willing to leave one behind him. I wouldn't part with this cornucopia bottle for a lot of money. I bought a cornucopia bottle last year for two dollars and I refused seventy for it a short time ago. I need a cornucopia bottle in cornflower blue. The cornucopia bottle in cornflower blue is a gem of the glassblower's art."

After talking steadily for another ten minutes about his bottles, Mr. Le Havre drew from his pocket a small greenish-gray book entitled Check List of Early American Bottles and Flasks and studied it with all the eager attention of a young lady reading a passionate love letter.

Mr. Herkimer and Mr. Lamar glanced silently but pregnantly at each other, and shook their heads ominously.

"It's a disease," declared Mr. Herkimer.

"The brain is no doubt affected," agreed Mr. Lamar sadly. "Each week he's a little worse than the preceding week."

"A distressing case," said Mr. Herkimer regretfully. "Still, there's nothing basically wrong in his craving for bottles. He simply carries it to unreasonable lengths. Nobody appreciates a good bottle more than I do, but I limit myself to twenty-four—the twenty-four best bottles in America."

A Rare Preprohibition Eagle

"WHY, of course," said Mr. Lamar. "Every well-balanced collector has to have bottles. I have one or two bottles that you haven't seen, Herkimer, that make some of your twenty-four best bottles in America look like something the dog has been playing with. Certainly there's nothing wrong with bottle collecting, but ——"

"Lamar," said Herkimer coldly, "what do you mean by that statement?"

"What do I mean by it?" said Lamar in a gay voice. "Why, I mean that I have a pint eagle flask in shaded amethyst with the eagle sitting on a keg, surmounted by the motto First in the Nation."

"There isn't any such flask!" said Mr. Herkimer promptly and venomously.

"Is that so!" said Mr. Lamar, directing a cold glance at Mr. Herkimer. "Let me hear you say that when you see it nestled among my Stiegel Christmas-tree ornaments."

"Where did you get it, Lamar?" asked Mr. Herkimer in evident distress. "You didn't get it from Blank! How much did you pay for it?"

"No, Herkimer," said Mr. Lamar with an air of perfect contentment, "I didn't get it from Blank, and it seems to me that a man like yourself, with the delicate sensibilities of an artist, ought to have more delicacy

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Mr. Billig's Shop Was Silent Except for the Heavy Breathing of Mr. Le Havre as He Spread Himself Over a Table That Held Several Bottles

THE INFERIOR DECORATOR

By Oma Almona Davies

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

"Keep Still and Be Quiet!" Rasped the Driver

MRS. MILLIE WEIZEL halted her personal two hundred and twenty-seven pounds outside the window of Dritz & Eggenschwiller, General Merchandise, and stared ecstatically at the domestic scene upon display. When Mr. Uzziah Weizel came whisking out of the door she began to quiver like a mound of jelly not too well set—red-gold crab-apple jelly, to be explicit—and pointed at the window.

"Since I am born a'ready I ain't seeing such a grandness," she bubbled.

Mr. Weizel glanced, twitched his whiskers with wrathful sagacity and backed with the expression of one who has seen the trap in time. "Leave loose! Leave loose of me, you hay press!" he squeaked.

But crab-apple jelly is remarkable above all other jellies for its ability to stiffen quickly. Mrs. Weizel's soft red-gold palm had flowed out toward Mr. Weizel's arm and had stiffened there upon the instant. "That there's the set I want," she glowed.

"Them set of wax figgers, heh?" scorned Mr. Weizel with weak dissimulation. "So you ain't outgrowned your dolls yet."

"It ain't them wax people I'm feeling fur, and that you know good enough," explained Mrs. Weizel good-naturedly. "It's what they're eatin' off of where makes with me."

"Eatin'!" scoffed Mr. Weizel, and struggled valiantly.

The waxen family seated about the golden oak dining table were not, in reality, partaking of nourishment, though they were gazing across a thirty-two-piece set of empty dishes with an expression of bland delight reminiscent of Mrs. Weizel's own. But as she had remarked, it was not this genteel family group which commanded her attention; though the gentleman was starkly elegant in evening dress, to the sleeve of which was affixed the legend

EVERY ITEM FROM NECK TO FLOOR
$42 COMPLETE
HAT EXTRA

and though the lady bore nonchalantly upon her flaxen marcel a salmon-silk boudoir cap from which depended the information

TODAY ONLY
$1.47

It was over the table, shining and golden, that Mrs. Weizel's agate eyes rolled and over the placard ingeniously placed between the lady's inexorable thumb and palm, upon which was writ for the running man to read:

TABLE, FOUR LEAVES, SIX CHAIRS
SET ENTIRE
THIRTY DOLLARS CASH OR COUPONS

"Four leaves oncet!" exclaimed Mrs. Weizel in an awed tone. "That means to say it's one of them expension tables then. Och, my lands!" With her free hand she felt vaguely toward a petticoat pocket. "Sixteen dollars of coopons I have got saved up—yes, nine years of coopons off Eggenschwiller I have got: and if you would put to it oncet —— Well, what it is now? Anyhow, if you would oncet put to it sixteen out of thirty, we could get ——"

The agile Uzziah lunged magnificently, escaped and went skittering across the sidewalk in the direction of his carriage.

"And if I would put to somepun sixteen out of thurty, I could get me that stylish gang plow I been wanting for long a'ready," he sniggered in neat repartee.

"Och, well, that's what it is to marry into a Weizel." Mrs. Millie sighed and padded after him. Having melted down over two-thirds of the seat, she turned for a last wistful glance at the fortunate lady in the boudoir cap. "And to think, the expension of it."

Mr. Weizel, who was slightly deaf, bestowed upon her a brief glance of near approval. "Yes, I should guess—think of the expense of it. Now you are coming into your senses."

"Expension!" shouted Mrs. Weizel. "The expension kind it is. Och, my lands, you are getting more deaf with your ears every day."

Mr. Weizel, to whom any mention of physical infirmity was vinegar, gritted his teeth and prodded the rump of his horse with the whip, then observed to his companion in quiet triumph:

"The expense of the expension, that there's what I was saying. Leave my ears be. All what ails them is that they have got to set and hear off such foolishness day after day. And don't leave me hear nothing more about tables of no kinds either. You was plenty glad to get that one I made you twenty years back, I took notice. And it's as strong now as the last lick I give it off the hammer."

"Twenty years back," echoed Mrs. Weizel softly, and oozed toward her spouse. "My, the pretty little beau you was anyhow. And to think! Twenty years back we stood up before the preacher to say yes."

"Mebbe we did anyhow," conceded Mr. Weizel after a wary pause.

"Twenty years back. And that's just the point. I got to have a new table for our wedding university."

Mr. Weizel jumped as from a treacherous stab in the back. "Back onto the table again! Ain't I telling you I ain't for having no new table—no, nor no doings either. Anyways, it ain't university; it's anniversity."

"It was wrote off into the newspaper 'university,'" insisted Mrs. Weizel firmly. "'Twentieth Celebration of Foundering of University,' it said in big types. And I took particular notice to it, for I says to myself: 'If that ain't just like us, twentieth celebration, and we was foundered twenty years back,' I says. And it was spelled off 'university.'"

"Well, uny or anny, it makes nothing with me. I ain't for having no foolishness ower it."

"I ain't for foolishness neither," agreed Mrs. Weizel mildly. "That's the reason I want this new table. For it would surely look foolishness to see a half your relations settin' onto boxes and eatin' their wittles off their laps yet."

"Keep still and be quiet!" rasped the driver. "Ain't I telling you I ain't furnishing no wittles for laps or nowheres else?"

"Pork and ponhaus and lemon rice and pies and cakes and chicken boiled and baked and fried yet. And some beef mebbe. And some cheesecake mebbe," intoned Mrs. Weizel in dreamy rapture. "I should think you would anyhow take shame to yourself that you ain't willing to purwide a settin' place for your own relations to set onto. For I ain't aimin' to inwite but your two twin sisters and their families. And I should think you would wear a shamed face, too, to think that both Cory Gruhler and both Dory Bumgarner has got new sets, or, at the least, second-handled ones where they can set twelve or how many."

"If I ain't deef now I am going to be. And it won't go so bad for me when I am too." Mr. Weizel winnowed the air from his ears with both small palms. "Leave me put in my jaw here. Don't you

"And Seeing It's the Same as Cash," Mrs. Weizel Hastily Raised Her Skirt and Began Fishing About in a Capacious Pocket of Her Petticoat

When Her Surcharged Bosom Could Accept No More She Overflowed in a Torrent of Large Tears

go throwing up them sets at me. How come Cory to git her set? Old man Gruhler inherited it to her and I make no doubt it was the first one Adam set down to into the Garden. And how come Dory to git her set? She got it for the reason that a boarder busted down through one of her shif'less chairs and threatened to sued Bumgarner for the floatin' kidney he got off it. Both them sets they got by what you might call the course of nature. Neither Bumgarner or neither Gruhler up and bought them free-handed out of their pockets. And leave me tell you somepun else, seeing you ain't never got no business sense by you"—Mr. Weizel shrewdly closed one eye—"it ain't only this here one time you got to take notice to. Sooner you git a place where both them families can set comfortable, what anyway is going to happen us? We're going to get them landing on the top of us Sunday after Sunday, a-stuffin' free meals off us."

Mrs. Weizel slanted from him, scandalized reproach bulging her eyes. "You draw my breath short! As if it could be anything grander than a house fulled of company every Sunday. Take shame to yourself that you are so keen on the penny that you would hold meals out of your own relations! But that there settles it with me. I will take my own head a little." Her thoughts at the moment were so expansive that the small Uzziah was well-nigh pinched through the seat rail. "When I save me the sixteen out of thirty, I will take and spend it at one of them tables and I won't say you nothing about it. And furthersomemore," her eyes swept the heavens devoutly, "I ain't putting it past Prowidence to purform one them miracles and pack me a set off of Eggenschwiller for a celebration present. The Word puts it where He oncet purwided a table for such a one in the presence of His enemies; and I ain't putting it past Him to purwide one for me in the presence of my friends. No, I guess anyhow not!"

Uzziah moved uneasily and for the moment said nothing. When he spoke, though his mustache twitched stubbornly, he hissed the words toward his companion's private ear and in so low a tone that the avengeful skies could not possibly have heard: "Go ahead on and have your twentieth wedding then. Only don't count me into it, that's all. I went through the dum foolishness oncet and oncet in a lifetime can be too plenty."

"To be sure, if you don't feel fur coming to your own twentieth university," she retorted scathingly, "for the fear that you will stuff yourself with more wittles than what you can afford, why, take your own head and stay off, that's all. It will leave one more of them bum chairs for me and Dory and Cory and the kids to set onto anyway."

But Mr. Weizel's bark, like all the rest of the terrier breed, was considerably worse than his bite; and Mrs. Weizel knew that he would be biting pacifically enough along with the rest of them upon the day of the celebration. She accordingly lost no time in beginning her joyful preparations. While the thrifty Uzziah was sowing his fence corners by hand the next day, she herself hitched the team to the wagon and fared forth upon a jovial cruise of invitation.

She went first to the home of Mrs. Cora Gruhler, and Mrs. Gruhler opened the door herself. All of the Weizel children had been built upon the same pattern; as though the parents, having cast the one mold, had decided from motives of economy not to risk experiment with another. Mrs. Gruhler, like her brother, was a small, tightly compressed person and she had inherited even more than her share of the family caution. This was evidenced now as she opened the door only far enough to elongate her lean head and neck saurian-wise through it. Even after she had identified her caller, she still blinked at her for a cautious moment before admitting her to the small, square parlor.

"I'm coming for to give you an inwitation," beamed Mrs. Weizel, spreading down upon one of the horsehair chairs accurately spaced against the wall.

"An inwitation?" Mrs. Gruhler placed dubious fingers upon her lips.

"To be sure, an inwitation. Him and me has been married twenty years till Sunday a week, and so ——"

Mrs. Gruhler shook her fingers loose with such decision that the tight knot upon the top of her head fairly spun. "I don't favor no Sunday goings-on. I try to live blameless in this present life and I ——"

"But we ain't. We're celebrating on the Saturday behind."

"My stummick ain't been using me just so good," Mrs. Gruhler laid her palm upon that recalcitrant organ, "and I wouldn't want to insult it any with rich wittles and drinks. You go ahead and inwite some others into our place."

"Well, but," cried Mrs. Weizel desperately, "we got to have relations at a wedding celebration." The hostess sighed, picked a thread off the carpet, stared at it in reproachful surprise and placed it around her neck for future use. Mrs. Weizel rocked forward with an air of gleeful inspiration. "We ain't expecting no presents. No, honest we ain't. We got still the conch shell you give us whiles we stood up in front of the preacher, and my, the grand ornament it's been! The many times I packed it to my ear for to hear the ocean or whatever rarin' through it. No, I should guess we don't want no more presents off you!"

"Yes, well," Mrs. Gruhler gazed abstractedly at the chandelier, "of course, my stummick—— But mebbe if I could be a little picky and choosy ——"

"To be sure you could! And I am going to see where everybody has plenty to pick and choose from too. The way I look at it, it ain't every day in a body's life where you get a twentieth celebration; so I say, well, leave everybody get a good time for oncet, I say."

"Everybody?" Mrs. Gruhler's small, very dark eyes focused upon her visitor with the intensity of a dozen wary eyes. "And who would 'everybody' be?"

"Why, just you and Gruhler and the kids, and Dory and Bumgarner and the kids. None of my folks. For it ain't any secert," Mrs. Weizel swayed with laughter, "where they couldn't mebbe raise the dollar amongst them for to git them here from Heitwille. Such loose spenders like what they are."

"I've changed off my mind," stated the hostess decisively. "If Dory goes, I ain't."

"Why, but you and Dory ain't bad friends, was you?" cried the scandalized Mrs. Weizel. "Twins that way!"

"Whether we was twins? Well, I ain't saying if we was twins or ain't we. But this I can say: She ain't acting like no twin anyway." She hitched her chair a reckless inch from the wall, then immediately replaced it and, tight of lip, enunciated: "She took my boarder off me."

"But I didn't know you had a boarder among you."

"We ain't. She got him. But I had him. I had him for a week a'ready. And then she stole him off me."

"But you can't go stealing boarders, can you? I mean, a body can't go packing them around, can you? They go which ways theirselves, don't they?"

Mrs. Gruhler shifted the problem with a wave of her arm. "Well, figger for yourself. She come here and she set into that chair, him settin' here, and amongst other kinds of talk she put it out where they had fried chicken to their house every Sunday. And, sure enough, till Sunday come there he was eating off her chicken in the place of my spareribs. And so," concluded Mrs. Gruhler with grim humor, "since it seems to be style to be choosing up sides nowadays, her choosing him and him choosing among me and her, now you can be choosing among her and me."

"But I ain't—I can't," agonized Mrs. Weizel. "I can't be diwiding twins at a wedding celebration. I want both you and both her and the boarder too. But, say, that makes a thought for me, now. Listen yet. If I would fetch you and the boarder together again, why couldn't you be turning the table onto Dory? If it's chicken where makes with him, why couldn't you manage to put it out careless where you have took to having it, say, twicet per the week? That would be fetching him back at the run mebbe."

"I am a Bible Christian," reminded Mrs. Gruhler severely, "and I try to live blameless in this present life. What I pass my promise at, that I stick by. And where would be my profits for his keep if I would got to give chicken at him every three days and a half? But, as Uzziah says, you have never got any business sense by you."

"No, I guess not, too, mebbe," admitted Mrs. Weizel meekly. "I was just thinking I could start you off with a young rooster, four pound at the least. And then, too, if you could make down on Dory, that would be somepun, ain't?"

Mrs. Gruhler considered, then very nearly smiled. "You're smarter than what I thought you was," she conceded.

"I think too. I surprised myself that way sometimes,"

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"Come On, Now, Come, Mrs. Weizel. That's Your Price and You Know It"

THE RED, RED TREE

People Who Had Kept to Their Staterooms Almost Continuously Moved Out as if to Fill In the Missing Stones of an Unyielding Rampart

By George Agnew Chamberlain

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

CATRON had been on the verge of taking ship for Cherbourg, when he remembered the month was early December and that winter in Paris is not quite so cold as in New York, but a lot more dreary. The thought depressed him at a moment when he felt he was burdened with all the depression he could stand. He opened his morning paper, turned to the shipping news and ran his eye down the list of sailings. He found something headed for warmer climes, a steamer bound for Colon and certain intermediate ports, two of which happened to be places he had never seen. He closed his bags and presented himself at the pier ten minutes before sailing time.

Only the oldest and most experienced travelers have the nerve to do that sort of thing. They know that not one ship in a thousand sails without an empty cabin. They know also the effect on purser, chief, second and bedroom stewards when a man walks on the pier with a roll of bills in his hand and asks for a room and bath. Even suspicion of crime does not weaken the effect, for on shipboard every criminal is a hero until the warrant arrives. If the late comer doesn't happen to be fleeing from justice, then he's sure to be one of those frigate birds of the seven seas to whom speed is everything and space nothing. In either case he has the napkin crew in his pocket, so to speak. If he wants seclusion, it will be his. If he craves smoke-room adulation, it will be provided.

Catron wished merely to be left to his own devices and the comfort of his cabin until such time as the steam in the radiators should be turned off and blankets packed away. He was convinced the only thing the matter with him was the cold outdoors. You could keep it out, of course, but the effort in itself was a nuisance. Why have to keep it out? Why not go where windows and pores are always open? Thus did he try to fool himself into thinking that the depression of his own spirits was due entirely to the depression of the mercury in the thermometer. But the whole truth went a little deeper than that. He would not admit it even to himself—the whole truth. He would not permit it to take form as a thought, a huge rounded thought embracing such vast things as approaching age and the empty bubble of a man's life.

Once around Cape Hatteras, skies and sea turned suddenly to indigo and the warm breath of the Gulf Stream came like a wall out of the tropics to meet the ship halfway. Catron woke in a wringing sweat, threw the blankets to the floor and lay staring at his heaviest winter ulster, hanging on a hotly shining nickel hook. There is nothing more ridiculous than a straw hat in Broadway on a Christmas morning; it tends to laughter. But the sight of an ulster on a blazing day is not amusing; it enrages. Catron arose, rolled the offending garment into a thick ball and thrust it to the very bottom of his duffel bag. Then he unpacked white flannels, bathed, shaved till his cheeks were as smooth as a baby's skin, dressed and left his cabin.

His chair was set in a niche by itself near the forward end of the promenade deck. He turned it around so that it stood slantwise, facing away from the glaring light of the sea. It was still very early and the swabbing crew was only just finishing its work. The vessel was government built and owned; all the cabins opened outward, promising him a view of anything that might happen. He was not prepared, however, for the sudden banging of an old-fashioned ship's gong at half-past six in the morning. It was a sound he had not heard for twenty years. The dishpan turmoil jangled up and down and around interminably, fading away only to return with vicious intensity.

Doors began to open. Women sneaked out swathed in wrappers and mob caps as if they were doing something wrong. Men discarded perfectly decent pajamas and put on yesterday's indecent undershirt and a pair of trousers to go to the baths. By some extraordinary twist of the prudish mind, trousers and shirt were proper, while pajamas were improper. How did people get that way? Couldn't they think the thing out and enjoy a healthy laugh at themselves? At seven the gong rang again, and ten minutes later a steward hammered on door after door, calling out hoarsely that breakfast was ready. Catron smiled and then sighed. What was the use of routing out all these passengers who might have slept until noon? Now that they were up, what were they going to do? Nothing.

The steward approached and said accusingly, almost sharply, "Breakfast is ready."

"Is it?" said Catron. "Well, you can bring mine here. I'll have eggs and bacon, toast and a cup of coffee."

The steward hesitated, frowned, and then a glimmer of recognition lit up his eyes—recognition not only of Catron as an individual but of those undemocratic days when there was pride in servitude. "Yes, sir," he said, snapping to attention. "A glass of orange juice to start with, perhaps?"

"That will be fine," agreed Catron.

As he finished eating, people began coming up from breakfast. They were a mixed lot. There were government employes and their families on their way to the Canal Zone. There were self-effacing colored passengers returning to Haiti. There were resident French merchants and their wives, homeward bound from Paris, and others to whom Spanish was the only intelligible tongue. The Americans, however, predominated. A few who had been in the tropics before were prepared, but the majority steamed in heavy winter clothes and gradually shed coats, collars and neckties as the heat grew more oppressive. They did nothing but sit. Hour after hour they would sit in their staterooms. You could see them through the open doors, two on the bed, two on the couch. Or they lounged in the deck chairs, for the use of which each had been mulcted a dollar.

Catron began to have doubts as to whether it was only the cold that had depressed him. He got to thinking about deck chairs the world over and grew sullenly annoyed. What a survival of petty robbery! If you sat in the smoking room or the parlor or your cabin, there was no extra charge, but the use of a five-dollar chair in the open cost you a dollar a week. He began to speculate on how often the seasoned chairs on that particular ship had paid for themselves. It was like the pajamas. People just didn't think. If they did, they wouldn't stand for that kind of holdup.

The French couples gradually drifted together and, by comparison, formed a good-natured whirlpool of vivacity. They set up a midget phonograph on the sill of one of their cabins, danced to it a little, sang with it sometimes, but mostly tried to drown it out with an incessant flow of explosive talk. They were playing the national battledore of conversation and the weight of the shuttlecock mattered not at all as long as it was kept in the air. Catron looked up and down the deck for signs of revolt, but discovered not even annoyance; there was only apathy. He started to groan inwardly, not at the struggles of the French to be gay, but at the surrounding lethargy which made their efforts grotesque. Before the groan was half formed it changed into a gulp, as if he had been slapped on the back.

What had happened? The most commonplace of incidents—so commonplace that his reaction to it seemed almost childish. A man, resplendent in whites and well groomed from the top of his gray head to the toes of his pipe-clayed shoes, had stepped into view. Ordinarily he would have been unnoticeable, in spite of the fact that he gave his arm to the lady accompanying him in a courtly manner unusual on shipboard. But to Catron the very correctness of the stranger was what made him conspicuous, throwing him into exaggerated relief against a sordid foil.

In spite of his gray hair, he seemed somehow to epitomize youth. Not youth in its callow, peachblow attributes, but youth as an enduring quality which can be nurtured and even garnered. He carried his head and shoulders erect, chest out, stomach in, and he did it without the peacock military air. Civilian was written large in his face. So were culture and *savoir-faire* and the hundred minute indications of a life rounded by contact with all those spheres which occasionally find room to revolve within the single orbit of a man's existence. There are libraries that establish about themselves an area of suction. Step within one and the undertow seizes your feet, assuring you that if you'll only let yourself go you will be pleasantly drowned in forgetfulness of meals and duty. So did Catron feel in regard to this stranger. He was hungry to know him, and as a preliminary to fulfilling his desire he turned his attention to the woman.

Her age was in the borderland between thirty and forty and she was of a type not easy to define. Many adjectives would fit her, but every one of them would necessarily carry an abstract quality. She was ample without being large. The rounded fullness of her limbs, scarcely glimpsed as her body swayed, saved her from being rangy. Her dresses, though not attaining to the tailored perfection of her companion's clothes, were becoming and admirably suited to the occasion. The skirts were short enough to display a well-turned leg, but not so short that she had to drag them over her knees every time the two sat down on the chairs placed before the suite they occupied. Suite K was the steamer's sole concession to June brides and conventional romance.

As to her face, it can only be said that it was lovely, also by reason of unseizable qualities. For one thing, it was of that excessive mobility which is always an earnest of flashes of beauty. It seemed to change to every breath of air, to every turn of light from without and to every thought from within. But it was constant in that it never wavered in the direction of its intent. All its innumerable sources of animation played upon the fixed point of the man at her side to the total exclusion of the rest of the world.

This devotion in itself puzzled Catron. He could see at once that it marked one of those moods in a woman's life which make her gloriously impervious to attack from any direction save one. His reason presented the obvious solution—that in spite of a marked difference in ages, she was overwhelmingly in love and beloved. But his instinct balked stubbornly before that conclusion. In the face of a dozen incidents such as the manner in which the man continued to offer her his arm every time they arose, whether to walk or go down to the table for two which they occupied in the dining saloon, instinct refused to admit love as the mainspring of her open consecration. There was something else, something far more subtle and involved, but it was hidden from Catron's eyes and from the perception of the people near him.

"She is beautifully in love," declared one of the French ladies.

(Continued on Page 166

"You Stay in the Carriage, Helen. I Can See to Things"

TOUCHDOWN!

As Told by Coach Amos Alonzo Stagg to Wesley Winans Stout

No. 8—Galloping Ghosts

There He Goes! Grange Under Way for His Second Touchdown

FOOTBALL was a long time licking its wounds after the 1906 revolution. The sport was on probation, and that attitude was reflected even in the size of the squads. At Chicago only seventeen to twenty men turned out in 1906, 1907 and 1908—not enough for two teams. Not since our struggling opening season of 1892 had we had such scanty squads, and now we had no high-school teams upon which to sharpen our teeth. Yet we barely were nosed out of the championship in 1906, and we won it in 1907 and 1908.

The forward pass and two brilliant open-field runners did it. This new aerial attack added another dimension to football, as the airplane did to war, and was the most radical advance in the game since five yards in three downs displaced the scrummage twenty-four years earlier. All the other important rules changes in that period had been restrictions; this was a constructive and sweeping addition, even with the lateral limitations with which it was hedged about for the next four seasons. And as someone has said of a six-shooter, the pass made all men equal. Where small colleges never had defeated great ones and rarely had scored on them, Humpty Dumpty now was apt to be pushed off the wall most any Saturday.

Heavy Bombardment From the Air

THE East eyed it dubiously, in general, and used it timidly when at all. It did not appear in a Big-Three game until the close of the 1906 season, when Yale gained thirty yards on a pass that put the ball on the Harvard three-yard line, from where the Blue pushed it over and won. In 1907 its only effective use in a Big-Three contest was in the Princeton-Yale game, in which Yale, starting the second half ten points behind, drew on it in desperation and won largely by means of it.

The West was not so conservative. To me it came as a life-saver. There was added this year to Eckersall, playing his last season, another Walter, this one named Steffen, a youngster of even more art and finesse in his dodging, for he could run to left or right equally well. This gave me two surpassing open-field runners, the greatest pair I ever had. Properly prepped on the new tactics, they might offset the slenderness of the material from which I had to draw. Reduced to a season of five games, and with Wisconsin and Michigan denied to us, Minnesota looked like our biggest game, and we saved our best for the Gopher. Rain and mud ruined our chances with a forward-pass game and we lost 2 to 4, Marshall, the negro end, place-kicking a goal from the 38-yard line for Minnesota.

But the new stuff we had prepped for them we turned loose on a bewildered Illinois eleven. While they tried to follow the ball, yelling "There he goes!" and "Here he is!" we ran up a 63 to 0 score.

Eckersall was gone in 1907, but Steffen took his place at quarter. His generalship, supported by Iddings and Worthwine in the backfield and Page and Schommer at ends to take his passes, landed us at the top of the Conference heap. That fighting guard and fullback, Worthwine, now a Boise lawyer, worked his way through school, won the Phi Beta Kappa key, never missed a practice, a scrimmage or a game in three years and never was hurt. We tripped up Indiana, Illinois, Minnesota and Purdue, and lost to Pop Warner's Carlisle Indians 4 to 18 because Houser out-forward-passed us, and because they landed on Steffen so hard on the first kick-off that he was dazed the rest of the afternoon. We used the pass eight times, six successfully, but Carlisle completed eight out of eleven attempts.

Against Minnesota in 1908 I capitalized Steffen's reputation as a deadly forward passer and trained him in feinted passes. Every time he feinted to throw, Minnesota shifted to cover the decoy receivers. When he had them where he wanted them Steffen showed his heels. It was the first use of the pass as a feint, and we won 29 to 0.

Touchdown From Kick-Off

WE WERE allowed seven games in 1908, and though we played only six, Wisconsin was restored to our schedule. It always had been my custom to stress the critical games and to save something special for them. Nowadays there are so many hot tangles on the schedule that it no longer is practicable. We beat Wisconsin 18 to 12, Steffen providing the winning margin by running ninety-five yards for a touchdown on the first kick-off on a prearranged play. I had coached him to start straight down the center of the field, pulling the opposing ends in; then arranged to block these ends in. Having an extraordinary player to carry it out, it worked to perfection. Twice since I have tried it with other players for substantial gains, but it has failed to produce another touchdown for lack of a Steffen. It requires a fast and slippery runner and perfect timing.

Cornell was the outsider on our 1908 schedule, the first time we had met since 1899, and we played a memorable

The Galloping Ghost Pocketed Fore and Aft by Chicago

Bender's Arkansas Squad on Which He and Mr. Stagg Experimented With the New Forward Pass in 1910

The Kick-Off in the Homeric 21 to 21 Illinois-Chicago Game of 1924 on Stagg Field

6 to 6 tie. I had planned a series of surprise plays to be run off at top speed in sequence the first time we got the ball, and with them we ran it down to Cornell's five-yard line in the first few minutes of play. The next play called for Page, a left-hander at right end, to appear in the back field and pass to Steffen on the far side. Page threw high, Steffen leaned and got the ball, but had to step an inch or so out of bounds to do it, and that ended the drive.

Soon after Cornell kicked, recovered the ball on our fumble and scored a touchdown on a beautiful pass from the thirty-yard line. With less than two minutes to play, we still were behind 0 to 6. Snow, which had fallen before the game, began to come down heavily in the second half, and the day seemed lost, when Steffen, in desperation, cut loose with every trick in our repertoire. First Page made thirty yards on a crisscross play. Ben Badenoch at center passed to Steffen, who started to the right as if on one of his famous runs, Page shot around from right end, took the ball from Steffen and skirted Cornell's right. We gained smartly again on a forward pass; and in the last minute of play we tied the score on another invention of mine—a double pass followed by a forward pass.

The Art of the Straight-Arm

STEFFEN at quarter carried the ball as if on an end run, but slipped it to Page, who ran back as if to carry it around the other end as he had done just previously on his thirty-yard crisscross run, but here we added a cracker to our whip. John Schommer, left end, had slipped unnoticed beyond the Cornell secondary defense and over the goal line while they concentrated on Steffen and Page, and Page forward-passed into his arms for a touchdown. Schommer kicked goal and we had saved our skins.

Such a play as the crisscross double pass to end followed by a forward is easy to plan on paper, but difficult to execute in a game. Only exceptional players can carry it through to full effect, and in at least five seasons now I have not had a real forward passer or an unusual open-field runner on the squad. In twenty-one years since the new style game came in, we have had just three great open-field runners, passers and kickers—Eckersall, Steffen, and Pete Russell, of '13 to '15. Pat Page, of that smart 1908 eleven, belongs with the others as a passer, his southpaw adding to his effectiveness.

After Steffen's last game I said—and I have had no reason to change my mind since: "In twenty-five years as a coach and player, I never have seen his like as a dodger in point of cleverness and resourcefulness, supported by splendid speed. In running from quarterback position, I never have seen anyone who could even approximate his ability. He dodges with equal facility either way. He is clever and accurate in forward passing. He is safe and deadly in his tackling. He is unusually strong in catching and returning punts. He is a good punter and drop kicker, and above all he is an inspiring leader and an unsurpassed general."

The only change I would make in this estimate would be to add a tribute to his straight-arm ability, never shown more strikingly than in this Cornell game. He had caught a punt and was scooting down the left side of the field about two yards inside the line when Captain O'Rourke, Cornell's great tackle, cut across and leaped for him with a high, crushing tackle. Steffen weighed 158 pounds, O'Rourke 200; but the lighter man shot his arm out, caught O'Rourke on his chest, counteracted all the big man's momentum, and the Cornell captain turned over in the air and landed on his back, going the other way! That is stiff-arming!

Walter Camp Congratulating Mr. Stagg After the 21 to 21 Battle

PHOTO, FROM WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

A Princeton Forward Pass, Jake Slagle to Dignan, Costs Harvard Twenty Yards, 1935

A Team Lost

THE graduation of such a player left a gaping hole in our 1909 team. We had enough remaining of the championship crowd, however, to beat Northwestern 34 to 0 in our first game since 1905, defeat Purdue, Indiana and Illinois; but we lost to Minnesota 6 to 20 and tied Cornell and Wisconsin, each 6 to 6.

What was left of the great '08 team graduated in June, 1910, and let us down to what probably was our all-time low-water mark. Dr. J. E. Raycroft, now of Princeton, then of my staff, counted the football eligibles and reached a total of 348. The enrollment at Chicago is deceptive. The total is large, but the summer quarter, when teachers flock onto the campus from coast to coast, accounts for more than 6000 of this.

It is our largest quarter, and with graduate, law, divinity and coed students and other ineligibles, reduces our body of available men even today, with our post-war growth, to somewhere between 1000 and 1200—the least in the Big Ten. This was the only year Indiana ever whipped us. I never worked a line so hard before or since, trying to make something out of them, but we won only from Purdue and Northwestern, and scored only 24 points to our opponents' 66.

Against Wisconsin in our closing game I first used a forward pass by the quarter to an end, preceded by a feint attack into the line. When the defense had been drawn into a knot to combat the apparent assault, the quarter dropped back and passed over the line to an end who had slipped around. We gained ten to eighteen yards on the play; but Wisconsin, the Conference champion that season, had so much stronger a machine that it served only to hold down the score.

(Continued on Page 96)

THE MAD LOVER

By Richard Connell

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

IV

PERFUMES pleasing to hungry nostrils—the sizzling smell of frying Hamburger steak, bedecked with the dulcet odor of onions, the pungent aroma of strong coffee—rose from the Spartan Busy Bee and wafted their fragrance across the railroad freight yards. Mr. Nicholas Poppadoulous, the proprietor, scrambling eggs for a couple of brakemen, chatted with them of prize fighting and the art of love. A tall young man in a brown tweed suit pushed open the door of the lunch cart and Mr. Poppadoulous became respectfully attentive.

"'Evening, Mr. Shannon."

"Good evening, Poppa. How goes it?"

"I'm making out," said Mr. Poppadoulous. "What'll it be, Mr. Shannon?"

"A mug of your dark, mysterious Java," said Gerald Shannon, "and one of your famous Hamburgers. Easy on the onions."

Mr. Poppadoulous busied himself with the order. "Ain't seen you in here for a long time, Mr. Shannon," he remarked.

"Haven't been down this way lately," said Gerald, perched on a stool. "What trains go through here this time of night, east-bound?"

Mr. Poppadoulous glanced at the clock.

"It's 12:33," he said.

"Guess you're out of luck if you're figuring on pulling out tonight. There ain't another train till six."

"But other trains go through here before that," said Gerald.

"The East Flyer stops in the yard at 1:17, but she takes on water, not passengers," spoke up one of the brakemen from a mouthful of blackberry pie.

"Thanks," said Gerald. "Where does she stop?"

"Down near the water tower," said the brakeman. "Say, you wasn't thinking of hopping her, was you?"

Gerald laughed. "What an idea!" he said. "Another mug of Java, Poppa. Perhaps you gentlemen will join me in a round of coffee." The brakemen, though slightly suspicious, assented. "Here's wishing it was good old-fashioned beer," said Gerald, raising his cup.

"You said something," agreed the first brakeman. The second brakeman smacked reminiscent lips.

"How much for all this feast, Poppa?" Gerald asked.

"Thirty cents."

Gerald reached in his pocket, thought a second. He beckoned Mr. Poppadoulous to a corner. "Will you do me a favor, Poppa?" he asked.

"Sure! Glad to, Mr. Shannon." He lowered his Spartan voice. "I ain't got any stuff on the premises, but I can get some for you in twenty minutes."

"I don't want any of your terrible gin," laughed Gerald. "I want you to do something for me."

"Give it a name, Mr. Shannon."

"Is It a Shannon You Are?" Asked Darby McShane

From his pocket Gerald drew a roll of bills and some silver.

"I want you to take this money," he said to the mystified Poppadoulous. "I don't know just how much it is—four or five hundred, probably. I want you to use it to supply free coffee and Hamburgers to any bums who drop in looking for a hand-out, or to any of the railroad boys who are hard up. Will you do it?"

"Why, sure," said the Spartan hesitantly. Gerald read his thoughts.

"I'm cold sober—and I mean it."

"Well," said Mr. Poppadoulous, "you certainly ain't asking anything hard."

"Wait a bit," said Gerald. "Give me back a dollar and a dime. That's about five shillings, isn't it?"

"Don't know—guess so—just about," said the puzzled Poppadoulous, handing Gerald a dollar bill and a ten-cent piece. Gerald made a wad of the money and poked it into his change pocket.

"Much obliged, Poppa," he said. "Good night, and good luck."

"Good night, Mr. Shannon."

Gerald went out of the lunch cart.

"Say," remarked Mr. Poppadoulous to the first brakeman, "that was a hot crack you pulled, Ben."

"How come?" asked the brakeman.

"About him mooching a ride on the flyer, like he was a 'bo."

"Well," said Ben defensively, "you never can tell who is a bum these days, and who isn't."

"Him a bum?" hooted Mr. Poppadoulous. "Say, he's got so much jack he could pin a twenty-dollar bill on every tie from here to San Francisco; and the funny thing is, he's just nut enough to do it some day."

When the East Flyer came grinding to a stop near the water tower in Branton, it took on water officially and a passenger unofficially. Slipping warily from behind a freight car, Gerald Shannon swung aboard the train as it began to move, flattened his taut body against the blind end of the baggage car, and gripping himself tightly there, shot through the night with the flyer.

At a point on the line somewhere near Streator, he was discovered by a railroad detective, a burly man, deep of voice and of a bellicose nature, who detached him after the unceremonious manner of railroad detectives. "Hit the dirt, 'bo," bellowed this man. "And if I ketch you on this line again, I'll pound you bow-legged."

Standing by the side of the track in the early morning sun, Gerald Shannon bowed. "Sir," he said, "you are an overstuffed and indelicate porpoise, and if you will step down off that train it will give me great pleasure to use your abdomen for a bass drum." But the train started just then, and with it went the glowering detective.

A series of obliging motorists bore Gerald, at no greater cost than a lot of conversation about crops and four-wheel brakes, across Indiana and into Ohio by nightfall. At Defiance he halted. He would have pushed on eastward without delay but for two things. One was that begging rides after dark proved less simple than in broad daylight, when the motorists could see his highly respectable clothes and face. After dark, they showed a disposition to step on the gas when he signaled them, and one motorist, as he whizzed by, went so far as to bawl "Hijacker!" at Gerald.

The other reason for pausing at Defiance was even more cogent. He was hungry. He had skipped luncheon in the interests of economy and speed, and now from the region of his belt came cries for help. He took out his dollar and dime, contemplated his resources, then put them back in his pocket.

"My iron ration," he remarked, and grinned.

In a shabby side street he found what he sought. It was called the Imperial Lunchery, and its decoy consisted of a cracked bowl full of crestfallen grapefruit and a homemade sign advising the world to Try Our Forty-Cent Dinner. Behind the counter was a wan young man resembling a mustached trout, who was engaged in a listless effort to

chase the flies off the pies. His pale eyes surveyed enviously the faultless cut of Gerald Shannon's clothes, as Gerald, in his most ingratiating manner, entered and greeted him.

"Sir, do you like this necktie I'm wearing?" began Gerald.

The young man blinked and said, "Yeah."

"It is really a very superior tie," went on Gerald. "It cost a guinea in a shop in Bond Street where dukes and such get theirs. You've no idea how well it would look on you. Blue is your color. Speaking as one well-dressed man to another, you really should not wear a lizard-green tie with pink spots"

"Tomato soup," said the young man uneasily, glancing out toward the street to see if help were handy should this handsome but demented visitor become violent.

"Now my proposition is this," said Gerald: "My tie, which has been worn but twice, is worth, conservatively speaking, two dollars. Now the minute I set eyes on you, I said to myself, 'Here is a man who would appreciate this tie.' I'm willing to let you have this tie—and you can see what a snappy bit of toggery it is—for one dollar; and furthermore, I stand willing to eat that dollar out in ham, beans and coffee, here and now. Well, it is a deal?"

The young man examined the tie with cautious, hesitant eyes. "Feel it," urged Gerald. "Genuine silkworm silk. No girl could resist a man wearing a tie like this."

"Guess I'll take it," said the young man. "Set down and start eating."

Gerald Shannon left the Imperial Lunchery without a necktie, but with a renewed vigor and a comforting feeling of fullness.

There was a string of empty freight cars moored on a siding in the railroad yards, and into one of them he crept, travel-weary. He was soon buried in sleep. He was awakened by somebody shaking his shoulder, and he murmured sleepily, "Are we in already, porter?"

"We're in and you're out," rumbled the shaker. Then he gave out a jubilant bellow. "Well, if it ain't the fresh 'bo that called me a porpoise when I threw him off the Flyer!"

Gerald opened his eyes and found himself looking into the ripe red face of the railroad detective. "Where are we?" Gerald queried.

"Buffalo," said the detective, "and it looks like one of us is apt to stay here thirty days. Come along with me now, and don't drag your dogs either."

"You surely don't mean you are arresting me," said Gerald.

"You don't think I'm adopting you, do you?" demanded the detective.

"Think of my wife and nine small children in—in Peoria," said Gerald.

"Hah!" exclaimed the detective. "In Peoria is it? And you beating it East. You look like the kind who would run away and leave his family flat. Vagrancy and wife desertion—come along."

"I take back the wife and little ones," said Gerald. "They were just a beautiful dream"

He noted the outlines of a revolver in the man's hip pocket, brought into bas-relief by the tightness of his trousers.

"I'll go with you, officer, peacefully if not gladly. Lead on, Macduff."

"My name's McBride," said the officer. "Come along."

They marched down the track together, the detective's thick fingers fastened on Gerald's elbow.

"Lovely weather," said Gerald politely.

"There won't be no weather where you're going," said the detective.

The conversation languished

"I think I'll sing," said Gerald. "Would you mind, Mr. McBride?"

"Save your voice for the hoosegow quartet," advised McBride.

"I'm glad to hear that they sing in jails," said Gerald. He raised his tenor voice.

"It was on a bright morning in summer ——"

"Say," remarked the detective, when Gerald finished the first verse, "that last note was pretty Caruso for a bum."

"I'll bet that you sing a wicked bass yourself," said Gerald.

"What makes you think so?"

"I can tell you have a good natural bass from your speaking voice," said Gerald

"I ain't bad," said McBride.

"I guess all Irishmen are natural-born warblers," remarked Gerald.

"What's your name?"

"Shannon. My folks come from Kerry"

"I'm a Kilkenny man, myself."

"You don't tell me! Mr. McBride, I wonder if you know Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep?"

They were almost out of the yards by now.

"Know it?" snorted McBride. "Say, it's one of my best numbers. I sung it at the last A. O. H. smoker."

"I wish I'd been there," said Gerald wistfully. "I love a good bass. Maybe you'll let me hear you sing sometime."

"Come behind that pile of ties," said the detective. They went behind the ties. The detective threw back his head and sang in a voice that made the locomotives in the roundhouse tremble:

"Rocked in the cradle of the deep ——"

At the end, Gerald applauded vigorously. "Magnificent!" he said. "All you need is a little training and you could go down to the Metropolitan Opera House and make a mug out of that Russian basso."

"That's what the wife says," said Officer McBride.

"I'll bet you're swell in duets. I can just hear you and McCormack now," said Gerald

"Me and Johnny Duffy sing duets," said the detective "We sing a mean Sweet and Low. The trouble is Johnny has a voice like a new pair of shoes, and I have to drown him out."

"Suppose we take a tumble out of Sweet and Low," suggested Gerald. They did so.

"You and me blend pretty good," said the detective "We was a bit sour on that last sweep though."

"Let's try it again and get it right," said Gerald. They tried it again

"Do you know Honey, Honey, Bless Your Heart?" Gerald asked. "It was made for your voice."

"I goaled 'em with it at a firemen's ball last month," said McBride, and sang it

"We'd be good in Sweet Adeline," ventured Gerald They sang it.

After that they essayed Mandy Lee, In the Evening by the Moonlight and Good Night, Ladies.

(Continued on Page 179

Gerald Shannon Leaped From Behind His Hedge. "Stop!" He Shouted

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Washington Was Right

IN THE October number of Foreign Affairs stands a striking article on Anglo-American Friendship by A. G. Gardiner. Gardiner is a distinguished British publicist of liberal tendencies and devoid of jingoism. It is a plain-spoken article that purports to give the British view on the prospects of Anglo-American friendship. It may be taken to represent the opinion of the cultured class of Great Britain; as such, it may be used to illustrate the divergence of current British and American viewpoints.

After disposing of numerous counts against his own people, Gardiner states two reasons for British resentment against the United States. The first stated cause of estrangement is the debt settlement. With that we are here not further concerned. Following this he takes up what he regards as the deeper cause of estrangement. This is stated in the following terms:

"Frankly, we do not feel that America is contributing her share to the comity of nations. We do not feel she is doing all that we have a right to expect her to do toward the maintenance of Western civilization. We cannot forget that in the ultimate analysis, it is America's refusal to participate in the work of European reconstruction which is responsible for our present troubles. . . . In light of the debacle of Geneva, it is hard to refrain from the reflection that if America had been playing her part, these things would never have been. . . . America may succeed for a time in avoiding the evil effects of the consequences of their abandonment of Europe, but they cannot evade responsibilities for them. . . . Such are our grievances against America."

We have quoted these expressions because they indicate clearly the divergence of opinion. Behind these statements stands the assumption that the United States could have accomplished what is called the "maintenance of Western civilization" and the "work of European reconstruction." It is assumed that the century-old system of alliances would have disappeared at our command; it is assumed that conflicts over mandates and colonies, and desires for places in the sun would have subsided on our advice; in short, it is assumed that we possessed the power—through our finances or through our judgments?—to solve at one stroke the political policies of Europe that found their expression in the great World War. It seems further to be assumed not only that we possessed this power but that we knew we possessed it and deliberately declined to exercise it.

Now if British opinion really holds these views, American opinion stands at the opposite pole. No considerable body of opinion in the United States has ever dreamed that this country possessed such power or considered our withdrawal from European entanglements as a laying down of world power. Such a frame of mind is so directly foreign to American consciousness, considered as a class, that we have felt it worth while to quote this expression of British opinion.

It is an advantage to international relations to have had the British viewpoint thus frankly and comprehensively stated, since this removed the discussion from the narrow plane of direct monetary interests. It makes clear the fundamental distinction between British opinion and American opinion on America's function in international relations.

Apparently our efforts in the direction of disarmament have not been highly appreciated in Great Britain. Recently twenty-six states of Europe held a meeting in Vienna to consider the possibility of organizing a United States of Europe; a second meeting has been arranged to be held in Brussels in 1928. Doubtless we shall be asked to take leadership in the movement. Doubtless also we shall be urged to enter the proposed European Economic Locarno. We have not felt ourselves the political leader of nations and have not presumed to exercise such leadership. We have not felt ourselves to be the boss of the road and have not tried to boss it. We have not felt ourselves the friend of the Court of International Troubles and have not therefore offered our services. For these omissions we are now reproached.

We may have lacked insight, but we are not conscious of having dodged responsibilities clearly imposed on us by our insight. We may be internationally dull, but we have not been craven. With each year since the war we have been driven more and more to regard the world as a maze of political intrigue just as bad as before the war. We do not believe it was ever within our power to extirpate the old system and set up a new one; and yet apparently this is precisely what British opinion believes to be our international function. We are glad to be apprised of the existence of this view, but we dissent *in toto*. The truth about American participation in European affairs is that we are damned if we do and damned if we don't.

Prunes, Prisms and Propaganda

UNTIL one visualizes the magnitude of the stake involved it is not easy to understand the propaganda that is being directed by Europe against America. But the difference between our being paid ten billion dollars and not being paid ten billion dollars is the whole story for the taxpayer. And what Europe would do for ten billion dollars is another and quite a long story, which we will leave to Mr. Kipling to put into verse.

When the war ended, America felt that she had made a fairly substantial contribution in men and money to the cause of the Allies, especially for one who primarily was an innocent bystander. But we are being undeceived. As the propaganda grows more intense, we are gradually coming to learn that it was our war; that the Allies fought for us while we basely devoted ourselves to getting rich out of it; and that when we finally came in we did not amount to anything anyway.

Europeans learned during the war to gauge our weakness, as well as our strength. They are using that knowledge now. To one who followed the war propaganda, the lines of the present campaign are quite easily traced—they are trying to shame us into it. They have found this method efficacious with some sensitive souls who live abroad and some visitors who overvalue their social contacts with Europe. What they fail to understand is that baseless slanders against the American people are hardening public opinion and making impossible the careless generosity that the country has always shown when its sympathies were aroused. For every I-am-ashamed-of-my-country American that European politicians meet, there are thousands of I-am-proud-of-my-country Americans sitting tight here at home. And those happen to be the Americans who vote and count. No one who will sift the facts and learn the truth about his country before it went into the war, what it did during the war, and how it has carried on since the war, will have any apology to offer except for American apologists for America.

Experience is always expensive, and if America has learned the obvious lessons from its European contacts during the past ten years, we should say that they were worth all the billions that they have cost.

A Self-Regulating Industry

MR. RAY MORRIS, president of the Investment Bankers Association, made some significant observations before the annual convention of that body. After outlining the vast proportions which the security-selling business has assumed, with an annual distribution amounting to seven or eight billion dollars a year, he said:

"To an extraordinary extent we are the custodians of this industry. If we do our work in a big way and with complete thoroughness, we are apt to remain the custodians. Otherwise we are apt, in an increasing degree, to be made subject to rules and regulations coming from outside our ranks and formulated by people who know less about the business than we do."

To an increasing extent big business is showing a disposition to do its own housecleaning and to correct abuses before they attain such proportions as to invite outside interference. Investment bankers, even the most upright, have, in some states, been adversely and perhaps unfairly affected by blue-sky laws. This species of legislation is still in its infancy, and in some cases it has been so unskillfully drafted as to work as much hardship upon honest security sellers as upon the get-rich-quick fraternity, at which it was aimed.

It is therefore to the credit of the investment bankers that, instead of opposing the movement, they applaud its underlying merits and are honestly endeavoring to see that it finds expression in laws which will put the crooks out of business and, at the same time, will not stand between distributors of sound securities and their customers.

Big Business Well Done

THE United States Post Office Department is the largest and the most flourishing of all Uncle Sam's business activities. Some idea of its growth and expansion may be had from the fact that in 1890 only 454 cities had free delivery, while today the number of cities enjoying that service is 2522. During that period the gross revenue of the department has risen from about $61,000,000 to a sum more than ten times as great.

Postmaster-General New and his assistants appear to be displaying all the characteristics of first-rate, all-round executives who make big business out of little businesses and improve methods and cut costs at the same time that they are reaching out to satisfy the new demands made upon them by an increasing population with an insatiable appetite for service. In all the world there is no more intricate activity than the maintenance of a satisfactory postal service, and none which is more heavily loaded with detail or affords more opportunities for doing the wrong thing or for doing the right thing in a wrong way.

Despite all these difficulties, the Post Office Department has unquestionably been brought up to new high levels of efficiency; and what is more remarkable, these gains have been made under a régime characterized by the strictest economy.

No less important than the physical betterments which have been noted is the improved morale of the Department. A new spirit of coöperation and helpfulness appears to pervade it from top to bottom. Mr. New and his associates seem to be endeavoring, with marked success, to apply to public business the principles which bring stability and soundness to private business. The greatest of these is the policy of making friends by intelligent and painstaking service. No other line of action achieves quite the same results. No substitute is just as good.

THE HARVEST OF THE YEARS

By Luther Burbank, With Wilbur Hall

NATURE is our only reliable and authentic teacher. If we go back far enough we find that everything we study, learn and know, and all the facts from which we build our theories, and even our dogmas, come from Nature's own book, though many of the lessons and much of the knowledge pass through and are modified or interpreted or adapted by the mind of man. That is why science is at once the most fascinating and the most basic subject we have to ponder, since science teaches us the laws and practices of the natural world, whether of man or animal, of flower or tree, of air or water, of earth or star, of physical property or of mental process.

Except for my very early years, my school has been only the university of Nature. I matriculated in the college of horticulture, department of market gardening, but I finished that course in a short time and entered the laboratory where Nature teaches plant breeding. I can't say that I have graduated from that branch of the institution even yet—there is so much to learn—but in the years that I have been a student I have spread out considerably and taken something of pretty nearly every course my alma mater offers, except football and water polo.

And here is the great difference between my favorite university and the schools men build: The ambitious and interested student can enroll for life and take every course offered, and each fact he adds to his store and each semester of work he does fits him precisely and definitely for the next subject ahead, without any loss of motion, and without learning a line that is superfluous to him, or purely ornamental, or simply academic.

I have spoken before of the close parallel I find, as all naturalists and Nature lovers must find, between every branch and form and expression of life. By studying fishes or rabbits or lions or buttercups you cannot avoid learning about man; if you know something of cell life or crystals you can easily grasp the elemental facts as regards stars and worlds. A diligent pursuit of the subject of what we are lays the foundation for a study of why and how.

Composite Nature

YOU cannot delve into the laws of ethnology without grounding yourself in the fundamentals of sociology, and history becomes to you simple, eloquent and intelligible when you have mastered the principles of biology. They are interrelated—they are like a spider's web, woven of the same materials, laid in a pattern almost geometrical in its perfection, and every strand at once supporting or bracing every other and being supported and braced by the others.

Let me be clearly understood—if I am not thus far—as regards this great force or influence I write of so often in these papers as Nature. I have used the capital initial for emphasis, and because I have tried to be interesting and give my story at least one leading character or heroine, but in doing this I may have been guilty of leading some of my readers astray as to my reverence for Nature, my concept of her powers and principles, and my own belief as to her dominance of our world as we know it and are a part of it.

Everything Nature has taught me in my seventy years of work in her university emphasizes the fact that natural laws are incredibly exact, marvelously correlated, and infallibly just; that they afford a working basis for usefulness, happiness, prosperity and health, and that if we lack any one of those four great boons, it is because we have violated some law or neglected to perform some duty Nature has laid upon us. Consider for a moment what life would be if the laws were made—as it sometimes seems many man-made laws are—for the peculiar benefit and protection of some type or class or particular person. Suppose the lion multiplied as codfish do—by the million! Suppose that cholera germs could be killed by no antiseptic or chemical provided in the whole pharmacopœia of Nature! Suppose that tyrants and warriors were never gluttons, never consumptive, never subject to brain fever and physical breakdown! Suppose that there was one law for the wolf and another for the dog that keeps him away; one rule for the bullet of a thief and another for the bullet of the sheriff; one ordinance governing the master and another the servant—what sort of a world would this be for us all?

Luther Burbank and Thomas A. Edison

The impartial and implacable character of Nature is what recommends her most strongly to me; once I know what she has to say I can order my life accordingly, take up and pursue my work, face and conquer my difficulties, attack and solve my problems, always confident that the umpire of the game is not going to change the rules on me in the middle of an inning, but will call my opponent out with certain, sure, unfailing and instant decision and, on the other hand, will never give me four strikes by mistake or overlook the fact that I failed to touch first base. It is the very impersonality of Nature that impels in me the reverence I have for her and the eagerness I show to know all her laws, so that I can master and apply them with all the diligence and intelligence I possess.

The Reflections of an Optimist

IT IS this law behind life that I speak of as Nature. It expresses itself in a thousand ways, it speaks all languages, it dominates all growth, and it underlies all the facts and operations of inanimate as well as animate things.

In an early paper I referred to the dispute among scientists and scholars as to whether Nature's regulations and processes work for improvement or not; so much depends on the point of view that we will, perhaps, never answer that question to the satisfaction of all.

There can be no question that in certain directions improvement is noticeable; one side declares it cannot be proved that this improvement is more than relative and points out that it is neither universal nor absolute, while the other asserts that the world is a better place in which to live than ever it was before and that those human beings, animals and plants that have adapted themselves to their environments and have survived are better types all around than their ancient ancestors. As I have said more than once, I am an optimist; to me the improvement in all life seems to be evident, and I cannot help but feel that natural law works toward improvement, if not toward perfection. But here we go a little outside the realm of science and a step into the realm of metaphysics or philosophy or something, where, in the past few weeks, I have been told emphatically by some of my brethren of the cloth I do not belong. So, although I am on their side in this particular dispute, I think I will keep a close mouth and look wise, as the boys say.

Now, having made myself clear as to my belief about Nature and my use of the capital letter in these papers when I refer to her or her laws or operations, I want to go on again and write something more about the university of Nature where I have studied so long. I think of myself as a scientist, if that describes one who has made himself thoroughly conversant with one of the

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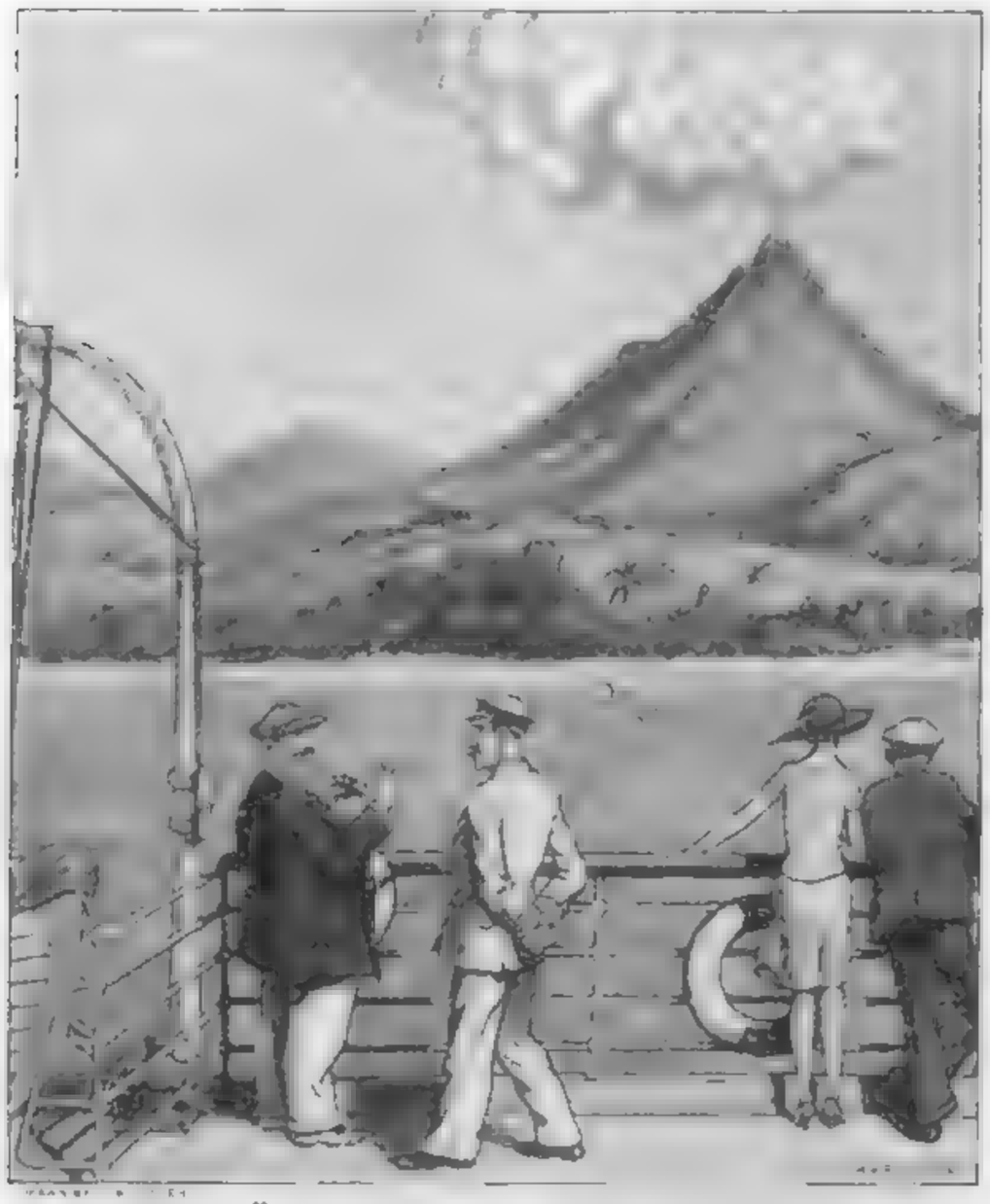
SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES



Tourist: "Is That Real or Is It Advertising Something?"

Recondite Ravings After the Prolonged Perusal of a Dictionary

I DREAMED I saw a sapajou upon a tolu tree,
Devouring sapodilla plums with savage simian glee.
I heard the awesome aard-wolf's yawp beneath nocturnal skies;
It mingled with the capercaillie's capernoity cries.
The coalescence of such sounds was more than I could bear;
My psychoplasm all agog, I fled away from there.
I ran and ran, but all in vain; I soon was forced to pause;
A wily wivern had me clutched in fierce raptorial claws.
A sanguinary smile illumed his iridescent eyes,
And with a pterygoidal flap he swiftly did arise.
My capillaries all congealed, my cardiac rhythm ceased,
My hair became canescent quite—or grizzled at the least.
From cloud to cirro-stratus cloud in fearful flight we dashed,
Until I slipped and dropped to earth, not mangled, only mashed.
Alop the tall stalagmites near, the sprightly steenbok sprang,
While from stalactites overhead his echoed footsteps rang.
Canorous cassowaries sang in juglandaceous trees,
And wistful wallabies played tag with watchful wapitis.
A gallinaceous crested bird with oscillated tail
Was searching through the asphodels in hope to find a snail.
A few pugnacious peccaries were picking endless fights
With galeate curassows, just to pass the noxious nights.
An educated Igorrote was meditating there
On tetrahexahedrons by a lantern's xanthic glare.
He barred my way, the misanthrope, with mien dehortative.
I sighed, "In such a heinous place I cannot wish to live."
And so of that wild world I spared no smallest smithereen,
But blew the blasted thing to bits with trinitrotoluene.
—Helen Winslow Stanford.

The Death of the Old Rotogravure Editor

A BALLAD

(Use Almost Any Tune You Have in the House

IT WAS during the convention held for to decide the fate
Of the Grand Old Party's candidates in 1928.
In a great newspaper office, midst the bustle and the hum,
Suddenly a name was shouted—the decision, it had come!
Who would have the nomination? Who had been the lucky one?
'Twas none other than Nick Longworth, great Ohio's favorite son!
Then the rotogravure editor, aged, bent, with locks of gray,
Called his staff, and laughed aloud as he to them these words did say:

CHORUS: *"A brighter day has dawned, lads!*
Go get your cameras out!
And polish up the lenses, lads,
With many a manly shout!
Your shutters set for snaps, lads,
Or times, if dull the day be.
And don't forget your flash lights, lads—
For Longworth has a baby!"

II

Emotion choked him. In his eyes there glistened unshed tears.
"We've taken Cal," he sobbed, "it seems to me, so many years!
Still, I was prepared to stand it and go on for one term more;
But I dreaded so his haying like he did in '24!
I simply couldn't bear another closeup of that pike!
Or run again that chestnut of the "early-morning hike."
There's nothing new that can be done with this here, now, Rob Roy;
Especially after all we did to play up Laddie Boy."

CHORUS: *"A brighter day has dawned, lads," and so on.*

III

I couldn't face Dawes' pipe again—I think that I should die—
He always is behind it, and the camera will not lie!
What could we have done with Watson that is new under the sun?
Or with Johnson, Borah, Hoover, that a camera hasn't done?
And Lowden! All this farmer stuff, I've seen it, man and boy,
These fifty years, and it's the same—Vermont or Illinois!
The same old plow, the same old home, the same old gol-darned hay—

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Nearsighted Auntie: "Is That Mama Over There?"
Little Girl: "I Don't Know. I Can't See Her Legs"

Father Buys Himself a Chummy Roadster

The Man Who Went to a Football Game Instead of the Theater Because He Wanted to be Out in the Fresh Air

Stock your pantry now—during Canned Foods Week!

This is the right time to supply yourself for the winter with those fresh, delicious, high quality foods that are best when canned. Grocers are this week demonstrating the big advantages of your buying these splendid foods by the dozen cans or the case. For convenience and economy both!

If they're Campbell's Beans, you know they're good!

You know they'll have that delicious, rich bean flavor which is such a complete satisfaction to your appetite. You know you'll relish their famous tomato sauce—the kind that only comes with Campbell's Beans!

Just the beans and just the tomato sauce that give you the most enjoyment! It's the slow-cooked beans that always taste so good, digest so easily, yield the most substantial nourishment. And remember, the slow-cooked beans are Campbell's!

Slow-cooked *Digestible*

12 cents a can

Except in Rocky Mountain States and in Canada

Beyond a Reasonable Doubt

They Made a Queer Double Shape That Went Writhing and Weaving in and Out Among the Spiles, and Finally Sinm Up Against the Warehouse

By Richard Matthews Hallet

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

II

WITHOUT thinking of supper, Allie lay inert on the bed, her wide eyes fixed on Homer's razor strop, which hung from one of the lathed posts embracing the mirror on the bureau. Again and again she heard his ringing laugh of contempt, a challenge flung full in the court's face by that incorrigible red-headed Wilkes. The faces of the twelve jurymen stared out at her from the jungle pattern on the wall. There they all were, grotesque manikins, hanging owlishly on the court's words. They were satisfied beyond a reasonable doubt that Homer Wilkes was guilty. Satisfied. They glowered at her with their several expressions of implacable stupidity; the little button-faced man with red button eyes; the man with the horse face and hairy ears; the dish-faced Swede; the man with lumpish brow and peaked chin; the man with cavernous eyes; the man with a head like a yellow moon and eyes like mournful blue moonbeams; the man in rumpled brown clothes and teased-out mustache, like a window dummy, with that fixed light in his eye, which was really due to the great remove at which he found himself from the spittoon.

There they were, pretending to give ear, to sift evidence, to weigh facts and form conclusions, when all the time perhaps they were no more than so many objects stuffed with sawdust. In her fierce hatred of them she began to have Homer's own misdoubt of respectability itself. Captain Foster had seemed the only full man among them. His influence over such a sorry group must have been fatal and final. She saw them around a table, palms up, and Captain Foster sliding new bills across to them, one at a time.

For the thousandth time she asked herself why she had not denounced his presence on the jury. Would it have been so hard for her to have confessed her past relations with the man? Had she even so late held on somehow to that too alluring prospect of another life, in more pleasing circumstances than those in which unlucky Homer Wilkes could place her, and with a different measure of respect accorded her by those who were themselves respectable?

Captain Foster's wife. That was not the same thing as being an eleventh-hour addition to the disreputable Wilkes tribe surely. Had the seductions of that thought influenced her in her silence? Had she been practically in a conspiracy to put Homer away behind the bars?

Merciless little devils kept whispering these questions in her ear; and then they asked her a question in their turn. Had Homer lied to her in telling her where he had got that money from?

She remembered Amby Gault's telling her once that juries never went wrong, or almost never. A judgment struck among twelve men on a given set of facts was as good as infallible on those facts.

Allie felt that she could never close her eyes again without knowing flat-footed from George Foster what had gone on in that jury room. Yet to apply to him in person was not without its dangers.

Unable to bring herself to sleep, she stepped out of bed and propped the window higher. Her bedroom was on the ground floor, in what had been formerly the back parlor. Half the window space was lost in the leafage of a wet syringa bush all a-glitter with the drops of fog showers; but she could see well enough, over Jim Fulloon's ruin of a boat house with its tar-paper roof, the tips of the three tall masts of George Foster's schooner, and even the riding light fixed to the fore shrouds.

Why did he linger here, in all conscience? If he really meant to give up the sea and stop ashore, why did he go on living aboard that wretched ship? She had a mad notion to get dressed, find a dory, row out there through the fog which rolled about the vessel's hull and lower spars—and ask him point-blank ——

She recoiled a step. A man, from being practically on his knees on the wet ground under the window, had sprung up in her face. It was George Foster himself. He was still in the clothes he had worn as foreman of the jury, but he was bareheaded, and his hair had fallen down into his eyes.

Allie had the fearful thought that it was time now that somebody sent for Sterritt in her own behalf. She had an impulse to slam the window in the face of this hallucination. Instead, she stood with throbbing heart four or five feet in away from the window, where that half intriguing and half sinister shape of Captain Foster was drawn, looming big against the fog.

"Allie," the man whispered.

"George."

It was like waking from a dream and seeing the facts reëstablish themselves. It was as if she and George Foster had never quarreled, as if they were still lovers and this intervening madness were quite without reality. Or, it was so for just the fraction of a second.

"If I came at all," the man groaned, "I had to come like this—in the night—on just the off chance. You know what inferences would be drawn if we were seen together in the daytime."

"We've been seen," she whispered.

"That was an accident," he said hoarsely. "I didn't see you until I had got aboard."

"How did you come to be on that jury?" she whispered, coming forward a step.

"I was drawn on it."

"You were drawn on it."

"Isn't that enough? I don't see that anyone can complain of a citizen in good standing being drawn for jury service. It's a patriotic duty."

"Lower your voice."

The peculiar buzz of Melviny's intermittent snoring, coming through the frail wall, had stopped. She slept on a

(Continued on Page 40

The New TURNING POINT IN MOTOR CAR DESIGN

The *new, finer* Chrysler "70" is a turning point in motor car body design—forecasting the new vogue in motoring for years to come.

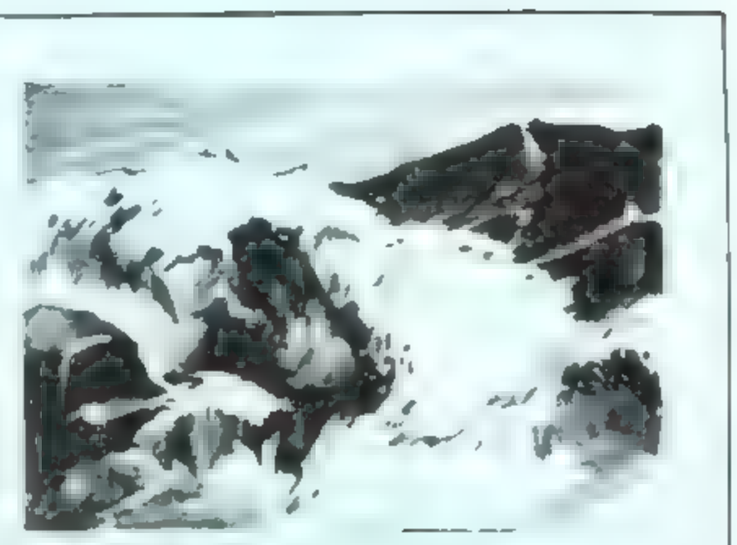
Its importance to greater beauty and greater comfort ranks with Chrysler's supreme contribution to speed, power, safety and long life.

It is a car whose fresh, new beauty ignores the accepted and strikes out into an even more pronounced Chrysler leadership.

Newer, more exquisitely graceful bodies of exclusive Chrysler design—newer, more distinctive silhouette—newer luxury of comfort—newer, greater riding ease—newer richness of upholstery—newer, finer hardware and fittings—newer refinements in controls and lighting—newer, more attractive color blendings far in advance of current harmonies.

And with this newer appearance the *new, finer* Chrysler "70" offers the proved superiority of performance, dependability, economy, and long life which are Chrysler.

For it is basically the same Chrysler "70" chassis, save for valuable refinements, which is more emphatically than ever years ahead of contemporary achievement.



RUGGEDNESS

Prices of the New "70" Are Radically Lower

Notwithstanding the greater beauty and comfort of the *new, finer* Chrysler "70", and the advancements and refinements—resulting from Chrysler's unique plan of Quality Standardization—which greatly enhance the "70's" quality and value, prices have been radically lowered as follows:—

	New Prices	Old Prices	Savings
Roadster	$1495	$1525	$ 30
Brougham	1525	1745	220
Royal Coupe	1545	1695	150
Royal Sedan	1595	1795	200
Crown Sedan	1795	1895	100

Phaeton, $1395 Sport Phaeton, $1495

All prices f. o. b. Detroit, subject to current Federal excise tax

CHRYSLER SALES CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
CHRYSLER CORPORATION OF CANADA, LIMITED, WINDSOR, ONTARIO

THE NEW, FINER

CHRYSLER 70

CHRYSLER MODEL NUMBERS MEAN MILES PER HOUR

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cot in the dining room on nights when through the day the sun beating on the roof had made the attic insufferable. The snores began again.

"I mean," Allie let fall, "if it should leak out—what—what we had been to each other in the past ——"

"How could that affect it? Wasn't I on oath to return a verdict in accordance with the evidence?"

"George, you're certain that you did?"

"I guess the state had a hair-jointed case against the man, Allie. Don't get it into your head that that was a one-man jury. No, ma'am, you don't need to reproach yourself with thinking the wish was father to the deed."

At the sly thrust of his words she faltered. "The wish?"

"Come, I guess we can lay aside disguises now. Allie, you won't contend you're sorry the man is bottled up at last. It's common knowledge what you think of him. Well, you're free again. A free woman."

"Free."

"No, I'm lying. You're bound—to me."

"Leave these premises," the girl cried with a savage little intonation.

"Not so fast. Wait a little. Maybe you remember what you said to me at our last heart-to-heart talk," Captain Foster said darkly and fiercely, standing close against the house. "You said, if I don't mistake, that where you were concerned, want would have to be my master. Allie, it's God's truth, it's mastering me fast. It's turned poison inside."

Allie Wilkes stared at him. It was true, his pallor, for a seaman, was extraordinary. He had grown thinner, too; at least thinner in the face. She remembered her grievance against him. He had, for just a silly word on her part, a mere girl's nothing, not intended to make him really jealous, left her to her own devices, to explain things as best she could. He had never come back, though there had been for a long time literally nothing she wouldn't have done to reinstate herself in his good graces. Whose fault was it then if she had had marriage with Homer Wilkes enforced upon her?

"You should have thought of this before," she said, feeling her throat close against her as if to shut off her very speech with so compromising a man.

"Thought of it before," George Foster muttered. "You think I have thought of anything else, at any time? Allie, I've given days and nights to it. If you could have seen me you would have said yourself that I had been punished enough. And then, where you thought enough of me to come here personally ——"

"You flatter yourself," she said coldly. "I came here, it just so happened, to marry Homer Wilkes. It seems that was on the cards. And he's a better man than you are, even if he does have to live on prison fare and wear prison clothes. I've noticed," she continued hotly, "as soon as a property sells, no matter how long it's been overlooked, there usually is another customer springing up hot to buy."

"I've been a plaguey fool; no need of reminding me of that," Foster groaned, dashing his forehead down against the window sill. "It's my stiff-necked pride. I've got a cross-grained streak in me through my father's side. Something inside puts a finger on the works."

In spite of herself, Allie was conscious of a sympathy with this description of his inner state. She had felt, herself, how many times, the touch of that deterrent finger, stopping utterance, stopping the very breath in her throat at a time when if she had had breath to say anything she must have said the very words that might have made everything clear between herself and Homer Wilkes.

In spite of everything, she felt the force of Captain Foster's personality coming over her again. Nothing in the world was shut against him; and hitherto he had had the luck of an immortal. If there had been one wave to wash him off his ship, there had been another wave to wash him back on again. He had even bought a four-story mansion in Germany, in Hamburg, for eighty-five dollars in American money, and it was there that he had promised her they should spend their honeymoon before going on their farther travels. Such prospects had intoxicated her; the sea had no terrors for her; and now, miragelike, they hung in the heavens again. Without abandoning her new allegiance to her husband, she had an impulse to put her hand out to George Foster's head—she had, she thought, the very crisp feel of his rough hair between her fingers; and as if this impulse had been visible or had touched a hidden spring in him, he seized her two wrists and drew her down with a forcible motion.

"Are you crazy mad?" she whispered. "Listen."

Melviny's snoring had stopped again; and this time it was not resumed. There was a sinister silence throughout the house. Allie snatched her wrists away.

"That's enough of this temporizing," she said, very intense. "I'm willing to believe, if you tell me so, that you had to do what you did about the verdict; but I must inform you that I don't believe my husband guilty."

"It takes an effort, though, doesn't it?" Captain Foster uttered, with a black look in his eyes.

"Go back to your ship," Allie whispered, standing rigid. She was perfectly convinced now that George Foster had been no fit juror for her husband's trial. Whatever the alignment of facts, Foster's motive for putting Homer Wilkes away was just too glaring. "We shall be discovered," she whipped out at him.

"Ah, *flagrante delicto*," he quoted satirically. To her intense relief, he was gone. She heard him stumble blindly over the brick walk; then Melviny's snoring was audible again; and with that at intervals came the irregular ringing of that bell, just to seaward of the schooner, a bell sounded by action of the sea.

Captain Foster, too, was a being sounded by action of the sea; now calm, now tempest tossed, blown upon, whirled end for end like gulls in a squall. There might be no resisting him. She remembered now that she had not asked him outright if he had lent money to Homer. But he would certainly have made denial, where he had sat silent in the jury box when the question of the source of that money had come up.

She shut the window and locked it, and threw herself back on the bed. When she opened her eyes it was morning, and Melviny was calling out to know if she meant to sleep

(Continued on Page 42)

"Miss Jewett Was Here to See You," She Announced. "I Guess She's Going to Let Bygones be Bygones"

Pure Air ~ in Buick closed cars ~ ~ ~

When you ride in one of the new enclosed Buicks, you breathe pure air. The new Buick Vacuum Ventilator prevents the intrusion of headachy engine fumes.

Just as a vacuum cleaner rids rugs of dirt, the Vacuum Ventilator pulls smoke and gases out of the Buick crankcase. And discharges them into the air outside the car.

A Buick interior is a delightful spot. The air is pure. Luxury and beauty surround you.

Buick beauty is especially noticeable in comparison with the cars of various manufacturers now described as custom models.

The new Buicks are the talk of America today. Another vital improvement which they now introduce is an engine *vibrationless beyond belief,* at every point on the speedometer.

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY, FLINT, MICH.
Division of General Motors Corporation

The GREATEST Buick EVER BUILT

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

(Continued from Page 40)

the clock around. The old lady was back to and bent over the bureau runner, which, if not properly weighted with hairbrushes or pincushions, was liable to slip off the azured marble surface of the walnut bureau.

"I should think a cyclone had struck in here," Melviny muttered. She went about picking up one after another the pink and white articles of clothing which Allie had dropped off mechanically in undressing. "It looks like the wrath of God here," the old lady groaned. "Why have you got that window closed? I should think you'd have a head on you as big as a house, sleeping in this stuffy atmosphere."

"Leave it as it is, please," Allie said severely, but secretly quaking in every limb. Melviny, without paying the least attention, put out a hand to the window.

"It's locked," she said, turning her head sharply. "I never knew you to lock a window in your life before. You must be just a bundle of nerves."

She unlocked it and leaned out. It was almost certain that George Foster had left marks of his night invasion on the soft ground underneath the window sill; but if they caught Melviny's eye, she said nothing. She drew her head in and said with a catch in her voice, "He'll be setting down to bread and water this morning."

Allie sat up and clasped her knees, staring through the open window as if she had caught another glimpse there of that dark apparition of the night before. Bread and water. Melviny's look was reproachful. She would persist, Allie foresaw, in attributing that mournful diet of Homer Wilkes to the kind of wife he had selected.

Not everyone, of course, would follow her lead in that. In the middle of the forenoon, for example, when Allie was lying, apathetic, on Melviny's cot, with the dining room darkened—she had done literally nothing except erase George Foster's footsteps with a trowel—Amby Gault was announced.

"I told him you were in no condition to see him," Melviny whispered, "but he wouldn't take no."

"Why should he?" Allie asked. "Tell him I'll be in in two minutes."

Mr. Gault awaited her in the parlor. He was very severe in dress, with a bold wing-tab collar which gave his Adam's apple free play. He favored her with a commiserating look. Allie made certain by leaving the door into the hall open, and lingering near it, that Melviny had retreated the full length of the hall.

Mr. Gault said, "Had you thought anything, Mrs. Wilkes, about the steps necessary for obtaining your freedom?"

"My freedom, Mr. Gault?"

"Your personal freedom, yes."

Her eyes widened. She was on her guard at once.

"You mean ——"

"I mean, it isn't fair to yourself—not fair to the community, for that matter—that a woman like yourself should go through life shackled to a man like Homer Wilkes. The law provides for just such cases. Didn't you know that? People get a wrong impression of the law. It's not all sharp edges, not by any manner of means. It takes account of human sensibilities a good deal oftener than the layman would suppose. Now, in this case, Mrs. Wilkes, where you had married a man under a misapprehension of his moral worth, the law says ——"

"The law says, doesn't it, Mr. Gault, that I married him for better or for worse?"

"For life or good conduct, would be a better way to put it. The law, Mrs. Wilkes, says you are no longer compelled to bear his name."

Immediately, without a second for reflection, she flashed, "Has Captain Foster put you up to this?"

And instantly, from the manifest surprise in the lawyer's cunning face, she measured the extent of her mistake.

"Captain Foster?" Amby Gault repeated swiftly. "Now, why, will you tell me, should Captain Foster put me up to this, Mrs. Wilkes?"

She couldn't think of a thing in the way of an answer that could possibly satisfy the man and at the same time quiet his suspicions. She could have bitten her tongue off for this indiscretion. Whatever way she turned, it seemed, at each breath she was bound to implicate herself further. She murmured confusedly:

"Why should he, indeed?" with a horrible sense that she had let the cat out of the bag for good and all. "I hope you will make allowances, Mr. Gault. Just at present I'm really not accountable."

He allowed a second or so of silence to let the fullness of her predicament sink into her.

"Don't think any more about it," he replied then, picking up her cold hand and patting it. She had suddenly recollected that it was Gault who had represented in the legislature the ring which had tried to get the contract for the fill. J. K. Thaxter's influence had been too much for him at that time.

"Coming back to the main question," he resumed craftily, "you are perhaps thinking of the publicity—the court room. But this time it would be another story. Quite another story. A decree of this kind would be granted at a chamber hearing, a private chamber hearing before the judge alone. It would be simply a matter of form, gone through with his honor sitting in chambers."

"In—in chambers?"

"In his private office, so to speak."

"How can you suggest this?" Allie whispered tensely. "Have you thought how it would look? Oughtn't a wife to take a little more lenient view than just a plain outsider, even if she thought her husband guilty? Which I don't by any means, Mr. Gault. I don't."

"Mrs. Wilkes, choke me off if I seem personal, but it's common report that you were, so to speak, tricked into this marriage in the first place, and half sick of your bargain before ever this thing came up. I ought to put you on your guard against falling in love with your husband just because he is found out to be a criminal. I've known it to operate that way with other women, who didn't have your balance; but in your case—you simply hadn't been here long enough to know his character—his inheritance."

Here were the wolves drawing round in a circle in the winter season. If there must be mercy, let it take the form of charity, Homer Wilkes had said once jeeringly, with a sweep of that full-fleshed arm of his. Knock a man down, and then help him to his feet again, and see about getting him some crutches.

With the echo of that bantering laugh in her ears, it seemed as much so as if Homer were standing there before her, she stood irresolute. She could feel the actual squeeze of his strong hand on her body as he lifted her to put a kiss on her averted cheek—she had been standing a little more over toward the south window, with her back to him—and after all he had relinquished her without putting the kiss there. He had felt her coldness. She had been actually sulky with him, incredible as she now thought it.

Makeshift and make-believe, that was the best there was to hope for, Homer had asserted many times.

"The thick-skinned, thick-headed people get the best of it in this world, Allie," he had informed her.

And now, if his wife divorced him, wouldn't that square with the most cynical of his predictions? Wouldn't it be more heartless than the judge's ordering all second cousins to leave the jury box? She felt now as if the entire guilt of his incarceration were hers.

"Until I have proof positive that he is guilty, you'll find I'll stand by him," she said to Gault with a toss of her yellow head.

He strode past her and jerked open the front door.

"I had better say that it was at your husband's instance that I came here on this errand," he said with a bleak look at her.

"Now you are lying to me," she gasped, sliding an arm through the spindling banisters behind her.

"Consider it was Captain Foster who put me up to it, if it will make you feel any better," he replied with the practiced calm of his profession. "But it was certainly Homer Wilkes who suggested the idea. I might, of course, when I see him next, tell him that you prefer to lay it at Captain Foster's door, and let him draw his own deductions."

It was three days later that she learned from Melviny, who had it from Oleson, who spoke the current rumor, that the Gault interests had taken over the construction work on the fill, and would push it to completion rapidly, with the more modern methods at their command. They would have no mercy on the Baltimore orioles; that was plain from the number of motortrucks suddenly put at work on the fill. And they would have no object in liberating a man whose imprisonment fitted so well into the scheme of things. Allie saw that it would be of no use going to the county attorney with her story. What he did not know now, he suspected; he very likely thought her association with George Foster was closer even than it was; yet he said nothing. He wouldn't stir in the matter.

The prison warden, Jared Fisher, was no better. When she had approached him he had told her bluntly that Homer Wilkes was not just at present a safe man to interview.

"He might do you some personal harm," he said without mincing matters.

"Why should he want to harm me?" Allie pleaded.

"If you don't know, I don't," the warden said equivocally. "I do know he's not a fit man for anybody to see in his present mood, and I won't risk it. He's turned sour. I never knew a Wilkes to be straightened out yet by sojourning with me. They get uglier. Anybody'd think they had been born in captivity. The best thing you can do, young woman, is forget about him," he called back over his shoulder, before turning into the barber shop.

Forget about him. She could think of nothing else. She could see him passing his irreligious Sundays, waggling his ears at little girls striving to be good. Then there was the thrust of his dory against hers, in the fog, when she had had half a mind to drown herself. He had been always cropping up, straddling across her path, with that something in his eyes half sad, half humorous. "What do you make of it?" he seemed to be saying; and now she didn't have an answer ready for him. She visioned him hurling terrific balls the length of the bowling alley, crouching there, grinning, while the crowd yelled that he was on a wreck.

On a wreck, and going down. It was like the foundering of human personality, if she could believe Warden Fisher; and another man was there in his place. He had turned sour. Fisher had said that a man who was always and eternally thinking that every other man was a scoundrel was pretty likely to turn out a scoundrel himself, even when he didn't start under the handicap of being a Wilkes in the beginning. A scoundrel. Never. Stealing was mean, despicable. Whatever his faults, there was nothing mean about Homer Wilkes. The warden's fear that he might do her some personal harm was nothing short of ludicrous. It couldn't be his real reason.

She was more afraid of George Foster now. She had not slept on the ground floor since that first midnight visitation. She moved her things up into a little room at the top of the house. She lay there quaking at the slip of a latch or the rattle of a blind.

But if the presence of George Foster in the harbor was fearsome, the threat of his departure put her into a panic. She learned of that from Tom Fisher. Late one afternoon Tom found her standing before him in all her complicating loveliness, her head drooped. She was saying that now she must find something to do, and that if he should hear of anything—or know of anyone ——

He said cheerfully that if he should happen to hear of anything—he didn't for the moment—why, naturally, he would be only too willing. Yes. Anything in his power.

"You might wait on table at the hotel," he suggested.

"That would mean coming home late at night," she said faintly.

"How long since you've been afraid of coming along home nights?" Tom asked, arching his brows. Then a look of understanding crossed his face. "Don't you worry about that man Wilkes getting out. He's in a safe place. That's a mighty up-to-date jail," he asseverated. Wiping out a glass with a damp rag, he shot her a curious look, as if trying to read the expression in her eyes when she was off her guard. Then, leaning toward her on his fat elbows, he whispered:

"Might go a sea voyage, if you did feel scary. Might get George Foster to take you on as stewardess. He was looking for a steward this morning."

"Is he putting to sea?" All the color left her cheeks.

"He's provisioning, I know that," Tom Fisher said. "Fact is, I guess he's pretty well provisioned, outside of canned goods. He's got a Portuguese crew aboard."

Allie felt the walls of the grill move in on her from all sides. Tom Fisher grinned companionably.

"You seem to think I am interested to keep Homer Wilkes where he is," she muttered.

"Wouldn't any woman in her right senses be?" Fisher replied; but she felt the breath of some sinister insinuation like a blow on the cheek. Sick at heart, frightened through and through at this consequence of her delay, she slipped out into the street. Something must be done at once. If she was to get a new trial for Homer she must make public George Foster's bias while George Foster was still on dry land. If she waited until he put to sea people would say that she had done that deliberately, fastening guilt on a man who wasn't present to defend himself.

She found herself going up the dusky stairs to Amby Gault's office. When from behind his battered desk he caught sight of her turning in at his door, he jumped up and swung a chair out from the adjoining room. He circled round her and shut the door.

"You've thought better of it," he said heartily. "Mrs. Wilkes, I knew I only had to give a woman of your good sense a little time. You want to start proceedings."

"You're quite wrong," Allie said in queer flat tones. His personality, even when not exerted against her, had a power to soften and loosen her fibers; she couldn't find the appropriate words; and the words she did utter trembled on her lips. "I want—Mr. Gault, please don't think me foolish—I want a new trial for my husband ——"

"That's impossible," the attorney said abruptly.

"No—there are new facts."

"There were enough before."

"The trial was a mockery," Allie said in a hollow whisper. "A man who had been—my fiancé—was sitting in the jury box."

"Your fiancé. Who was that?"

"Captain George Foster."

(Continued on Page 66)

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NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS AND MOTOR TRUCKS	1926		1925		1924		1923	
Ajax	A							
Apperson 6	A							
Auburn 6-65, 8	A							
(other mod'ls)	A							
Auburn								
Buick	B							
Cadillac	A							
Case								
Chandler	A							
Chevrolet								
Chrysler 6	A							
(other mod'ls)								
Cleveland 31	A							
(other mod'ls)								
Cunningham								
Davis								
Dixie								
Dodge Brothers								
Dorris								
Duesenberg								
Durant 4	A							
Elcar 4	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" 6-65	A	A	A	A				
" 6-50, 6-60								
" 8	A		A					
Essex	A							
Federal WB3, X2, X5, X6	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" (other mod'ls)								
Federal Knight	B		B		B			
Flint 80								
" (other mod'ls)	A							
Ford	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
F W D	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Franklin	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB
G M C	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
Garford 1½-1½ ton	A	A	A	A	A		A	
(other mod'ls)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Gardner 8	A		A	A				
(other mod'ls)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Graham Bros	A		A		A		A	
Gray								
Haynes					A		A	
Hudson	A		A		A		A	
Hupmobile	A		A		A		A	
International ½ ton			A	A				
" (other mod'ls)	A		A		A		A	
Jewett	A		A		A		A	
Jordan 6								
" 8	A		A					
Junior 8	A		A					
Kissel 6	A	A	A	A	A		A	
8	A		A	A				
Lexington Concord								
" (other mod'ls)			A				A	A
Lincoln	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Locomobile	A		A		A		A	
Mack	A		A		A		A	
Marmon	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Marwe			A		A		A	
McFarlan 8	A							
" (other mod'ls)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Moon								
Nash	A		A	A				
Oakland	A		A		A		A	A
Oldsmobile 8							A	A
(other mod'ls)	A		A		A		A	
Overland	A		A	A	A		A	
Packard Eight	A		A		A		A	
" (other mod'ls)	A		A		A	A	A	A
Paige (Pass.)	A							
Peerless 8G	A	A						
8	A		A		A		A	A
(other mod'ls)	A	A	A	A	A	A		
Pierce Arrow	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Pontiac	A	A						
Reo	A		A		A		A	
Rickenbacker	A		A		A			
Rolls Royce	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Star	A		A					
Stearns Knight	BB	A	BB	A	B	A	B	A
Studebaker	A		A		A		A	
Stutz 8	A	A						
" 6			A	A	A	A	A	
Velie (Pass.)	A		A		A		A	
White 15, 20, 20-D								
" (other com'l mod'ls)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Wills Ste Claire	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
Willys Knight 4	B		B		B		B	
" (other mod'ls)	A		A					

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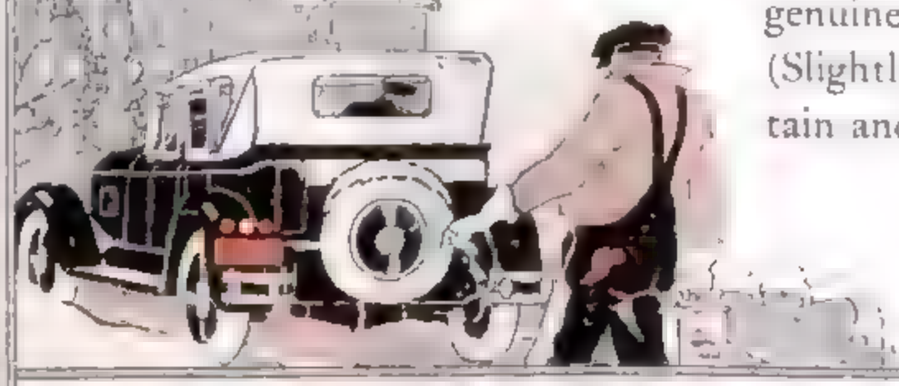

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WHAT IT MEANS TO BE A POET IN AMERICA

(Continued from Page 13)

with the visitor in a conclave of seven and talk and read till midnight; all this after the big shout is over. Such riots justify all the trouble, and are often very, very gay indeed; jolly as Willy Smith's baseball game. I and all other living rimers still hold these small riots, especially all over the South and West, though they remain utterly unadvertised. This is as it should be.

Yea, this conclave of seven is the thing for which the poet has really made the trip, and for which the university, without knowing it, has paid the bill. It continues not only in the South and West but in a measure all over America, and has been going on since October, 1912, when Poetry, A Magazine of Verse, was launched in Chicago by the 1893 Chicago World's Fair set, and the University of Chicago set, rallied by Harriet Monroe, Alice Corbin Henderson and Mrs. William Vaughn Moody.

Messrs. Flip and Utopia

I desire to step back to a peculiar moment in the large university assembly, after the visitor has recited his best for two hours, and just as he is starting for the semi-secret conclave of seven. The visitor is so tired he can hardly stand up. A pimply-faced boy now appears. I will call him Mr. Flip. He has been sent by the local newspaper. He says he has not heard the recital; he has not had time. But he practically demands that the visitor, who has done his very best and is, as I say, tired as a dog, and sweating like a football player, give the entire recital over again for Mr. Flip's personal benefit, there, in five seconds on the auditorium steps in the pneumonia wind. He demands that thirty years' work be delivered in those five seconds by an utterly exhausted human being. Though every newspaper of any standing has a man on the staff who has done considerable reading and probably writes fairly good verse, this expert is not sent to listen to the recital, and he is seldom commissioned to read the visitor's books through before he arrives in town. Though it may be one of the oldest universities in the land, in the biggest of towns, the pimply-faced little wretch, Mr. Flip, is sent to insult the poet; and it is perfectly obvious that when the wretch, Mr. Flip, was in school he was kept after hours to memorize Thanatopsis and to gaze on the long-haired travesty of a picture of William Cullen Bryant. He had no such English teacher as mine. He and the editor in chief are men together in hating poets with all their souls; and he is sent to insult, and not to interview. This testimony can be corroborated by any member of the Poetry Society of America. I hope they offer the public two hundred variations of the same.

But I have ventured for the purposes of this article to imagine an ideal reporter—Mr. Utopia. I have ventured to imagine one who, though he has not had time to attend the recital or to race through the poet's books in the library in seven minutes, still is willing to ask him clear questions there in the pneumonia wind, and to put down clear answers. I have thought of a few questions which my worst enemy could ask me and I could answer without aggravating further hostilities.

Mr. Utopia asks, "What degree of recognition have you secured?"

My books have been published steadily since 1912, when I quit trying hard to be a beggar from back door to back door. Through the efforts of the English department of Baylor University, Waco, Texas, beginning in the Far South, I have sung my songs to my own tunes for most of the English departments of the state universities of the forty-eight states of the nation, and the English departments of other universities and colleges; and I have been recalled to many of these seven and eight times, which matters are a source of great pride to me. And I have brought out three books where the songs were based on my own pen-and-ink pictures.

Mr. Utopia asks, "What has been the financial return in your case?"

None. Most years I owe no money and I have no money. Every university pays my way to the next town. That's about all. No poet has ever made any money out of having his poetry published, and no poet ever will. If the fee is two hundred dollars, it is one hundred dollars for coming to town and one hundred for leaving inside of twenty-four hours. There has been no poetry in the history of the world that has made money for the poet. The New Poetry Movement began when Abel made a more acceptable sacrifice than Cain; but the sacrifice of Abel was not intended as a money-making idea. On the last great day, when Gabriel blows his trumpet, even if he blows it in sonnets, he will not do it for the money that is in it. If he does do it for the cash he will not be Gabriel and it will not be the last great day. It will be a second-rate Hollywood movie of the last great day, and business will continue as usual.

But I allow the reporter, Mr. Utopia, to ask the question again: "What has been the financial return in your case?"

I must admit that I have in certain very energetic years made money speaking from platforms of universities, though for the most part I now hate platforms of all kinds with all my heart and soul, and will so continue till I have years of rest. I have used up the money recuperating from many a devastating heartbreaking hour. The wear and tear of Pullman cars and hotel life, even at best, is terrific, and increases insidiously, and has nothing whatever to do with poetry or an income. The railroads and the hotels have taken my money and they are welcome. I do not owe anybody much and am not likely to do so.

A Great Discovery

I have been a little severe on the young reporter, Mr. Flip, for nagging the poet in the pneumonia wind after he has done his best for a thousand people, and for insulting him by saying he has not been to the recital. But I am not quite through with that brigand, Mr. Flip. Next morning he comes out with a column, with headlines which have nothing to do with the case. They generally say of me "Jazz Poet Performs," though I have put it on record in a dozen places in my books that I hate jazz with all my soul. I come of rural, dry, crossroads-church, blue-grass Southern stock and believe in the slow rural pace. The first sentence of the column goes on to say: "Mr. Lindsay looks like the typical business man and does not have the long hair and flowing tie of the conventional poet." It is always brought forward about every poet as a great discovery. The young reporter is still thinking of that ferocious picture that misrepresents William Cullen Bryant; is still hating Thanatopsis, a Meditation on Death.

I have met practically all the versifiers who get into print in England or America. Not one of them wears long hair or a flowing tie. Not since 1880 has any poet worn long hair or a flowing tie. Every man of letters knows this, every human being on every newspaper who does even a moderate amount of book reading knows it; but it seems still to be news that the two hundred living versifiers of America and the two hundred living versifiers of England do not wear long hair and flowing ties, and are dressed in what the newspapers call conventional business-man garb. No poet is a business man, or he would not be a poet. People who write verses dress and act in a general way like their neighbors back in the home town. In short, they still wear the blanket and do not act educated.

But back of the pest reporter, Mr. Flip's attitude is the frame of mind of the university which would send for a poet three times in three different years to cross a thousand miles of desert merely to gaze on him, without once buying one of his books. The university attitude, aside from the group of the sacred seven of whom I have spoken, is fundamentally the same as Mr. Flip's. They want the singer to stay modest as a violet, but they eternally want to look at him and poke him up. They want once more to reassure themselves that he does not remind them of that art panel that used to hang in the third grade. For this they will pay handsome car fare and a handsome fee. But buying and reading one small book is an utterly different matter.

Costly Vanity

Thus we anticipate—for the third question of the ideal nonexistent reporter, Mr. Utopia, is rather hard-boiled and, as he thinks, businesslike: "What sale have you had on your books?"

ANSWER: Just about enough to pay for the corrections and designing of the various editions, for which, of course, the poet is charged by the publisher. The poet is fined by the business department of the publishing house for the presumption of attempting to improve his works.

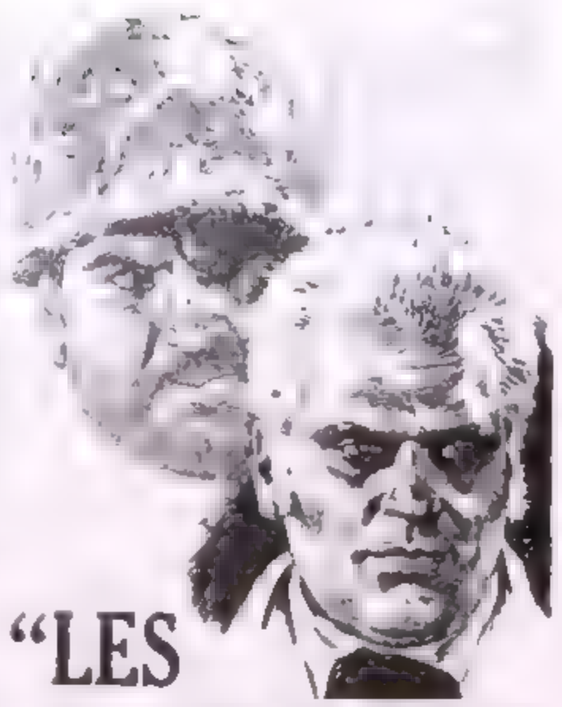
A poet who is reviewed with approval by the three hundred most reliable critics in America will sell three hundred copies of his book. The critical approval serves to introduce him to the universities. If his book is sold at four dollars, he gets forty cents a book; if his book is sold at one dollar he gets ten cents a book. Figure it out for yourself. The book represents from ten to forty years of work and winnowing. A poet writes about seven possible poems in a lifetime. It takes a lifetime to find which the seven are. Magazines pay about fifteen dollars for respectable verse, insisting that it be short. They class it as wall paper to fill an empty space. The writer or his point of view is not advertised. For instance, no Northeastern critic of my work has taken seriously Springfield, the Pilgrim City, of whose future I have always dreamed; the city I dearly love and delight in. Springfield will yet be Mecca.

The poet may have been reckless enough to have sent a set of his books to the principal English department of the state universities, and so on, that entertained him, charging it to his royalty account. His motive in this may have been simply vanity. He has the vague hope that his work may be read some day, that his general aims, such as this about Springfield, the Pilgrim City of Democracy, may be understood. But the publisher is stern, and it is quite often found at the end of the tour that the poet owes the publisher money for this distribution. I think at the present moment that most of the poets who are known, well or incidentally, in England and America, owe their publishers money. This comes about by their recklessly revising or illustrating their books, or by presenting them to a few sisters, cousins, aunts, libraries or English departments.

"Why does the publisher fool with this cranky poet?" asks Mr. Utopia.

The publisher makes money off the poet by persuading him ultimately, through a carefully selected middleman, to write novels or textbooks—textbooks preferred. Textbooks can be made compulsory reading by all the boards of education in the land, and another generation of young Americans can be made to hate poetry if they are textbooks of verse. This slow kidding of the poet into becoming a textbook factory or atlas factory or novel factory is a theme worthy of Patrick Henry.

The publisher expects to make a profit from about one book in seven. By the time the seventh year comes and the seventh book is produced, he earnestly hopes that the gentleman will be no longer a poet, for however the publisher may advertise and spread, he has not the remotest notion of



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At the British premier showing in Portsmouth, England, the first week's attendance when "The Soul of Humanity" was shown, amounted to a crush. On the second week when "The Barricades" was shown, it was even greater.

I sincerely believe that this Universal Film de France picture has been produced exactly as the great author himself would have liked to see it.

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

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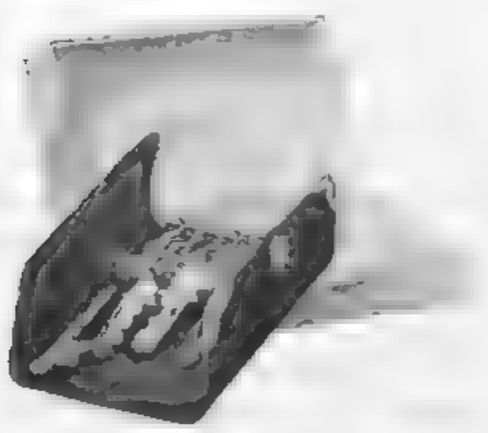

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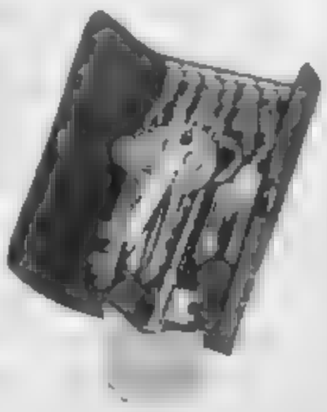

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selling the verses, or of employing a staff that reads poetry or sells it. His real high-pressure salesmen interview boards of education.

Big novels make a little money, but soon run out. The publisher has learned through long experience that most novelists begin by being real poets, by writing a book of verse, so he is willing to keep as many young poets before the universities as the universities are willing to send for and feed and pass on. The publisher does this with the expectation that about one in twenty of these fellows, he cares not which, will become a novel writer or a textbook producer by the time he is about forty years of age. The rest who stand by their songs are dropped or insulted or flattered or kidded along or patronized according to the disposition of the individual publishing house. Since I have held pretty closely to the idea of producing pen-and-ink pictures and verses only—the verses written to fit the pictures—and have refused to produce textbooks, novels, histories, biographies, or essays, I have had no sale on my work, though I am now forty-six. I am continuing with private pamphlets with the greatest enthusiasm, as I did when I was a beggar. My bedroom is stacked to the ceiling with these pamphlets. My motto is: Free Speech and a Free Press. The theme of these pamphlets is still Springfield, the Pilgrim City. To distribute these free, spending my last cent on them, is the joy of my life, incredible as that may seem. They are full of my own drawings, as well printed as I can afford, with verses written to fit the same.

Mr. Utopia asks, "Do you think it is enough for a poet to gain the recognition of other poets, or should he feel it his ambition to reach as wide a public as possible?"

Literary Barter

I have spoken of my tramp days. They are recorded in two books that never sell—A Handy Guide for Beggars and Adventures While Preaching the Gospel of Beauty. They represent a total of almost a year, three quite separate expeditions in my life in which I kept away from all railroads and tramps, walked alone from door to door with Jeffersonian democracy in my heart, and with the determination to sing my Springfield poems to some few American farm families, one family at a time. The very fact that I attempted this three quite separate times indicates that I respect and love the American people, beginning with the most illiterate farm hand. One of the pamphlets of my songs about Springfield which I carried with me was entitled Rhymes to be Traded for Bread. To trade rimes directly for bread is a desperate undertaking for many reasons, but no more desperate than life itself; and I recommend it to any young poet who has not a wife, a family or debts. As heretofore implied, I am a deal of a Jeffersonian, for which I apologize humbly to all Hamiltonians. I cannot help it. It is hereditary. But being a Jeffersonian has not interfered with equally successful and unsuccessful attempts to trade rimes for bread with people who owned skyscrapers bigger than any publisher ever owned. Also there is red Indian and Spanish in me. Possibly this may account for the fact that I exasperate fearfully any publisher who really knows me. He finds to his astonishment that I am neither humble nor broken, though forty-six and poor. It is a state which the claque of the publisher will undertake to punish, if possible. Some of this article is written within sound of the Blackfeet tom-toms, and the music drowns the claque.

People who have read this article so far are beginning to suspect that there is little humility in my bones. If I am shot at sunrise it will not be for meekness, but for going back to the blanket and acting like I did before I was educated. But, men and brethren, let us all view this incredible situation with a proper sense of humor, and proceed.

I find the raw appetite for poetry about the same in all normal human creatures. I have found gentlemanly farm hands who tolerated a song or two, and gentlemanly potentates. But all these people have to be hand picked, and the poet is in the end a family physician, a general practitioner, not a standardized, foolproof hospital or clinic expert. He must forever go to man, the separate human being, and become one of the little conclave of seven of which I have spoken, assembled by the assistant instructor of English. This is as large a unit as a poet should sing for in one day. I have always thought this, and woe to those flip critics who have assumed I thought anything else.

From about 1870 till 1918 my father was an old-fashioned family doctor in Springfield, Illinois, and Sangamon County. He comes very readily to mind, indeed, as an illustration. A poet may contribute throughout his life to about as many families as an old-fashioned family doctor can take care of. The rest is fake, advertising, forced growth. Big and little poets would be left absolutely alone to this perfectly natural conception of their lives if all publishers did not have the trade tradition of sweating textbooks, novels, anthologies, or the like, out of them by a long and slow process of carefully systematized flattery. The fact that you can write verse is in itself a certificate that you can write prose.

The Poetry of Statesmen

In 1912 when Poetry, A Magazine of Verse, was launched by the set that had built The Chicago World's Fair of 1893, and by the University of Chicago set, poets suddenly began to correspond with one another. For four or five years there was marvelous unity among them. The basis of this correspondence was their mutual contribution to Poetry, A Magazine of Verse. Slowly there emerged the twenty poets most easily advertised, then the scouts of the Manhattan publishers took notice, used them for figureheads at their ships' prows for a while, tried to make them all into novelists, textbook writers, and so on, but failed for the most part, and told their obedient claques that the New Poetry Movement was over. These poets are still writing for Poetry, A Magazine of Verse, still in correspondence, and youngsters of their discovering are coming on like waves of the sea. The movement began as a Southern and Western movement, and so continues. Read the magnificent Travel Tale, in Poetry, A Magazine of Verse for June, 1926, with its roll call of new names. It is the chronicle of Harriet Monroe's journey through the South and West under the wing of Baylor University, English Department, Waco, Texas, and contains such names as that of Robinson Jeffers, the newest and most thundering poet for many a long day, a sort of Paul Manship of verse, living in California. "That Chicago magazine" still gives out laurels, and Manhattan cannot wave it aside.

I have spoken of the hardships of travel. It has also its great glories. If people like Harriet Monroe did not make these journeys, rallying the youngest of the singing birds in little after-meeting conclaves of "about seven," the poets would indeed be in a lonely land.

Mr. Utopia asks: "Isn't it a mistake to underestimate and scoff at public opinion?"

Certainly. The most towering recent work from that group which burst upon America in 1912 is Carl Sandburg's book, Abraham Lincoln—The Prairie Years—issued in 1926. Much of it is prose poetry, the best free verse Carl Sandburg has ever written. This book has won the unstinted praise of Sandburg's friends and enemies, and is sweeping across England. It is such a book as any of the two hundred living poets of America or the two hundred living poets of England would glory in having written if they could.

This brings me to a theory that may be personal. Up to the Civil War and through the Civil War our best poets were our statesmen. I class The Declaration of Independence, the best of the letters of Jefferson to Adams, of Adams to Jefferson, the pamphlets of Alexander Hamilton when they were most fiery, Washington's Farewell Address, and most anything that was in the old McGuffey's Fifth Reader as American poetry. Fortunately that McGuffey no longer circulates as a textbook, so I suggest that you get it at a secondhand store at any price. Read aloud the Address of the Indian Chief to the White Settler, the Supposed Speech of Black Hawk, and read them with no schoolmarms present, and no pictures of long-haired, spiteful old men on the wall to spoil the joy. You will have the time of your life.

Poetry Unsuspected

All this leads us to the best of the papers of Lincoln, especially the Gettysburg Address. These represent American poetry, and people read them with a gigantic poetic thrill because no schoolmarm has rubbed it into them that state papers are poetry. They are left free to like them or let them alone. They have no association in childhood memory with senile and mysterious creatures.

Another great poetic act of those who were brought before the public in 1912 was the publication in 1925 of the two-volume life of John Keats, by the valiant Amy Lowell. This she produced as she was dying, and so it was that nothing in her life became her like the leaving of it. If ever mortal warrior died with the flag upon the battlements, it was Amy Lowell, laboring at her John Keats in the face of physical agony and desperate trouble. Neither Carl Sandburg's Lincoln book nor Amy Lowell's Keats are classed as poetry, but certainly both are sufficient certificates of the fact that there are things in the heart of the new poet which he wishes to say to the whole world, that he has what Jefferson called "a decent respect for the opinions of mankind."

Mr. Utopia asks: "Do you find that the public reacts to good verse?"

The answer is: Yes; so long as they do not know that it is poetry. There is not a human being in America outside of the special students of English who would believe you, should you say that the King James Version of the Bible is poetry. People hate poetry and they love the Bible, and they are not going to let you spoil the Bible for them. Some of them would even stare if you told them that their favorite play of Shakspere is poetry, because they hate poetry and love that play. Most of the senators in Washington would be horrified if you told them that the writings of the fathers of the Republic are poetry, because they hate poetry and love the writings of the fathers of the Republic, and without knowing it, they prefer to quote the most poetic lines. I might go even further and say that the most applauded lines in the high-class plays on Broadway this season are poetry. They are rhythmic, some of them as beautifully constructed as a line of Milton. But if you want to kill a play by a standard playwright put up the sign: A Poetical Play. I could go even further and say that some of the business slogans and billboards which the hard-jawed business men like best are effective to the extent to which they are poetry, and no further. "Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon."

One of the best things Al Smith does for his friends once in a while is to sing The Sidewalks of New York. All that is good in that little old song hit is poetry. But do not tell New York. They think that song is hard-boiled, too, and we must not ruin it for them.

I have ventured to speak of the way in which Abel made a more acceptable sacrifice than Cain, and how that was the first poem; but I am a little hasty in my chronology. The Gospel according to Saint John says: "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. The same was in the beginning with God. All things were made by

(Continued on Page 48)

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(Continued from Page 46)

Him: and without Him was not any thing made that was made. . . . And the Word was made fleah, and dwelt among us. . . ."

I am no theologian, but I would draw the attention of those who would mock at words to this strange and authoritative Scripture. There is not the least doubt in my mind that the American people are living a magnificent, a beautiful, and in many ways, a great religious life. They are living on, with tremendous power and with new tides of singing, dancing, spontaneous children pouring in. Most of this article has been devoted to the ironical misunderstanding of the words "poetry" and "poet" in the face of a perfect whirlwind of poetry and song that happens to be labeled something else. But in Poetry, A Magazine of Verse, in a special way, in certain limited circles, this great religious life is openly acknowledged by our very youngest writers. This magazine was the first, and still continues as the most resolute and effective warrior in the business of restoring the word "poetry" to its original meaning in the dictionary of America.

This necessary restoration movement under Harriet Monroe, a statesman of increasing power in the literary world, came about through one of the American situations which would have been humorous if it had not been pathetic.

Poetry and Youth

That row of pictures showing the American poets of 1880, senile, long-haired and malevolent, is again our subject matter. No man knoweth why the publishers who took their poems away from their widows thought that it was necessary to publish the oldest instead of the youngest pictures of these gentlemen. Poetry will be young until Gabriel blows his trumpet, and afterward. But these poets, in this patented, scowling aspect, had become established properties of now forgotten publishing houses. As usual in such cases, their most aged aunts or their silliest disciples survived them. Anyway, we were treated from 1880 until 1912 with deadly reminiscences of the dead—required reading, if possible—Longfellow's correspondence with some sniffing Sunday-school teacher who should have been shot at sunrise for invading his privacy! Every old gentleman east of the Hudson had a book to sell, which was forced on the public at Christmas—all about Oliver Wendell Holmes' last case of rheumatism. We were treated to the pious remarks Whittier was alleged to have made in a mistaken moment, and told by the toothless that Emerson drank nothing stronger than tea. Not till 1912 was the market for reminiscences of 1880 and patent anthologies of the old steel-engraving type completely glutted. Not till 1912 had the old publishing houses gone under the sod or retired to their proper place. We—poor helpless children—were plastered and plastered and plastered with anthologies and textbooks containing alleged selections from gentlemen who all deserved a better fate.

Put it down as almost an axiom that any anthology, good or bad, is a robbery of the poets or of their widows. The anthology contains the ear of one poet, and the toe of another, and the eye of still another. It can be sold by the freight-car load, but no poet's widow receives compensation for toe or ear or eye. I—who am still living in spite of my rashness—have seldom received a cent of compensation for anything of mine appearing in any anthology, and I suppose there are two hundred in active circulation, with what are alleged to be representative sets of my verses in them, making money for somebody.

With due apologies to dear friends who have prepared them, and who have not the remotest notion they are victims of a system, I say the anthology gives the general impression that poetry is cold soup. It is indeed cannibal soup—one man's eye and another man's liver. If you are not willing to read all of a man and then pick his seven best for yourself with your own taste, you had better let him alone forevermore. Do not think you are getting acquainted with the poets of America when you are taking a teaspoonful of that corporation cannibal soup. Shall the arts which are supposed to represent the power of choice be arbitrarily forced upon the people by the textbook trust?

By 1912 the anthologizers and recollectors had done the worst that could be done for the poets who had died in 1880 or thereabouts. For thirty-two years we had been doused with textbooks and emasculated reminiscences by order of the boards of education, East and West. Then it was suddenly discovered that the last of the perpetrators of these textbook compilations, these board-of-education snaps, was dead; and the so-called New Poets were heard from. I mean to say, poets from forty to seventy years of age who were still living were heard from, through Poetry, A Magazine of Verse.

It is one of the illusions of the public, especially of the university world, that the so-called New Poets are hostile to the old New England group. They are not. They are hostile to the senility and pious gabble that were served up in the name of the New England group. I once saw a lithograph from Godey's Lady's Book of young Professor Longfellow. He looked as grand as Byron, and as young and dashing. I suggest to those who would restore the prestige of Longfellow that they begin with his baby pictures and work up.

You think I have no sense of humor. But now let me tell you a humorous anecdote. Recently a New York newspaper did me the honor to send for my picture. In my shy but adventurous way, I sent two—one as I am now at forty-six, looking somewhat like a relief map of the Cordilleras, a snow-capped, forbidding, hostile, inaccessible monument, a solitary granite spectacle; and the other, which I much preferred, a picture of me taken in high school at seventeen, when I wrote my first two poems. Those two poems are not so exhilarating as Thanatopsis, but they are in my alleged collected works, and I have been asked to recite them by young and old at many universities.

A Pen-and-Ink Artist

The picture of me when I wrote those, my first two poems, was sent back to me by the otherwise kindly New York paper with blistering indignation, almost with the suggestion that I had been presumptious; that I was no longer young and beautiful and that I had no business to pretend to be. But since I am to be kicked upstairs whether I like it or not, I think I have a right to ask to be known by a picture taken when I was very young and gay, and far more of a poet than I am now, if I ever was a poet. I have never asked for the title. I have fought like a wildcat all my life to be known as a pen-and-ink artist, and may yet win that privilege. Let all who would thwart me beware.

One publisher considers it lese majesty for me even to suggest that I think myself a pen-and-ink artist, since he decreed that I was not. For that presumption I am still punished by him in many ways. And he ordered me to write a book of poems for children in the first-year high school—precisely, no older, no younger—a book that would serve as a text. But the fact holds true that there is no such thing as a professional poet, and no man can be ordered about that way. What I draw and write is for people from five to one hundred years old, especially people in Springfield, Illinois. I am not manufacturing for the trade, and I cannot imagine the cast-iron nerve of ordering a man about when you do not even pay him wages. I hear the Blackfeet tom-toms beating, beating, beating.

Most of the good poetry, as I have said, has appeared in pamphlet form before the poet was known to the public. It is utterly impossible to make an income from verse, and one must win his worldly standing and earn his living some other way. One of the most distinguished of the Middle Western poets supports himself by writing a movie column once a day. I do not know a poet in the Anglo-Saxon world who makes his living by poetry. Every single one of them makes his living in some other way. I could call off the list of their professions. None of them are a disgrace; all are hard work. All poets of forty-six do two men's work and cheerfully expect to. Most of the wives do their own washing and the poet cheerfully hangs it out to dry.

"Which of your own efforts finds the most favor?" This is Mr. Utopia's last question.

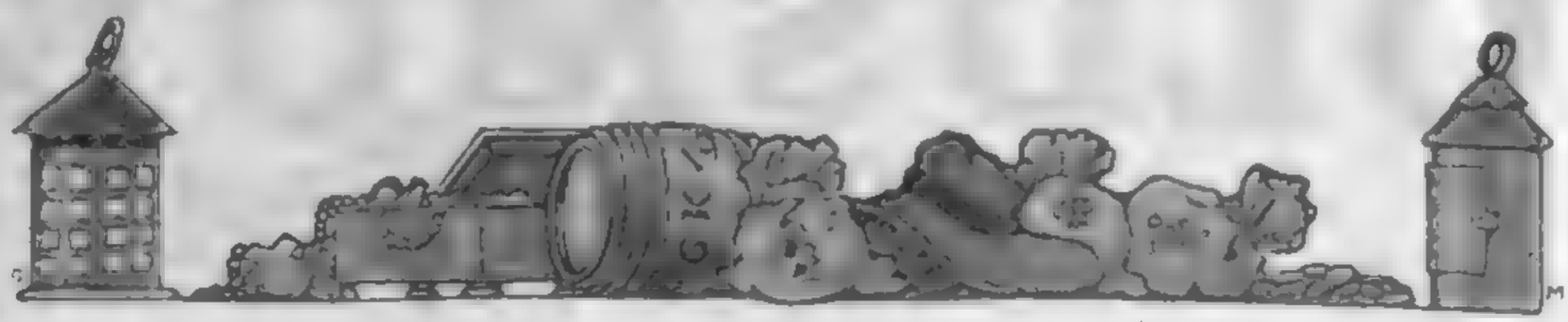
My answer is, as usual, roundabout. I begin by saying the Manhattan critics who have been so oracular about my affairs know nothing about them because they have not met my kin or been in my home. Their presumption is amazing.

Poets of Virginia

This article began with the old home in Springfield, Illinois. It is still loaded with heirlooms that lead back toward Kentucky, and from there back toward Virginia. It is astonishing to me, when I think through my life and history, how much of it turns on the fact that none of my kin came from north of Mason and Dixon's Line; but this is the reason, perhaps, why my best-received song of late is a Southern poem. I have just finished two university and college tours of the entire United States, and there is no doubt that in the little conclaves of seven after the recitals, especially in the South and West, the most liked thing that I have done is the little song about Virginia. Of course it means nothing, except to those who belong to my particular clan. It means nothing, nothing, nothing except to my own people. To all others it is diffuse and repetitious, and surely they are right. The claque who first brought my work before the Northeastern public will go on calling the roll of two or three of my pieces, separating them from all the Springfield and ancestral life that made them. As literary critics they are right; as persons they are entirely wrong. Ere I forget thee, O Virginia, may my right hand forget her cunning!

There were three great Virginia poets in the very beginning—George Washington, Patrick Henry, Thomas Jefferson. "What!" you say. "We do not even know the names of their publishers. They were not poets!"

Well, how do you know? Did you ever really read them? What do you know about it? Their very names will breathe poetry forever.



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THE JOY GIRL

(Continued from Page 5)

"I have my reward," said the mother slave in a tremulous whisper, and she gave one soft palm a pressure with her hand—her hard hand; hard with work, but so soft with love that it might have been a palm of silk.

"But men, mother—it's very difficult. I've been thinking ——"

"I know—I've seen—it's worried me a lot lately. I've thought often that you were fretting."

"Well, how does a girl like me meet the right men?" She leaned back, her hands flaccid in her mother's lap and her young tragedy covered her face as with a veil. It was pale, tense, resentful. Words came quicker. "Who am I? A girl like me! Living in this little Nowhere Street! In this hideous little house! On tuppence! With a mother who does all the washing and cleaning and a father who just squirms and grumbles, and friends just the same as I am. I'm doomed."

"Oh, don't say that!"

"I see myself, after all, marrying someone like Hughie Sandman, having a child and manicuring her hands, and hoping and hoping, and humbugging my daughter about life—just like you."

Mrs. Courage's lips took their little downward droop, but she lifted her eyes, and in them the hopeful stars still shone desperately.

"Or I see myself at last learning typing and shorthand, and going into some beastly office and being taken out by the boss when his wife's away—like Flora."

"Wait, dearie," Mrs. Courage exhorted. "You'll see it will be all right one day. It must be. With your looks, you could marry a duke."

"Puzzle: Find the duke."

"With your beauty, you will pick and choose."

"If I'd only got a film face, or you'd had me trained as a dancer!"

"I've done all I could."

The mother slave shut her eyes a moment, envisaging again the miracles of her struggle. In her mind she thought: "I don't know how we manage it, but we have to manage. And so we do. That's women all the time."

Without a penny of her own in her pocket, under the dominion of a little husband, weak and therefore tyrannical; without any freedom of will, action or mind; without any joy of body, somehow she had produced this marvel. Somehow she had had her way with it. Stealthily, day by day, word by word, never flagging, never forgetting the goal, she had accomplished. She had achieved. She had brought up a daughter so lovely as to be a scandal in Wallflower Road. She had taught her the guile she did not know herself; she had shown her ambition; she, who had no geography, had painted for her child pictures of the world. . . .

"And in Venice—that's in Italy—they have streets of water, and on them are boats called gondolas like this mother is drawing for you. . . . Well, rather like this. When you're rich you'll go there. It's romantic. The gondoliers sing. It's all very musical. Yes, flowers and flowers, and I expect all the houses are very tall and white. When you're a rich lady you will only become a rich lady by marrying a rich gentleman.

"And then there's Egypt . . . Well, that's somewhere. The Mediterranean Sea runs along by it. You'll go in your yacht all up the Mediterranean when you're a rich lady. There's a monument called the Sphinx; here it is on a picture post card. Your husband will take you into the desert on camels.

"Oh, you'll travel a lot! I've no doubt you'll go round the world . . .

"Let's walk past the Ritz. Here's the Ritz, this great big place with pillars. Just a little farther; now look through the railings—now you can see the people having lunch near those windows looking out over the Green Park. This is Thursday; let's remember; and on Sunday I'll read you out the society bits in the papers and see who it says was lunching there on Thursday, and perhaps it will say who the lady in the red hat is. . . .

"It's boat-race day. Well, that's a race between Oxford and Cambridge. Those are universities where young men go after they leave school, if they can afford it. You'll marry a man who has been to the University of Oxford or Cambridge. . . .

"Why do I train your hair just so? Well, we have to think of when you're grown up, haven't we, mother's darling? Gentlemen are very particular about a young lady's looks, you know. They can afford to be particular."

Her eyes closed; she thought over the long years during which she had patiently and continuously taught her girl child which was the one and only road to salvation.

There had been her prayers: "God, give my baby a chance." She had prayed for it too.

The girl said now, droopingly, "But all you could do is so little, mother."

Mrs. Courage answered wistfully and softly: "I hope you'll never have cause to know how much it was really, considering. Do you remember the Israelites who made bricks without straw?"

"What's that got to do with it?"

Taking the polishing pad, Mrs. Courage said, "There, the nails will be lovely now." She began the polishing.

"Flora thinks I ought to get regular work, mother."

"Never! Never! Not so long as I'm alive and can look after you."

"After all, when I do make a hat, Isolde doesn't pay me badly. It's pocket money. I don't actually ask you and father for anything but a little food."

"Your hats are wonderful. I like to think you can sit and make one at home just when you feel inclined, here, up in your nice little room."

"It's not a very nice room, mother."

"It's the best ——"

"I looked in at Hampton's window today as I walked along Pall Mall. There are beds without head and foot rails, you know, like divans. They had one with a gold brocade bedspread on it. Oh, I couldn't help thinking how perfectly marvelous a girl could look lying in that."

"A bed like that wouldn't do in this little house."

"Oh, no. It wouldn't do in this little house."

"There, now I've finished. I'll tuck you up and go to bed."

A footstep shuffled outside. A tap fell on the door.

"I've thought out a new design for a hat that I'm going to make tomorrow morning. Isolde will give me a guinea for it or I'll know why!"

"It's time you made your mother the hat you're always promising," said her father's voice from the door. He stood there, thin, stooped, gray, tired, peevish. "Come to bed, mother, and let the girl beautify herself."

"I'm coming. Jewel darling, there's no hurry for my hat."

"I say there is a hurry, mother," Courage insisted in a high voice. "She's promised it, and there the materials have been in the sideboard drawer for a month. She's got nothing to do all day, has she? If so, I don't know it."

"Good night, father," said Jewel, with an outraged look.

Her father answered her, trying to put authority into his uncertain, resentful voice: "Not so fast, my girl. Who are you to dismiss your own father? If I want a word with you I'll have it." She fell into an exaggerated attitude of resignation. "I tell you what I've told you before; it's all no good, your mother trying to make a princess of you, and you with all these airs. I've spent my life studying the class problem—the problem of capitalist and worker—and I know what it is. I've suffered as much as anybody. Don't you suppose mother and I have wanted everything, just like you? Don't you suppose, when we've seen Lord This and Lord That rolling along in their cars, we have imagined ourselves there? We have! I walked through Westminster today in my lunch hour and I saw the Duke of Durham coming away from the House; and I saw the Prime Minister get into his car; and I saw the chief of the Ministry of Labor, Sir Albert Iron-Landser, coming out; and people passing by recognized them and were proud to touch their hats, silly fools! I didn't touch my hat! No, begor! I thought, 'Well, if I'd had your advantages and you'd had mine, you might be touching your hats to me instead of expecting me to take mine off,' I thought. But all you young people today—you seem to think everything's going to happen your way, in spite of what you are and aren't."

At last Mrs. Courage interrupted: "Herbert, your throat's dry with talking. Now stop it. Do!"

"Good night, father," Jewel repeated remorselessly.

His shoulders sank, but he kept his voice up: "Are you coming, mother?"

"I'm coming! I'm coming! For goodness' sake, don't worry! Make my hat just when you feel inclined, dear. I'll be ever so proud of it."

"When she feels inclined!"—from the door. "I like that! What've you been doing? Manicuring her? Doesn't it ever occur to you, my girl, that if you started making yourself useful, it might be more good to you than ——"

"Being useful hasn't done mother much good."

He shut the door suddenly, effacing himself.

"Good night, darling."

"Good night, mums. Put out the light."

"Sweet dreams."

"I'll dream I'm on that gold divan."

II

MR. HUGH SANDMAN was under the necessity of walking home, right back to the boarding house in Bayswater. Again he had been had. He had brought this beauty—with that hanger-on of hers, Flora Something—safely to her home in Dulwich, escorted her with every observance of courtesy and admiration; and now here he was—as only too often before—to trail back on his own two feet, with nothing to show for it, barely even a memory worth cherishing, not a thrill worth the name. He had bought the seats—the best—for three; provided the chocolates, paid the fares. Again he had been had for a fool.

The last omnibus westward was vanishing fast in the distance before him as he came out of Wallflower Road; the last underground train westward had run its course. He commenced his long walk at a good swinging pace. He thought, "If that girl Flora hadn't been there, I'm hanged if I wouldn't have kissed her."

But there always had been an if. She had achieved, somehow, inaccessibility. She wore it like a marketable commodity of great price. She brought this talent to a degree of perfection higher than had any other girl he had ever known. It was probably the doing of that mother of hers, or that peevish father, who, after all, was no more important socially than Sandman himself.

"If I hadn't waited for her to ask me in, and then got the door shut in my face if her mother hadn't suddenly come out to the garden gate if she hadn't looked so cold and aloof—if only I'd spread myself and we'd had a taxi," Sandman had told himself on previous occasions when he had been frustrated of that kiss which had never yet been given.

"If only that Flora would keep away!" he told himself now. "Next time!" he thought.

Through shabby outskirts he walked fast westward, and at length saw the spires of Westminster standing up against the starlit sky, and the twinkle of the river and the sweep of the great bridge. And crossing it, he made toward the park of St. James's, to traverse that, to reach the lights of Hyde Park Corner, to walk, walk, walk to the other side of that other great park stretch to the Bayswater Road; and just as he had wondered a dozen times before, so he wondered tonight: "Is it worth it?"

But the answer was always the same: "Yes."

Mr. Sandman paused in his walk. One of the quiet, dark, indifferent, thoughtful streets of Westminster; a tall gray house standing up amid the gray; a long lighted window with curtains drawn back and the window itself open to the drowsy autumn night; through the window, as a picture in a frame, rather a wonderful room.

This picture stayed Mr. Sandman's feet. And he saw, inside the rather wonderful, rather austere, yet richly wine-red room, two men. One wore tweeds, the other wore dinner clothes; and the one in tweeds sat down while the one in dinner clothes stood up, rather in the manner of one man arraigned before another. And both the men were young—presumably thirty.

"They're having it out, and no mistake," said Sandman to himself as he paused, lighting a fresh cigarette, and looking across the street, into the room.

"Life is all ifs," he thought. "If I had that house, that room, those clothes, that car, by gosh, that's standing at the door, the money that keeps up the whole caboodle—I'd kiss Jewel Courage."

Mr. Sandman moved off, taking with him an impression of the two men in the wine-red room; antagonists, protagonists, friends or foes—Mr. Sandman formed but hazy theories of their relation to each other. But he was sure that he saw two men striving, at grips.

John Jeffrey Fleet sat down in the tweeds in which he had traveled through France and crossed the Channel but a very few hours earlier, and looked very keenly and straightly at Vicary, who wore dinner clothes and stood up. But the dinner clothes that Vicary wore belonged to John Jeffrey; they were the old suit that he left at home, the new having been packed. The old suit was handsome enough, fitting Vicary almost too well.

"Well, I don't know," said John Jeffrey, "I don't quite know what to say about it, Vicary."

"Whatever it is, say on—sir."

"Of course, we're all human ——"

"You surprise me—sir."

"Don't take that tone."

"My tone's my own, even if the dinner jacket ain't—isn't—sir."

"Oh, all right. For the purposes of argument use your own damned tone."

"You'll use yours, I have no doubt—sir."

"I darn well shall. Now look here, I give you no end of rope ——"

"No; there is no such liberty as no end in private service—sir."

"A darn sight more rope than any other employer is likely to do, then. But fair's fair. I wired early in the evening that I'd be at Victoria Station at 11:30, and Batters met me in a taxicab because you'd not only gone out in the big car but in my clothes as well."

"Batters knows only about the car—sir."

Now every time that this man said "sir" he mouthed it; it was a provocation and a challenge.

John Jeffrey Fleet did not take up the challenge. He wanted to pick it up very

(Continued on Page 55)

A half back *out of training*

They call him an "old grad" today and he *feels* strangely old and futile as he watches those stalwart men who now make up the squad. Yet not so many years ago he could run a hundred yards in "ten seconds flat," in moleskins!

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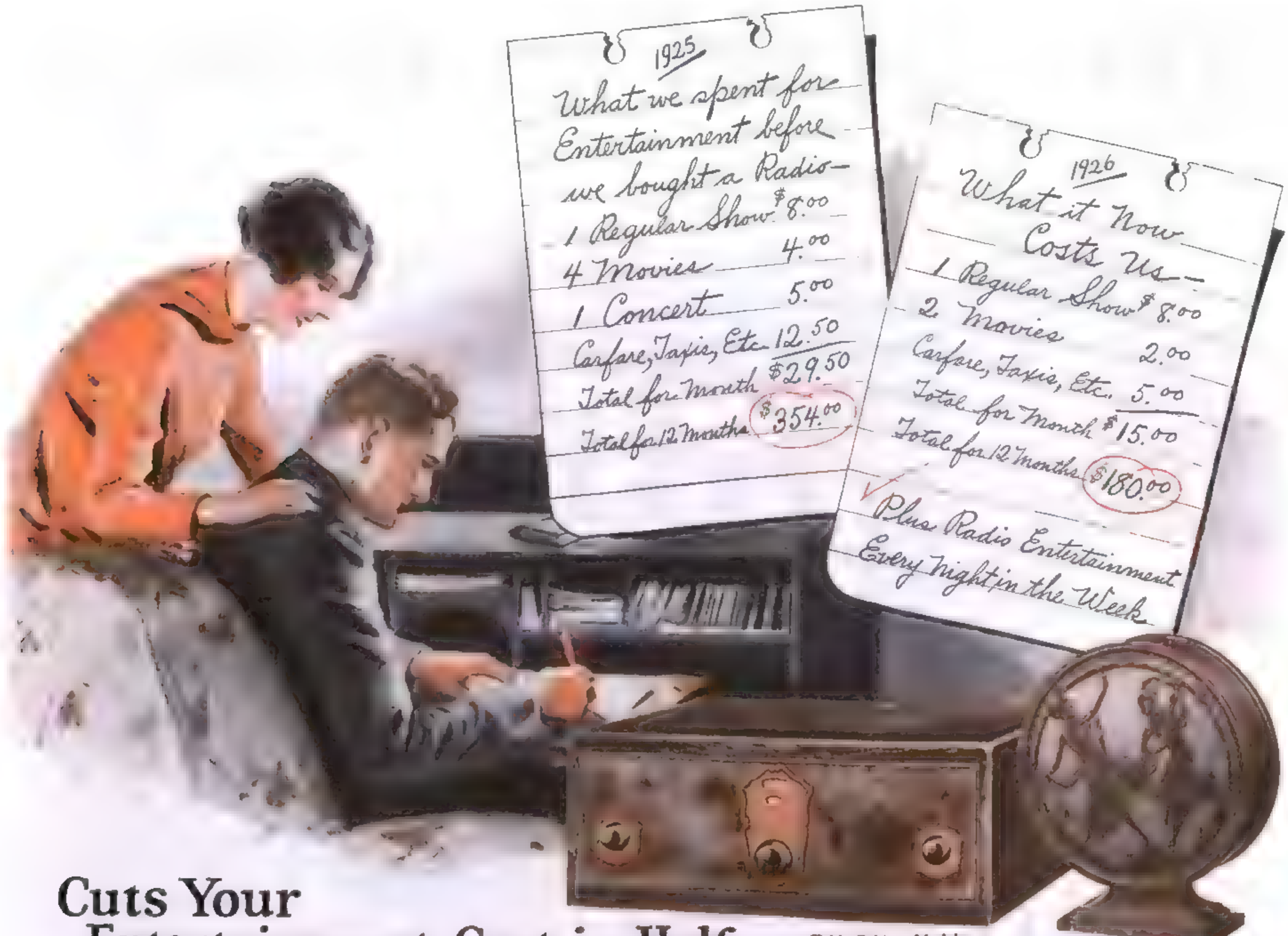
1925
What we spent for Entertainment before we bought a Radio—
1 Regular Show $8.00
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1 Concert 5.00
Carfare, Taxis, Etc. 12.50
Total for month $29.50
Total for 12 months $354.00
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(Continued from Page 50)

badly, for he was young, strong and hot, not to say a little haughty; but he was trying to form the habit of embittering his life by submitting to the ruling of his better nature. He sat there telling himself that already he held the employer's advantage over this man; that already he was rich and Vicary poor; that his freedom was limited only by his own will; but that Vicary was a servant, must come and go, fetch and carry. John Jeffrey, in dealing with one of a class less fortunate than his own, always suffered slightly from this feeling—that the menial was a man fighting with one hand tied. So now he thought: "I'd like to talk to the fellow man to man, if only I could get at him. In that case, either I'll have to stand up or he'd better sit down."

He said, fairly amiably, "Sit down, Vicary."

"I'm much obliged - sir."

"Well, Vicary, if that is the only way you can say 'sir,' drop it for half an hour or so."

"I'm much obliged."

The chauffeur sat down on the edge of a wine-red chair opposite his master.

It was here that John Jeffrey saw Sandman, the passer-by, loitering opposite, looking curiously through the open, unshielded window. He went to the window and pulled the curtains across.

"Yes," said Vicary, behind him, conversationally, "I've often looked in, too, like that, at rooms like this. Like a room in a play."

"Eh?"

"All rich men have rooms like rooms in a play; and as for the ladies ——"

John Jeffrey Fleet came back to his chair and offered his cigarette case. "Or will you have a cigar, or possibly your pipe?"

"A cigar, thank you, Mr. Fleet."

John Jeffrey then handed the vast silver box that his late father had won at polo, the splendid box with equine figures in high relief upon its lid. There was a top tray with small cigars, and underneath lay the long fat ones. Removing the tray, he offered a choice of either. But he knew which Vicary would take. Vicary twiddled in his fingers the large opulent cigar. John Jeffrey chose one, too, and put the box aside.

"Now, we'll talk."

"Talk is all very well; but what are you going to do, Mr. Fleet?"

"That depends a good deal on you."

"With most masters, I'd be packed and out by now."

"Probably."

"Well, Mr. Fleet?"

"First of all, Vicary," said John Jeffrey, with sincerity stamped on his broad, brown, honest brow, "what's it all about? What's the matter?"

"I know what you mean, Mr. Fleet," said Vicary, looking him over carefully and choosing his speech. "And it's not easy to answer. It's a broad sort of question."

"Let's have things specific. You hate me; you're a good chauffeur, an intelligent servant; you've driven me half over Europe in our time together; you speak two or three languages; you're a well-informed chap; I value you; I've not treated you too badly, I think. You applied for my job, got it and stuck to it; the inference then is that you're satisfied. Yet you hate me. Why?"

"Well, Mr. Fleet, only as I'd hate anyone who had the things I hadn't."

"Oh! Well, it takes some people that way, I admit. You're a bit of an all-round revolutionary, aren't you?"

"When I see men with houses like this, cars like yours, and a fat income they ain't troubled to earn, I can't help thinking ——"

"You've got class hatred badly. I've known it all the time. You've always felt you'd like to knife me, eh?"

"I'm not the knifing sort. No, nothing bloody. Only ——"

"Go on."

"Well, I've thought I'd like a chance to be a gentleman and have a gentleman's life."

"What would you do with it?"

"Nothing like other gentlemen."

"Just eat, drink and be merry, eh?"

"I dare say, and quite enough too. When I've waited for you till three or four o'clock in the morning, or five or six o'clock in the morning sometimes, to pick you up after your round of dinners and dances and operas and night clubs and all, don't you s'pose I wouldn't have liked to have you being my servant at the wheel and me lolling back in the car taking some nice young lady home?"

"Keep the nice young ladies out of it. Well, yes, I suppose it would be natural for you to have some such thoughts; but then probably every chauffeur does, waiting about, as you remark, till three or four in the morning two or three nights a week. But it's more than that with you. You don't take it just naturally like that."

"No," said Vicary in a slow voice, "it has got to be a regular fever with me."

"This hatred of men for their possessions?"

The chauffeur nodded. "Always was the same. Since I was a boy I've always wanted my private red revolution and me on top. Funny, ain't it?" He gave a little snigger.

"No," replied John Jeffrey.

"Well, most masters'd think it so funny that, as I said before, I'd 'a' been packed and gone by now."

John Jeffrey put this aside. He looked earnest and quite magnificent, sitting there, his eyes bent in deep concentration on Vicary.

"Well, those are your views. Putting view aside, let's come down to brass tacks. About tonight—where did you go?"

"Dined at the Carlton."

"The deuce you did!"

"I did. Then I drove meself on to a club—the Tree Top Club to be precise—and had supper, and saw the cabaret and danced."

"Danced!"

"Well, Mr. Fleet, you know the Tree Top Club. I'm your chauffeur and I know you do. It's not one of your regular haunts, but you've been in. Now a man don't have to sit there very long alone if he don't want to"

"Oh—ah—yes—naturally. Could she dance?"

"So-so. Getting a little stout; not quite so young as she was. I picked her for her lovely rings. Some diamonds!"

"I say!" remarked John Jeffrey.

"Had a long talk with her. She was sitting with a lady friend, and I was sitting alone; and she let me take the opportunity of pretending I thought we'd met before—you know, Mr. Fleet." The chauffeur looked a little mockingly at John Jeffrey. "A lady, Mr. Fleet."

"Really!"

"A widow lady. It's astonishing the way ladies of her age put on the paint and drop in to supper at these clubs nowadays. A chauffeur driving his boss about nights, in London or any other big city, sees some queer things."

John Jeffrey nodded a little frigidly. "I should have thought," he remarked, "that some pretty girl you know would have been more in your line. I should have thought you'd have wanted to give some nice little girl a treat."

"No girl I know could 'a' dressed up to these," said Vicary, indicating his dinner suit.

"Ah, I forgot. I suppose not. But after all, aren't looks the main thing, rather than a dress?"

"Give me the dress," Vicary said—"and the diamonds."

The chauffeur sat smiling at the fire. There was something furtive about his smile, and sardonic, the lips twisting downward instead of up. This gay widow lady, seeking life at the Tree Top Club, obviously entertained him.

"She gave me her card," he added, and suddenly drew the card out from the pocket of his borrowed dinner jacket and laid it on John Jeffrey's knee.

"Ah, that's jolly interesting," John Jeffrey observed, returning it without reading it.

The chauffeur read the card again, though presumably he knew it by heart, before returning it to his pocket. "Mrs. Adolf Heath," he quoted aloud -so blandly that one hesitated before reaching out and punching him on the jaw, exclaiming "Hang your blasted cheek!" until the precise moment for that punch had passed—"2—— Bridge Mansions, Knightsbridge," Vicary continued; "a very smart block of flats. Palatial. I know 'em as a chauffeur, you understand."

John Jeffrey regarded him.

"Tell me, Mr. Fleet, in your own words," said Vicary suddenly, "just why you didn't read the card."

"I'll ask you another in my own words," John Jeffrey answered. "You can put the clothes outside, my man, but can you put the gentleman inside?"

"I know what you mean, Mr. Fleet," said Vicary.

Fleet now became suddenly tired of Vicary. And he had some stiff reading to get through tonight, anyway, after his long rail journey and Channel crossing and this aggravation on top of it all. The affairs of the Fleet Steel Trust had called him home and engaged his attention vigorously, for though in some ways he was younger than his years—in that he hoped and believed in and offered a fine chivalry to human nature at large, to an immoderate extent—in the ways of business he was older. At business he was a lion. And here he was, giving an hour of his attention to the case of Vicary, who had purloined his clothes and his car and intruded into the haunts of his betters. The escapade, in the hands of Vicary, somehow lost the laughter, the sporting element, that would have been brought to it by Batters, the knowing butler; or even by the overgrown pantry boy. To them one might have laughed while saying sternly, "Look here, you, this won't do."

But Vicary? He was such an upstart.

"Well, anyhow," said John Jeffrey rather irritably, "enough of this. You've got a grievance because you don't see a bit more of the gay life—what? I tell you the gay life's worth nothing."

"You lead it."

"Very well, have a shot at it yourself."

"Lord, tonight has cost me the best part of two weeks' wages!"

"Yes, yes. I haven't finished. I'll pay you another 50 per cent, and two nights a week you shall go for the high lights. Try it for a year and tell me how you like it. That's a bargain; I'm to hear your impressions."

The chauffeur controlled his twitch of astonishment. "Certainly, Mr. Fleet, if they interest you."

"They do. I'd rather like to know how the whole thing strikes a fellow like you coming into it, seeing it from a different perspective. I—er—dabble in things literary, in a sort of way," John Jeffrey explained hastily, slightly embarrassed. "Or I'd like to. I've got plans for a book on modern sociology lines—never mind that. It's just an idea of mine. What I mean is, if you're really hankering after the night life of London from a more expensive angle than you've been able to enjoy hitherto, I'll provide the wherewithal for the experiment. The experiment, as such, interests me."

Vicary answered slowly: "I wouldn't have the clothes for the kind of thing I've got in mind."

"Clothes? I was coming to that. Those you've got on—keep 'em. And I'll stand you a suit of tails—by Jove, I will!"

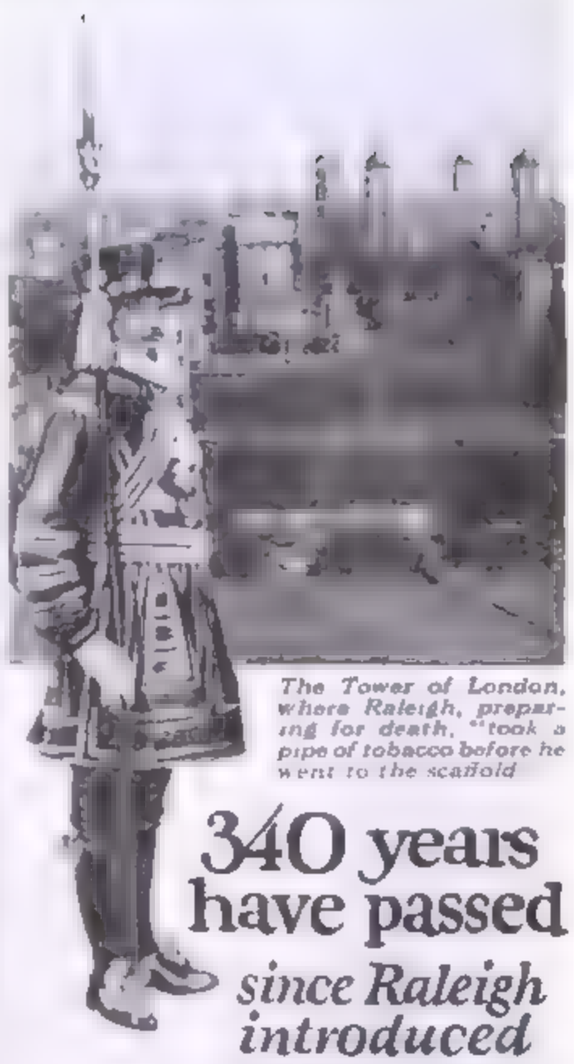
John Jeffrey began to laugh. He had a sense of humor all his own. But the chauffeur did not laugh.

"Do you mean it, Mr. Fleet?" he said in a very quiet voice.

"Yes. You know me more or less. I don't always think along the lines of other people."

"You certainly do not Mr. Fleet. You've got your ideas."

(Continued on Page 57)



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STUDEBAKER

(Continued from Page 55)

"Those clothes fit you like a glove."

"Yes," said the chauffeur quietly.

John Jeffrey glanced at him. He was always like that—quiet, furtive. Even tonight, when he had been caught red-handed aping his betters, near the garage farther down the street, whither John Jeffrey had repaired to see if the car had returned and to talk thereon, he had been quiet, though sullen too. He was as tall as his master, as big; but he was not strong and open, straight and forthright; he was rather a large white rabbit of a man.

"I'll tell you," suggested John Jeffrey tolerantly, "what I'll do, Vicary. I'm always open to learn a bit too. Why shouldn't I have my fun? Two nights a week I'll drive you. Look here, by Jove, this is great stuff! I've got it! Two nights a week I'll put on the livery! I'll have fun!"

"Fun, Mr. Fleet?"

"I'll learn how you fellows pick up a fare here and there when you've safely got rid of your bosses for an hour or two. You do, don't you?"

After reflection the chauffeur admitted, "Yes."

"I've always known it. How many tips shall I get about the West End in an evening, Vicary?"

"Depends where you go, Mr. Fleet. It can't be done haphazard—only as a specialty. Some commissionaires get to know a chauffeur and'll give him the hint now and again."

"So I'll see a different side of life too."

"Masquerade," said the chauffeur—"masquerade always appeals to the upper classes. I've noticed it."

"Look here," said John Jeffrey, suddenly younger than ever, in spite of his authoritative direction of affairs, "Batters isn't to know anything, nor any of the others—see?"

"I'd prefer it so myself, Mr. Fleet."

"Your rooms are near the garage. I'll put the stuff on there."

"I shall be very pleased, Mr. Fleet."

"Mind you, I'm doing this just for—for—er ——"

"—— one of your ideas, Mr. Fleet."

"I suppose so. And then I'd like you to see for yourself whether all this sort of life you seem to think so fine is really, in itself, by itself, of any particular value. I mean, it's really just an incident of one's circumstances."

"Quite, Mr. Fleet."

"There's this to mind: You're not to try to go into the clubs—well, such as the Embassy and Ciro's and all those—like this, through my agency. One has a certain duty. My friends—well, I couldn't exactly feel justified —— But I don't suppose you'd get in anyway. Membership really counts."

"I know my place, Mr. Fleet, far better than I like knowing it, I assure you. Besides, the commissionaires there know my face—and yours. I've driven you so often. But the smallish places ——"

"The so-called Bohemian places ——"

"Well, like the Tree Top, Mr. Fleet."

"Certainly. Tree Top and Bacon Rind and—there's numbers of 'em. Besides, all the restaurants are open to you. You can take your smart pals to dine and dance there."

The chauffeur suddenly caught a long breath. In his eyes appeared a glitter, just as if the diamonds of Mrs. Adolf Heath were reflected therein.

"You'd enjoy the Savoy."

"Fancy," said the chauffeur, "stepping out of my car and walking into the Savoy!"

"Don't go alone!" said John Jeffrey jocularly, and he got up. "That's all now, isn't it?"

"Certainly, Mr. Fleet. I'll go."

"Then good night. Let yourself out quietly."

"Batters won't be in the hall again tonight," said Vicary, going to the door.

He looked a figure in the well-cut clothes—quite a figure—with his hair, whity-fair, sleek and polished, his pale mobile face, his pale immobile eyes. And he walked well, like a man who thought he knew where he was going.

"Good night, sir," he submitted civilly, and without a gleam of humor he was gone

"I wonder what he thinks he's after," said John Jeffrey, laughing.

III

ALL morning—or such of the morning as remained after sleeping late, breakfasting in bed, rising leisurely, bathing with luxurious care and scamping her own bed-making and dusting—Jewel spent upon fashioning the hat.

Now and again she would try the hat, parts finished, upon her own head, when immediately it took upon itself inordinate perfections. Now and again she wearied of the hat; now and again she hated it for the work it brought; and she hated work. But all the same, shortly after one o'clock, the hat was finished even to its silk lining, with the Isolde badge inside the crown, and she knew indubitably that it was a beauty; an inspiration that Isolde would never let leave her premises once it had entered, so—"I'll ask a guinea and a half," she thought.

Her mother called her down to their midday meal, watched her adoringly while she ate with faint appetite the carefully cooked dishes of poor ingredients, praised the masterpiece of the hat, asked tentatively her plans for the rest of the day.

"Can't quite say, mother. I shall go up West; perhaps wait for Flora to come out of the office, and we might do a movie together and have a little dinner somewhere, if Isolde pays me. Or I might dine with a man who's asked me. I shall telephone him when I've seen Flora. He'll wait. . . . This lemonade is sour." She shuddered.

"Sorry, pet; here's the sugar. . . . Who is he, darling?"

"Friend of Hughie Sandman's. Rather elderly. Well, as a matter of fact, I'll tell you a joke if you don t tell father. He's Hughie's chief."

"What?"

"A fact. He saw me at the office one day when I happened to call for Hughie instead of Hughie meeting me. He came up and made conversation, and had to be introduced.

Then he turned to Hughie, perfectly cool, and said, 'Oh, Sandman, tell my chauffeur I won't be a minute, do you mind?' As soon as Hughie had left us for a moment, he asked me to dine with him."

"Oh, love, I don't know whether you ought "

"I don't suppose I shall. When I wouldn't say definitely—well, it was awkward, wasn't it?—he begged me to ring up any day and tell him when I would. And I had a letter from him this morning—you brought it up—suggesting this evening "

"You gave him your address then?"

"I suppose I must have," the girl said evasively.

"Is he wealthy? Single or ——"

"Married, of course. They all are."

"I shouldn't ——"

"Don't suppose I shall. How you worry! . . . The bread's very stale."

"You're such a dainty girl!"

"Well, as I say, mother, expect me when you see me."

"If you're very late I get anxious."

"Give it up. I can take care of myself—better care than you took of yourself."

She had her elbows on the table, her chin on her hands. She looked about the room disparagingly, bringing her eyes back to the table appointments, the scanty dish before them, her drab thin mother. "What you were thinking about I don't know."

"Oh, I had my ideas, my dreams, just like you," Mrs. Courage said.

"I haven't any dreams—only ideas. It's a tough world."

"Couldn't you eat an apple dumpling, sweetheart—to please me?"

"I'd do quite a lot for you, but not that."

"You've eaten nothing!"

"I'm all right."

She took from the pocket of her silk jumper the cigarette case that was a present from Sandman and lighted a cigarette.

"That's what I always tell your father," said her mother fondly, "that you'd do anything for either of us."

"Oh, father!" she echoed slightingly. She rose, and, wandering about the room, paused at the sideboard and pulled open the shallow center drawer. "I'm going to make this hat for you, really I am, one day. You've got everything, haven't you? The canvas and the velvet and the bit for the lining? Yes, I'm going to make you a marvelous hat. You shall look wonderful in it."

Flushed and smiling, Mrs. Courage followed her and stood fiddling with the stuffs. "Do it one evening when father can see you "

"Why?"

"He always thinks you're such a hard girl."

"So I am."

"No, no! Mother knows better."

"So's he hard. But without backbone. Now, I hope I've got backbone! Father's hard like a bit of gristle that's no good to anyone."

"He's your father!"

"I didn't pick him."

She shut the drawer and her mother began to clear the table. "Of course, I could help you wash up," she said vaguely.

"You know I'd rather you didn't spoil your hands."

"Then I'll go off to Isolde."

"There's just one thing I ought—I promised your father—to mention."

"You needn't trouble. It's about money. I'll bet he talked half the night to you about the guinea I may get from Isolde. Naturally you'll have half of it, as usual. After all, I don't eat much."

"I wish you ate more."

"Does father?"

"Try to understand him. If you don't, it makes it so difficult. It isn't as if he grudges you anything."

"I laugh! Sometimes I often wish he could see me when I'm out dining, wine and all. What does he think? That I'm in a bun shop having scones and milk with Flora? I laugh!"

"That's just it—you laugh."

"One either laughs or cries. It's a tough world. . . . G'-by."

She came out by and by into Wallflower Road, with the hat carefully pinned into a sheet of soft paper. She was the last word, the cream of girl fashion. The skirt so short, the legs so slender, the coat so svelte, with the big bunch of artificial orchids pinned to its upstanding collar, the tiny hat pulled well down, under which her eyes looked out with mystery. She climbed upon an omnibus. The conductor knew her.

She counted her pennies into his hand. They were almost her last pennies. Her mother might have been able to let her have a shilling or so, but she had not asked. She rode westward, proud and gay with youth. After all, she had never known a tomorrow utterly uncatered for. There were always Sandmans and Sandmans and Sandmans; aways dozens and scores of the semi-impecunious young men of the clerk type; always older, stouter men, well married, ready to pounce. She had a choice of alternatives this very day.

Feeling so proud and gay, she sold her model easily to Isolde for a guinea and a half. And coming out of the little shop again—the little shop which took all her designs and asked plainly, even under a pretense of reluctance, for more—she thought: "Half a guinea's all they expect at home. They don't know about the extra. I have a guinea for myself!"

As usual Isolde had said to her, with admiring patronage: "Not changed your mind? You wouldn't care to come and try a post here, regularly, as milliner, eh?" And as usual she had answered, "Thank you, no."

She didn't want to rush for morning omnibuses, grow tired waiting upon uglier women, lose her freshness in regular work. She had to preserve herself exquisitely, hadn't she? That was the idea, wasn't it?

Week of November 15th

Should you always return your partner's lead? What is a "come-on" signal? Can you read the closed hands? The experts' play of the following hands demonstrates these and other important points. Try the hands—then tune in as scheduled below

H. A. Lorick, Atlanta, dealer,
South—
Spades ..... J, 8, 6, 3
Hearts 8, 7 5, 3
Diamonds 5
Clubs ..... Q 7 6 5

Wilbur C. Whitel[illegible] N Y
West—
Spades 7, 5, 4 2
Hearts ..... K 10 9
Diamonds ..... J 9 6 2
Clubs 10, 4

Mrs. Ella G. Pinna, Montreal,
North—
Spades ..... A, K, 9
Hearts ..... Q, 6
Diamonds ..... Q, 10, 8
Clubs ..... J, 9, 8, 3

M[illegible] Work New York
East—
Spades 9 10
Hearts ..... A J 4
Diamonds ..... A K 7 4 3
Clubs ..... A K

Tues., Nov. 16, 10 P. M. (E. T.)

WEAF, WSAI, KSD, WCAE WCCO
WTAM, WEEI, WFI, WGN WGR
WJAR, WOC, WCSH, WTAG, WWJ

See papers for broadcasting time of following:

WRC	Radio Corp.	Washington
WGY	Gen'l Electric Co.	Schenectady
KPRC	Houston Post Dispatch	Houston
WBAP	Dallas News	Dallas
WSAI	[illegible]	[illegible]
WCAE	[illegible]	[illegible]
WDAF	Kansas City Star	[illegible]
WHA	Wisconsin News	[illegible]
KGW	Portland Oregonian	[illegible]
KGO	General Electric Co.	[illegible]
WSAI	[illegible]	[illegible]
WCAE	[illegible] Apparel Mart	[illegible]
KHQ	General Electric Co.	[illegible]
KFI	Los Angeles Times	Los Angeles
KOMO	Seattle Times	[illegible]
WDBO	Rollins Coll.	Winter Park, Fla.
WCAU	[illegible]	[illegible]
CKAC	[illegible]	[illegible]
CFCF	[illegible] Jr.	Ottawa, Can.
CKAC	[illegible] Nat. Carbon Co., Ltd	[illegible]
CKAC	[illegible]	Montreal
CKAC	[illegible]	Montreal
CFCF	[illegible]	Montreal

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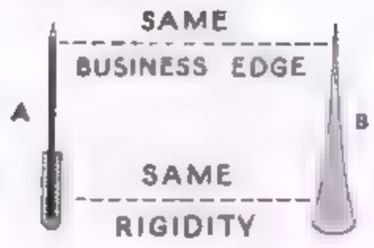

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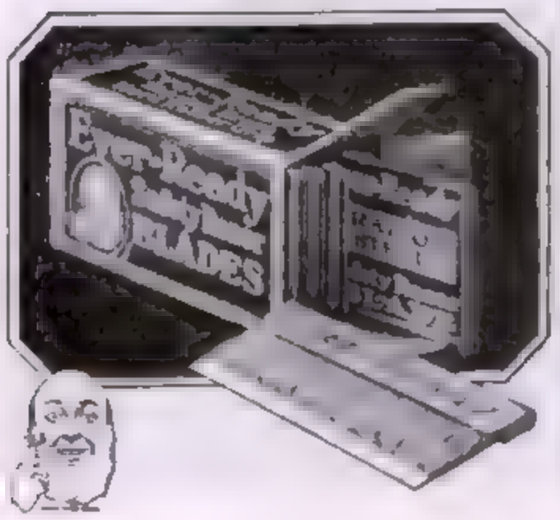

Her mother's and her own? Exactly! She aimed simply to be beautiful. The reward would follow.

"No regular hours for me," she said sweetly to Isolde as she went out.

The large Jewess, all smiles and sharp wits, answered with a playful pat, "Naughty girl!"

It was not so long before Flora would leave the office where she was employed from nine till five. Jewel spent the time in window gazing in Regent Street. She saw many things she wanted agonizingly. But she had to be content with the silhouette of herself in plate glass, with the reflection that not all the shops of Regent Street could make her look better than undoubtedly she looked today, dawdling in the sunshine, waiting for Flora.

Flora was, after all, early. "The boss let me off," she said when she joined her friend at the corner by the celebrated perfumers'. She was rather pink, and inclined to giggle cynically. She had the air of a girl who has been kissed and doesn't mind who knows it.

"A girl can get anything she wants if she likes," she stated, taking Jewel's arm. "I told him I wanted to meet a friend. 'Promise me,' he says, 'that your friend is of the female sex.' I think he's jealous."

"Let's hope so," said Jewel.

"Oh, you do look lovely! I wish I'd got a stumpy umbrella like yours. They look so smart, I think, hanging on the wrist."

"Get someone to give you one."

"I always want something else."

"Get that too."

"Where shall we go?"

"Can you be out late tonight?"

"No; I promised mother to go home so that she could go to the pictures. My little sister's in bed with a cold and can't be left alone in the house."

"Families!"

"Families! I'm sick of them."

"We might walk a bit," Jewel suggested, "and then take a bus up as far as the Langmore Hotel and have a cocktail in the lounge there."

"I should never think of the things you do. If I didn't know you I shouldn't dream of daring to walk right into the lounge of a place and ordering cocktails."

Jewel drawled, "Why not, my dear child? Our money is as good as anyone else's, I suppose."

"I suppose so—what there is of it."

"Come on then."

So they walked down Conduit Street into Bond Street slowly, innocently provocative; came into Piccadilly; crossed the great highway and wandered down St. James's past the windows of clubs. Now and again a man looked out at them—or rather he looked at Jewel, passing Flora.

"How nice if a girl belonged to those kind of men," said Jewel. "How nice if we had them for fathers and brothers and husbands, Flora. The kind who take you to dinner at the Berkeley and Claridge's, and hunt and play polo, and are the lords of the earth."

"If you want to change places with their girls," said Flora, "you can bet your life that's only half the case. Our sort of men would like to change with their sort too. My young brother would be tickled to death to play polo. But we can't change, and we may as well like what we've got."

"Or what we can get."

"Ah," said Flora, putting her head on one side, "someone expects a lot."

They saw a clock which pointed to a quarter to six.

"Come and have a cocktail," said Jewel languidly.

They climbed to the top of an omnibus.

"Can you afford it?" Flora murmured. "If not, I've got half a crown besides the rest of my week's lunch money."

"I've just sold Isolde one of my hats."

"You are clever! You could make four or five pounds a week, easily, if you'd take a job there."

"I can make my two and three a week working just a little bit of my time at home, thank you. No regular hours for me."

Then they went into the Langmore, Jewel splendidly, but Flora like a craven, feeling that such places were not for her. They sat down among palms, at a little table.

"Wouldn't you love dinner here?" whispered Flora, sensing the preparations in the restaurant beyond the glass doors.

"I'd prefer the Ritz."

Flora put her head on one side and reiterated: "Someone expects a lot."

"If you say that again, Flora," said Jewel, "I shall murder you. . . . Two Martinis, waiter."

There were a very few people in the lounge, mostly in couples, except for, here and there, a vitiated-looking man alone. Everyone looked at Jewel. And a pleasant-looking soldier on leave said to his pleasant-looking shriveled-up wife: "Look at those two girls. Signs of the times, by Jove! I'd guess them to be typists or milliners or something of that sort, wouldn't you?"

Gazing at Jewel, his wife murmured back, "I don't know; that one might be anything."

"Oh, easily—some day," said the soldier.

"Do you see, Jewel?" Flora whispered. "People are talking about us."

"Let them talk."

The Martinis arrived. Jewel paid and tipped the waiter sixpence. They sat back in their gilt chairs, sipped and surveyed the immediate world.

"Oh, well," said Flora, half through the Martini, "I suppose life's not so bad."

"Have another and you'll be sure of it."

It was only 8:30 when John Jeffrey Fleet had set down his master at the entrance of the Duchess Theater, but nevertheless he had been on duty since seven. He had driven Vicary to the Carlton—"I think I'll make a habit of the Carlton," said Vicary, "so that they'll get to know me. I'd like to have a head waiter at one of these posh places knowing me and bowing and scraping and all that."

He had waited on the rank outside for more than an hour while Vicary dined leisurely, and he surveyed the world of the taxicab driver and the chauffeur. The Carlton had never been one of his haunts, so that no one on the rank recognized particularly either himself or the big car. With other chauffeurs, he glanced over the cars of other plutocrats, exchanged the gossip of the town, criticisms of the motor trade and tales—mainly boastful—about employers.

"This," said John Jeffrey to himself, "is what we desire our chauffeurs to do any night of their lives if it so pleases us."

"Your gentleman keep you out late every night?" inquired a neighbor from a princely car.

"He's liable to keep me out latish two or three nights a week," answered John Jeffrey.

"That's not so bad," said the neighbor.

"Whose car's that?" asked a grave grizzled gentleman in claret livery.

"It's Mr. Fleet's," said John Jeffrey.

"Mr. Fleet? Fleet? Fleet?" mused the grizzled gentleman.

"He's got steel interests; known as a bit of a bookworm for his age," said John Jeffrey.

"Ah," the claret-colored chauffeur mused on, "I seem to know the name. Would he by any chance know Lord Marchfield?"

"Very well, I believe," said John Jeffrey imperturbably.

"I'm his man. We got the car last month," continued the claret-colored chauffeur. "Up till now we've always seemed to prefer a French make. Lord Marchfield's dining inside there. Knew him by sight?"

"I'm new," said John Jeffrey quickly.

The claret-colored gentleman remarked, "Well, you'll see 'im when he comes out."

Losing a little of his imperturbability, John Jeffrey muttered, "Ah!"

"Mr. Fleet dining at the Carlton too?" pursued the claret chauffeur.

"No," said John Jeffrey firmly, "he's abroad. The car and I are lent to a—er—sort of cousin of his pro tem."

Under these circumstances, it was a relief to Mr. John Jeffrey Fleet, looking marvelously trim and well set up in his uniform of brown, to see Vicary emerge from the portals of the great restaurant before Lord Marchfield hove in sight. Opening the door smartly, he stood to attention while Vicary entered the car; and then, spreading the rug respectfully over his knees, waited for orders.

"Duchess Theater," said Vicary.

"Be here on time after the show," said Vicary when, again, he alighted, the door opened by a resplendent commissionaire more swiftly than John Jeffrey could reach it.

"Very good, sir," said John Jeffrey.

"Be quick with your car here," said the commissionaire, waving him off.

"Now," said John Jeffrey to himself, when he had slid away again, "the night is mine till 11:15. Now, I take it, I might have a sandwich or so myself; and then I'll prowl; and then ——"

It was just here that he saw her standing on the curb, as if about to cross Shaftesbury Avenue with the air of one who thinks that she might as well cross it as not, but has no other or more urgent reason. And just as the long chocolate limousine slid slowly alongside, the policeman fifty yards farther on held up the long line of traffic. And just as the policeman held up the long line of traffic, her eyes met the eyes of John Jeffrey Fleet.

He thought he had never seen such a would-be wicked, beautifully innocent child. Her rouged mouth, her hat pulled down to the brows, the whole calculated slickness of her, cried of sophistication; her poise remarked that she was a woman of the world: her eyes were wide and watchful, ignorant and full of hesitations, longing, delighted, bright with astonishments.

"I can't speak to her," said John Jeffrey to himself, discomposed.

And yet if he didn't speak to her she would go out of sight, and she was one of the studies in modern sociology that he had promised himself to make from a new angle during this masquerading. Certainly, she was a study. She didn't take him in, with her long, long silk stockings, her stumpy umbrella dangling, her bunch of artificial orchids pinned to her coat collar. He had looked her penetratingly right up and right down. He had seen her cheap little flimsy decorative shoes; he knew the work of a good tailor when he saw it, and he didn't see it now. She was not real goods, not pure gold; she was bluff, imitation. Dear little amusing girl!

John Jeffrey risked it. He leaned toward her, touching his cap. "Were you looking for a taxi, miss?" most deferentially he asked. "There doesn't seem to be one available just here at the moment. Pardon the liberty, miss, but if I could set you down anywhere, I should be delighted."

She honored him with a faint smile, very blasé. But he saw the startled color mount in her white-rose face.

She responded coldly and courteously: "I'm really most obliged, but—really—really ——" Her yearning eyes were on the chocolate limousine.

"I'm just killing time, miss. If I can assist you in any way—but I fear I shall be moved on in a moment."

He couldn't quite know that she was mainly fearing: "These chauffeurs expect huge tips. Is it worth it? And if I do, might he be cheeky or—or ——" But it was mainly the idea of the huge tip that halted her answer. The money in the flat envelope bag fashionably under her arm was very precious to her.

John Jeffrey's eyes remained fixed on her. It was true that she was a study, a typical product of the times; but also, putting aside academics, she was a most ravishing female thing.

Then the traffic began to move on inexorably. He had lost her.

She took a few running steps alongside, tugged open the door breathlessly and jumped in.

(TO BE CONTINUED

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On the Rebinding of Books

By VINCENT STARRETT

BROWSING through the catalogues of booksellers—those most seductive of pamphlets—I am frequently led to wonder what certain distinguished writers of the past would say, if it were possible for them to see some of their first and rare editions as they are today preserved for the collector. They were poor enough in their time, most of the great ones of literary chronicle, and were quite happy with their sober little volumes as they came from the press. Offhand, I think of only one among the poets who was vain enough of his performance to wish to overdress it—Rogers, the banker poet; and poor Rogers is rather completely forgotten today. His editions, when they are sold at all, are sold for their handsome plates and bindings. But of Charles Lamb it is convincingly asserted that he preferred all books to show ample evidence of their readers' close attention, and that he preferred them in their original dress.

"Lamb had the finest collection of shabby and dog-eared volumes I have ever seen," wrote Crabb Robinson, somewhere in his entertaining Diary.

Burns Buried in Gems

What, for instance, would Robert Burns say, were it possible for him to read the following paragraphs, copied verbatim from an English book list?

Burns, (Robert) Poems, chiefly in the Scottish Dialect. The scarce First Issue of the First Edinburgh Edition –distinguished by the misprint "Duke of Boxburgh" in the list of Subscribers, and also the misprint "stinking" on page 263—with a nice impression of the pretty stipple portrait by Beugo after Nasmyth, 8vo, Edinburgh, 1787. A Unique Copy, most superbly bound in a richly jeweled, gilt and inlaid binding, to a special design which will never be duplicated, by the famous binders, Sangoraki & Sutcliffe. A Marvelous Specimen of Luxurious Binding, the beauty of which is but faintly suggested by the reduced reproduction shown on Plate 1. Price, 110 pounds sterling.

This wonderful copy of the first Edinburgh edition of the works of Scotland's premier poet, is bound in violet Levant morocco with leather joints and heather-colored Levant doublures and flyleaves, the whole elaborately gold-tooled, inlaid with 450 separate pieces of various colored leathers, and enriched by the insertion of forty-four precious stones, comprising four Cairngorms—typical stones of Scottish association—eighteen Amethysts, ten moonstones seven Fire opals, four Topazes and a Ruby, together with pieces of pearl. It is further embellished by a Miniature Portrait on ivory, set in a gilt frame and inserted in the front doublure.

The central feature of the front cover is a design in which the Arms of the poet, as he himself described them in a letter to Mr. Cunningham, are depicted upon a background of heather, closely gold-dotted, enriched with Amethysts and Cairngorms. The close association of the poet in his social life with Freemasonry, is suggested by decorative renderings of the Masonic symbols of the Compass and Square, the Plumb, the Level and the Gauge, which are embodied in the inclosing border. A sunken panel in the center of the back cover is occupied by a thistle design, the flowers formed of pieces of pearl and Amethyst, upon a background of close *pointillé;* the rest of the cover having a design enriched with Topazes and moonstones, in which are introduced further Masonic emblems of the Rough and Perfect Ashlar, the Gavel and Chisels, the supporting Pillars, and the Mosaic Pavement of the Lodge.

The miniature portrait in the front doublure is inclosed by a floral border, enriched with moonstones, around which is a gold-tooled thistle-diaper design, completed by a border containing the opening lines of the author's world-famed Auld Lang Syne. The back doublure contains a design in a sunken panel, of an emblem from a Royal Arch Mason's Jewel, symbolical of Creation, the elements of Fire and Water and Eternity; the gold-dotted background being decorated with Fire Opals and surrounded by a thistle design with an inscription from Green Grow the Rashes, O. The Levant flyleaves are covered with gold-tooled inscriptions from the author's poems, To a Mountain Daisy and Is there for Honest Poverty, and the panels of the back of the book are appropriately inlaid and gold tooled. A finishing touch is given to this superbly beautiful volume by the addition of an Exquisite Painting of Edinburgh, executed on the fore edges under the gold.

Reading the foregoing, one might be pardoned for believing it a check list of the plunder found in a cache of hidden treasure. Yet this extraordinary description of a book—offered for sale for a beggarly $500 or $600—actually appeared, as I have stated, in the catalogue of a London dealer. It is not a hoax; not the nightmare of a collector suddenly gone mad. The book exists. By this time, I have no doubt, it has been purchased at the price affixed.

I am sure that the man who caused the volume under discussion to be rebound as described, thought he was giving it a dress worthy of its author and its rarity. And I hope that its purchaser is very happy in its possession. Personally, I would not have it around the house, and if it were presented to me tomorrow, I should instantly sell it for what I could get. Imagine Burns in that raiment! Green Grow the Rashes, O! To a Mountain Daisy! Is There for Honest Poverty! And all about and all around, fire opals, moonstones, amethysts, and the gold-tooled emblems of Masonry!

It is not my idea to quarrel with the idea of rebinding. I might as well quarrel with the idea of new overcoats. When a new overcoat is needed it must be acquired. But one may have taste even in the matter of overcoats. The question of rebinding suggests a feature of book collecting that requires explanation, for in some of its aspects it is deplorable.

In the catalogues of most dealers, under the second letter of the alphabet, the devoted reader of such literature will discover a number of items classified under the single word "binding." They may be very desirable volumes, or they may be utterly worthless save as specimens of the bookbinding art, but in practically every case you may be sure that their classification was achieved by a realization of their greater salability as binding than as books.

Sometimes the bindings are historical, and of considerable interest. A book may be quite stupid in itself, and yet achieve a respectable longevity in libraries and museums because of its covers. Perhaps it is from one of the royal libraries, and has the arms of its royal owner tooled upon it. Many of the eighteenth-century monarchs had notable private libraries, which were later dispersed.

Advice for Young Collectors

Perhaps it is an example of the art of a celebrated binder—one whose skill and taste have given him a standing among collectors. There are today binders of extraordinary excellence whose work is deserving of any collector's attention. Or perhaps it is merely a delightful work of art by some obscure craftsman, unknown to fame, the sheer charm of which makes it worthy of survival and worth the figure asked. A work of art, after all, is a work of art, whether it has been performed upon a book cover or upon a wide canvas. Too often, however, the volume advertised for sale as "Binding," is neither historical nor charming as to its binding, nor even old. It is simply a gaudy gimcrack offered to the wealthy sucker who likes to think of himself as a collector.

To the seasoned collector of taste and intelligence, my argument for and against rebinding will savor somewhat of impertinence and platitude; but it is to the young collector of excellent intention and small experience that I am offering—as in my earlier papers—this warning and this advice. The only rules are those established by intelligence and taste, and the first and most important of the dogmas of book collecting having to do with binding and condition, is this: The most desirable and valuable copy of a rare book is a clean, perfect copy in its original covers. I could not make it more clear if I spent a page upon it.

When an experienced collector comes upon such a description as I have quoted, whether or not it appears under the head of "Binding," he is not deceived. He knows exactly what he is being offered; to wit: Several pounds of leather of a superior grade, and half a pint or so of pearl inlay and other frippery. To be sure, the leather may be blue straight-grain morocco, or dark-green French Levant, or crimson morocco extra, or something or other to the same effect. I have handled one piece of binding that was achieved with human pelt. It may be hand-tooled, or gold-tooled, or blind-tooled, or paneled. It may have mosaic panels of red and violet. The volume may boast leather joints, orange Levant doublures, or silk flyleaves; and it may be enriched by the insertion of any number of precious stones, arranged to symbolize anything or nothing under the canopy. *Omnia vanitas!* The collector knows precisely what he is being offered. It is a work of art, not a book. And often it is not even a work of art.

Old Books in New Covers

Now it may be argued that no unworthy book will be accorded such splendid treatment. The statement is only half true; and therefore false; but the question involved is not a question of worthiness at all. With the unworthy books the binders of earth may do what they will, for all of me. It is of worthy books only that I am talking, and the question is whether they shall be rebound in any case other than that of absolute necessity. The negative answer may seem obvious, but in point of fact, I am acquainted with a collector of some repute who rebinds practically every book that comes into his possession. And he has a catholic taste. Without reference to the condition or the beauty of the original covers, off they come, to be replaced with gleaming leather, in furtherance of some insane scheme of his own.

He believes in treating his books right, and right treatment means, for him, an expenditure of money upon handsome bindings. With plenty of the former, he can gratify his dubious taste in the latter. He would treat a small nephew right—if he had a small nephew—by making him ill with candy. His choicest works are hurried off to the binder—the best, of course—and from the hands of that deft workman they come back swathed in gilt and leather, indubitably handsomer in most cases, but utterly lacking in atmosphere. A sad metamorphosis. To preserve the value of his rarer books—perhaps, also, to soothe his conscience—he binds in the original covers at the end of the book. This is accomplished by removing the cloth from its boards and remounting it upon sheets of paper. In reality, he is undermining the value of his books, for a rebound volume is far less desirable in the market than the same volume in its original cloth, or even paper.

And surely it is this very atmosphere—so ruthlessly sacrificed—that he should care for most, sentimentalist that he is. It is in large part this atmosphere that lends to a rare volume—an association copy, a first edition—whatever sentimental or commercial value it may have; that exalts it over an infinitely better printed and less inaccurate edition fresh from the press.

When this gentleman decides, some day, to sell his library, he is going to get a severe jolt; for in the auction room his books will bring him less than half of what he fondly imagines them to be worth. More and more, as the years pass, is the distance widening between the sums paid for the fine old works in their original state and the same items decked out in peacock attire.

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Often counted out seldom counted in

—perhaps it's *comedones*

Dinners, dances, theatre parties—such social activities were seldom Dick's. Evenings usually found him home, alone. Dick couldn't understand why Tom got so many invitations—while he got practically none. Not for a moment did he guess that the reason was . . . . *comedones.*

A great many men suffer from comedones—the scientific name for blackheads. What's more, you may not even be conscious of *comedones.* But your friends notice them. Beware of comedones! They lessen a man's face value.

Pompeian Massage Cream helps you overcome comedones. It gives you a clean, ruddy complexion. It gets in where comedones form, rolls out all dirt and oily secretions, and stimulates a healthy circulation, keeping skin clean, pores open.

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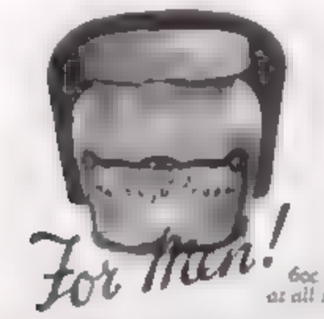

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But it is too bad that he will have to wait until his sale to be disillusioned. He will destroy so many fine books before that unhappy day. However honestly mistaken he may be, the collector who rebinds because in his ignorance or fatuity he believes it the thing to do, should be taken to one side and in some fashion made to see the error of his way.

Imagine a collector of the pompous, orange Levant school, acquiring that sober little first volume of Keats and proceeding to strip away the dull covers that, for all he knows to the contrary, may have been handled by the poet himself. Imagine him replacing them with crimson morocco extra, and solemnly putting the little book away beside some hundreds of other little books in similar trappings. At a blow he has deprived it of its personality and lost it in a sea of blinding color. Keats has vanished, and where he stood gleams now the latest art work of Messrs. Pigskin & Morocco of London and New York. What if the volume have a coffee stain upon its cover? A coffee stain may seem a halo, if one but have enough imagination. Suppose the spilled coffee to have been that of Master Charles Lamb of India House, pondering his volume over the breakfast table—what then? And if the volume be that known as Falstaff's Letters, who is to say that the disfiguring stain is not the veritable record of a Lamb household disaster? "Saint Charles"—as Thackeray called him—had many copies of the little book at one time and another, which he rescued from the bins and presented to his friends, one of whom—James White—was its author.

Translated in Leather

I do not for a moment believe that either Lamb or Keats, however sumptuously attired, would suffer spiritually. I cannot imagine either of the works that I have suggested developing an unnatural vanity. But I can conceive of them as being very sad, indeed, about all their finery; much as, I am persuaded, a small boy of the right sort, suddenly translated to velvet and lace, would miss with genuine sorrow the hole in his trousers' pocket. For a book thus remade is decidedly not the same book. The modest, quaint little pocket piece has disappeared, and in its stead there glitters a magnificent hybrid, fitted only to lie upon the parlor table beside the colossal unloveliness of the family album. These are not commonplaces upon which I am insisting; and if they seem so, it is to be remembered that the commonplaces of one man are the discoveries of another. Certainly the average amateur begins his career with a vague notion that anything bound in leather is important, and that books in cloth are comparatively insignificant. And it is to be remarked that only by a relentless insistence upon the seeming commonplaces is any truth established.

One may not claim, of course, that no book should be rebound. A badly damaged volume, if it be not a candidate for the furnace, may with propriety be given a new dress—possibly a handsome one—whether it be a first folio or a jolly little modern Elia with illustrations by Mr. Brock.

Still, one who believes as I do, will save himself much unhappiness and trouble if, in purchasing for his collection, he rejects with a firm hand damaged or imperfect copies, however readily they lend themselves to rebinding; save only in the case of books of such extreme rarity that he is fortunate to find them in any condition. In general, reject all but the best. In the long run, it will pay you in happiness and in dollars.

Margin Manuscripts

Rebinding is, of course, less deplorable in the case of volumes originally issued in paper wrappers, for in rebinding these everything is retained, even to the advertisements in the back; and the back strip of the wrapper is carefully removed and mounted upon a page of the volume. In France, a majority of published books is put forth in wrappers, and the purchaser may bind his copy when and how he chooses. And rebinding is permissible in the case of a genuinely desirable item, seldom to be met with in its original state, and therefore unlikely to fall to the lot of the average collector. Such a volume may be snapped up when seen, even without covers. It is, of course, imperative to rebind, often, in the case of authentic treasures of the highest rarity, where necessity compels reënforcement if the volumes are to be preserved to the world. But where the original covers are sound and decently clean—even, I think, when they are not particularly clean—it is criminal to remove them merely to satisfy one's whim for a rainbow-colored library. A great many wealthy collectors mistake a crass love of glitter and gloss for an affection for fine old books. Rebind your ordinary reading copies and your reference volumes, if you must have color; your telephone directory, if you care to; but, wherever possible, leave your first editions as they came from the original publisher.

Even where rebinding is desirable and imperative, it is often a dangerous business, and always it should be intrusted to an expert. Often it means a sad sacrifice of margins, which is little less than sacrilege. Preserve your margins at their original width. In the older books, margins frequently contain manuscript notes of considerable interest. I have seen many fine books, thus annotated, so mutilated by trimming as to be almost valueless. Even with the expert binder, there is likely to be some cutting if you are not insistent. With the ordinary workman there is actual peril. It seems to be his ambition to cut down a work to the very type line, and where possible, to reduce a folio to a quarto. Just why this saving of paper seems necessary to him, I have no idea; perhaps he takes the strips home to his children, or uses them as pipe lighters. Yet the rarer books depend for much of their value upon their height and the width of their margins. They are actually measured in fractions of inches, by special rules, to establish their superiority or inferiority to other copies known to exist. Some shocking things happen, I am told, even in the best of binderies. There is only one certain way, a friend assures me, to persuade a binder to follow directions. It is to stand over him with a shotgun throughout the entire performance—"giving him to understand that at the slightest evidence of unnecessary cutting, you will blow his back hair out through his whiskers!" It is a method I have not used, but it is said to be effective. For the most part, however, the better binders can be trusted to do as they are told, and many of them are admirable bookmen, with as fine a passion for wide margins as the collector himself.

Where ordinary repair work is required, it should be accomplished with extreme care by oneself, if possible, or given to a man who knows his business. A friend of mine who was employed in the Congressional Library some years ago, told me of an incident that still shocks me. He came suddenly upon a young woman assistant—a charming creature—happily humming a little song while soaking book labels off some fine old vellum bindings. She had ruined one volume before my friend came upon the scene, and was joyously proceeding with another when she was discovered.

My friend made every effort to be kind, but the young woman was in tears when he had finished lecturing her. But then, my friend, too, was almost in tears. The thought of those vellum bindings profaned by a wet sponge overcame him. This is a bit off the main subject of the present discourse, but while these thoughts are in my head, I should like to say that such ignorance is not always confined to the minor employes of public libraries. In many large institutions the highest authorities are to blame for a distressing system of book mutilation.

They allow their finest volumes to be made ugly by the use of rubber stamps or stencils, and many beautiful volumes are forever marred in order that they may be more perfectly classified. The plea that such volumes, once placed in public collections, will never come before the public for sale, is not a valid excuse. The practice is reprehensible, and closely akin to vandalism. It should be stopped by an act of Congress, if not by a bolt from the blue.

Jewel Boxes

In the end, my advice about rebinding comes to this: Never rebind a book unless it is imperative. When it is imperative, rebind with taste and discretion. Eschew jeweled bindings and silk flyleaves, even if you can afford them. Sobriety is as desirable in bookbinding as it is in dress. If you must have color and passion in your collection, let it be frankly external; there is a way provided, and the experienced collectors know it. They cause to be manufactured handsome boxes, only a trifle larger than the books that they are designed to hold; and in these leather-bound containers the volumes are laid away in their original state. The effect upon the bookshelf is that of magnificently bound volumes, but within each, the jewel lies just as it came down from another day.

DOWN IN FRONT!

THE seething stands surge to their feet as the kick off whirls into a perfect catch. He's off like a shot!... "Down in front!"... A tangle of huskies converge on his path. His interference flops them as they come. They've got him! No! That was All-American stuff. He spins wheels, recovers, plunges five yards more.... First down!

Turn now to the stands: A sea of ulsters in blues and browns, spotted with bright hats and scarfs, squirrel and coon coats, and a million 'mums. An assembled tribute to well-dressed America, a masculine *revue des modes*—to overlook the girls for a moment. Muffling throats against autumn chill are Glarus Tys, the colorful, loosely-knotted scarfs now so favored... Where collars show they match the shirt, with cravats in Moslem Motifs and Samarkand Stripes... The flare of London kerchiefs from breast pockets of overcoats... Between brogue top and cuff, the patterned pastels of the latest hose. Every detail has that something about it which lends an unmistakable air, an unobtrusive elegance, correct beyond cavil.

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BEYOND A REASONABLE DOUBT

(Continued from Page 42)

Amby Gault pushed her soothingly into the chair he had placed for her.

"Captain Foster, yes. You had been engaged to one another, you say. At some prior time, I infer."

"About—a year ago."

"Yes. Well, then you agreed to disagree, I suppose."

"We quarreled, and he—he went away."

"He gave you up. I don't see then that he is inconvenienced as a juror."

"He wants me back," Allie whispered. "He's still—he's set his heart on me. Can't you see, Mr. Gault, what motive there would be for him to influence the other jurors? He's a masterful man; when he wills anything he gets it."

Mr. Gault, she found, was holding out a glass of water to her.

"Drink this," he said dryly.

"You don't believe me," she cried, with a sinking in her breast. Why should he indeed? It was his crowd that had got the reversion of the big contract. Those men were financially interested in prolonging Homer's stay behind the bars.

"Mrs. Wilkes," the county attorney said, like a doctor talking to a fever patient, "I've seen these cases before of women taking crime on themselves to get their husbands out of trouble. It's a kind of hallucination. Take my word for it, there's nothing in it. Go home and get a good sleep and forget it."

"But if I had him here—if I had Captain Foster here," she cried wildly, "I could force him to confess. If you would send an officer with me to arrest him ——"

"I am going out of town immediately," Mr. Gault said, rising, and snapping open the case of his hunting watch. "You might bring him round tomorrow if you still persist in this deluded theory."

"Tomorrow may be too late," Allie whispered

"You should have thought of that before," Mr. Gault returned crisply.

He showed her the door sternly. The damage she had done by her silence she could not undo by speech. She must take the consequences of that fatal hesitation. She went home like a woman in a trance. Melviny was standing in the back door eating one of the early apples, which had begun to fall already.

"Min Jewett was here to see you," she announced. "I guess she's going to let bygones be bygones. The poor thing looked as if she had cried her eyes out; I will say that for her."

"What did she want?" Allie said, with a rush of some new, queer feeling, like a flash of jealousy. What could be the reason back of this persisting grief of Minnie Jewett's? She stood rigid, filled with wrath, possessed by a fierce belief that Minnie wouldn't prolong her sorrowings like this unless there was some good reason at the back of it—something more than just the dashing of her expectations in the matter of marriage with the man.

"She wouldn't say right out," Melviny mumbled. The old woman, Allie sensed now, had been sly with her of late. "She told me to tell you to please find means to see her tonight. She told me it would pay you to."

"I guess I'll take my pay from somebody besides Minnie Jewett," Allie cried.

She was ashamed of herself, ashamed of her new suspicions; yet they would not down. Supper passed without a single interchange of words between Melviny and herself. She left the old lady with the dishes and went to lie on her bed, with a hand over her eyes.

It grew dark slowly. Perhaps after all, she thought, without stirring, she had better know what Minnie had to say. It was certain to have something to do with Homer Wilkes' predicament. It might even be a message, though why Minnie Jewett should be the chosen instrument was more than she could fathom.

She sat up and looked through the window. Immediately she lay back again. Will Golloup, the night watchman, was standing just across the way from the house, lighting his pipe. He was sitting on the topmost of the three wooden steps which led up to the blackened foundations of the Anderson house, which had burned down the spring before. An hour later he was still sitting there. A terrorizing conviction seized her that he was watching the Wilkes place.

She was being shadowed. Divided between rage and fear, she slipped out of the house, ran across the street and stopped in front of him.

"What are you doing here?" she cried at him, and shook all over.

Mr. Golloup's immense person breathed the calm of nicotine. He stroked his warty nose with the pipe stem.

"Humoring my works," he growled. The moon gleamed on his unnecessarily big badge

"You're watching this house."

"Won't any harm come to you through me," Mr. Golloup said. He added, "Won't anybody harm you, for that matter, so long as I'm in the neighborhood."

"Who is there to harm me if you go?"

"I guess you're the person best qualified to answer that," Mr. Golloup answered, and took the bowl of his pipe in both huge hands.

Allie Wilkes, certain now that something was on foot, returned into the house. Melviny had retired. Allie had always had a childish dread of the police, and now to think that one of that dark tribe was actually staring the house out of countenance, at night, from just across the road, was almost more than she could bear. What in heaven's name could they possibly suspect her of?

She made up her mind that she must see Homer by hook or crook this very night. The jail was ten miles away. She must walk there and trust to luck to find some way of getting in. And she must start on her journey without attracting Mr. Golloup's attention.

At midnight the fat watchman was still sitting on his steps, his pipe still going full blast. Allie deferred her expedition for another hour; when, finding him immovable, she let herself out at the side door of the house. By some unlucky chance it stuck, and opened with a shudder. However, everything continued still. The trees were pitch black against the water of the cove, the little white houses looked all asleep, and the valley at their back was lit and shadowed by a smoky-colored moon. Very faintly on her left she could hear the thud and clatter of the Inlet Herald going to press.

Keeping the body of the house between her and Mr. Golloup's station, she went toward the water, stooping on the water side of the line of willow stumps, out of which green willow shoots had sprouted. The big mainsail of George Foster's schooner was up, she could see. There was no wind, however; not a breath. And then again he might be only drying out his canvas after that shower of the night before. In her heart, though, she knew well enough that he was going out with this tide.

She began to circle back through the Shadd property, where the sunflowers behind the barn, reared to an immense height, looked down on her like so many floating moons; then between the Shadd house and the provision market, which Shadd's son-in-law had lately bought; and so out into the main road at a point only a little to the left of Minnie Jewett's house.

There at the corner of the gravel pit, she checked herself. A car was standing in the road. The man in it was talking to another man leaning up against it.

"Wilkes has escaped," the man in the car said briefly. That was Mr. Fisher, the warden. Allie knelt in the shadow of one of those big bowlders at the entrance to the gravel pit. The warden seemed agitated; his voice was hoarse.

"Escaped. You don't say," the man on the ground replied. That was Mr. Golloup.

"Yes. It looked like he was going to be tractable a little earlier in the afternoon too."

"How was that?"

"Why, he had an interview with Gault, and after that he gave the reporters a full and free confession. He told 'em in so many words that he took the old lady's diamond. He as good as said that no man alive could beat the jury system, where they get the kind of look-alive men on it that convicted him. Here. Here's a copy of the Herald printed on one side with an account of it."

Mr. Golloup took it, held it up to the moon, and dropped it.

"Can't read here. I'll see it in the morning."

"He must have hung back when it come time to go to supper. He wrenched loose that lever that operates the locking mechanism in the upper cell tier, and punched a hole through the roof with it and twisted up through that. I never saw the jail yet that was any stronger than its roof, and I've been preaching that for years. Maybe some stock will be taken in it now."

"How'd he get down?"

"Down a waterspout. Dropped on the backs of a couple of guards there, and knocked their heads together, and got clear away."

"He's still at large then?"

"Yes. I thought at first maybe he had gone over in the direction of the darkwood township. It ought to be good hiding there in summer; but then I had this idea that maybe he would try to communicate with his wife. He's guilty, all right, but with all these rumors flying round, you could see where he might want a word with her before starting on his travels, hey? I tell you I'm afraid of what he might do to her."

"You're no more afraid than the woman is herself," Golloup said. "She's given me the slip now. The old woman heard her getting out of the house and come and told me; but I couldn't seem to pick up the scent. She must have heard about this escape."

"Watch the house, just the same. Get young Filloon to go with you. Watch the approaches to Mrs. Wilkes' room. Step aboard. I'm going that way."

Mr. Golloup stepped on the car's running board, and the car rolled away past the turn in the road.

Allie came to her feet, dazed. Homer Wilkes stood convicted out of his own mouth. The paper had the story, and by morning it would be in everybody's mouth. He had actually done the thing that George Foster and his colleagues had convicted him of doing. Whatever Foster's motive, then, no injustice had been done.

Allie Wilkes suffered a fierce revulsion of feeling. Deep in her fluctuating soul she felt the twinge of bitter disillusion. Her husband, by his own confession, had broken in at dead of night to rob an old lady of her valuables. Everything she had ever held against him came thronging into recollection now; his irreligion, his mocking at the law, his peremptory courtship, which had swept her off her feet to her undoing—even his waggling his ears for Martha Fisher's benefit in church.

Worse than anything, almost, it was certain now that he had lied to her in saying that his new supply of money had come from Captain Foster.

On top of everything, he had escaped. Terror seized her. What had those two meant by their mysterious talk of her fear of Homer Wilkes' return? Why should it be thought necessary to post men about her house at night to protect her from her husband's vengeance? There was nothing so sinister as that about the man. She stood still, trying to think of him as he had looked in some tender mood; but this was suddenly quite beyond her power. Her imagination had warping devils in it; the face she conjured up was terrible, implacable; the face of the historic Wilkes murderer, blood-drabbled, on the rampage, and balked of his victim.

The night, with its scattering of uncertain sounds, its blocks of deeper darkness, seemed to certify this hideous distortion of her husband's evil traits. She moved out into the road, not knowing which way to turn. There was no object now in continuing her journey towards the jail; but neither could she bring herself to return home. There was a dim light burning in the Jewett kitchen, left possibly by Oleson, who had already started on his milk route.

At her feet was the crumpled sheet of the Herald, still wet from the press, she noted, picking it up and smoothing it out with her long fingers. But the smoky moon was too dim to yield a reading light. She went on into the Jewett yard, with the feeling that she must see with her own eyes, in print, these details of Homer Wilkes' confession. The kitchen window was grown up with bushes outside, and inside the sill was lined with geraniums in tin cans, so that only the feeblest light came through.

She pushed softly against the woodshed door, but it was locked. However, it would be easy enough to get into the woodshed through the barn. The barn door fortunately was open far enough so that she could squeeze her body through without opening it wider. In the dark she stepped on some implement, a clam hoe, very likely, and the handle of this flew up and rapped her kneecap smartly. She let a little cry escape her; and then standing stock-still, heard the pound of a hoof and the swish of a horse's tail right in front of her.

She felt her way past the stall, and into the woodshed, recognizing the whereabouts of the kitchen door by that vertical crack of yellow light, due to the shrinking of the door in its frame. It was this fact which necessitated the presence of the tenpenny nail in the jamb; and Allie found that it was now doing service in keeping the door shut.

She had, like most women, an invincible eye for physical detail. What she had once seen, she could reconstruct easily enough, even in the dark; and she remembered that on the last afternoon when she had been here with Homer, she had seen an old fish knife slipped between beam and siding in the wall of the woodshed, just on the house side of the woodshed door. She ran her fingers gingerly along the splintery beam, felt for the knife and found it. Wrenching it out of the wood, she inserted it in the crack between door and frame and pressed up on the crooked nail. It swiveled readily enough. Homer had testified to that. And now she was duplicating Homer's every move on the night of the alleged crime. Half in a panic, she took a step or two backward; but the door, now that the crippled nail pointed another way, had swung in.

Allie tiptoed in and raised the paper to the light, an oil lamp in a bracket near the sink. She grew absorbed. Everything in this account bore out the new sinister view of Homer Wilkes as a merciless degenerate, a criminal escaping the consequences of his crime after a brazen confession. The break she had half looked for him to make, even in the court room, he had made now, and made with Wilkes ferocity and thoroughness. One of the men whose heads he had knocked together was lying in the hospital, with what might turn out to be a slight concussion of the brain. No one but a giant in strength could possibly have wrenched that lever from the locking mechanism, it was stated.

The image of Captain Foster returned to haunt her. She had cruelly misjudged

(Continued on Page 71)

"They live over there in that *well-lighted* house"

HOW unmistakably good lighting sets one house apart from its neighbors. How heartily it says "Welcome," and offers the prospect of a home's warm hospitality. For the well-lighted home is a happy home. Yet the cost of good lighting is negligible.

You can easily bring your lighting up to standard with the *new* Edison MAZDA* Lamps. They mean more and better light per penny's worth of electricity—already the least expensive item in your budget.

Ask your nearest Edison MAZDA Lamp Agent to show you the new lamps. He will gladly help you select the right sizes for every fixture in your home. He displays the emblem shown below at the right.

In shape and finish the *new* Edison MAZDA Lamps have been likened to a pearl. They are frosted on the *inside* to help protect your eyes, but let the light come through better than any other diffusing lamps. They are stronger and collect less dust. Their few sizes fill practically every home lighting requirement.

They have all the advantages of the old types of outside frosted lamps and more, but they sell for much less.

*MAZDA—*the mark of a research service*

EDISON MAZDA LAMPS

A GENERAL ELECTRIC PRODUCT

The less you have to use the CHOKE the better for your car

The *new* Texaco Gasoline minimizes the need for using the "choke" because it vaporizes to a dry gas at lower temperatures.

The use of the "choke" in starting on a cold day is usually necessary with any gas—*but it should be for an instant only.* Gasoline that requires excessive "choking" in winter shortens the life of your car.

What the "choke" does is this: It closes the air intake and allows a very rich gasoline mixture to enter the cylinders. On a very cold day, in a cold engine, the gasoline does not completely vaporize, and the excess liquid gasoline in the cylinders washes off the cylinder-wall lubricant, dilutes the oil, and causes undue wear.

The *more* you use the "choke" the *greater* the wear on the engine.

The *new* Texaco gives longer engine life

The *new* and *better* Texaco enters the cylinders as a dry gas, carrying no liquid globules to cut the motor oil film, and burns completely, leaving no heavy ends to dilute the crankcase oil—hence better lubrication, less engine wear. You will also notice the easier start and quicker pick-up with this *new* and *better* gasoline. The *new* Texaco starts quickly because it vaporizes at a lower temperature. You will naturally get increased power and mileage, maximum acceleration without flooding, smoother action and a quieter engine.

WET or DRY

A wet gas is an atomized mixture of gasoline vapor with liquid drops of raw gasoline. These drops, separating at every manifold bend, result in uneven distribution and flooded cylinders.

The *new* Texaco vaporizes completely. It forms a dry gas—a perfect mixture of gasoline vapor and air, which provides an even flow of fuel and power to every cylinder.

The *new* Texaco has a lower boiling point, and lower end point. It is better throughout the whole range of distillation. It is a "high test" fuel that vaporizes readily under manifold conditions.

The *new* Texaco is a pure gasoline of exceptional volatility—a gasoline having remarkable anti-knock qualities attained without the addition of chemicals.

The **NEW** *and* **BETTER**

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DODGE. De Luxe Sedan.
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JORDAN. All closed models.
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WILLYS-KNIGHT. Standard in all closed Six models.

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INVARIABLY you will find that women—and men, too—admire the luxurious richness, the air of dignified elegance that upholstery of CHASE VELMO—the perfected Mohair Velvet—gives to all the Gardner enclosed models. And the matchless durability of this unrivaled travel fabric gives Gardner owners additional reason for their preference for these smart cars.

CHASE VELMO, *a Perfected Mohair Velvet Unsurpassed for Closed Car Upholstery*

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NEW YORK DETROIT SAN FRANCISCO CHICAGO

Free on request an interesting booklet, "A Glimpse Inside"

(Continued from Page 66)

him. He had been telling the truth, and Homer had been lying to her. She had against her suddenly dropped eyelids a picture of Foster's schooner, the dark mainsail raised against the stars, the cool sea brimming round its anchor chains. Captain Foster might take her as far away as Africa or Hamburg; she wouldn't resist him now.

The door at her back creaked on its hinges. She turned in a flash, and instinctively she held the murderous fish knife high. She had expected for one tingling second to find Homer Wilkes confronting her. In reality it was Minnie Jewett.

The girl had too evidently cried the eyes out of her head. Her shining black bang was tumbled. She was in her bare feet, and had hastily twisted into an orange-colored wrapper. Pressing back, with her fingers spread wide against the panels of the yellow door, she whispered, "You have come to kill me."

"It's at your own invitation then," Allie said fiercely. "Why did you want to see me?"

She let the point of the knife sink a little way threateningly towards the girl's breast, feeling the breath come and go fast in her own throat.

"Why couldn't I have died in my sleep?" Minnie gasped. "Some people have the luck to." She sank to the floor and clasped Allie tight about the knees. The fair round of her arm showed damp against the fleck of vaccination mark, and her hair hung in damp tendrils. "Please, Mrs. Wilkes, I'll tell you everything. You want to know the truth."

"Tell it then."

"I will. Well, then, do you think a man like Homer Wilkes would steal? You never knew him. You never loved him. It was so like him to be telling the truth, there in court, and still not tell it like the truth. It was the truth. His car did boil dry in front of our house, he did come in after water, he did get that piece of rope out of the oven ——"

"How should you know that?" Allie whispered back.

"Didn't I see him with my own eyes? Shall I ever forget it? George Foster and I had got home ahead of him from the ferry. We—we were sitting there together in the Gloucester hammock, and we could see him through the creeping jennies. Oleson was standing looking in at him—he was getting ready to go on his milk route—and well, Oleson's being a witness I suppose gave George his—his idea ——"

"His idea," Allie breathed.

"The idea, yes, of taking the diamond and working up this case against Homer. Must I tell you outright that I'm the guilty woman, and George Foster's the guilty man, Mrs. Wilkes? I'd been telling George about my mother showing her diamond that morning; it worried me, her showing it here, there and everywhere; and about Homer's telling her that somebody would steal it if its hiding place was known. So then Captain Foster said he must have a look at it, just to be on even terms with Homer; and I—I went and got it and gave it to him. Well, then he—he wouldn't give it back."

"He wouldn't give it back?"

"At first he was just playful about it," Minnie continued with a stormy sigh deep in her breast. "I don't doubt I could have forced him—I don't lay it at his door exclusively. He hypnotized me into it, Mrs. Wilkes. He said at first we would contrive it for a joke—to shut Homer up in jail—with George maybe on the jury to steer it from that end. And then, don't you see, if George lent him the money, that would be so much more evidence against him."

"Then he actually did let him have the money?" Allie cried, with a loosening of the cords round her heart.

"Yes. The two men had had a talk about that on the ferry, it seems. I was up ahead in George's car, with the curtains on, and Homer didn't see me. Hardly anybody knew that Captain Foster was going with me. He never took me out in public. He used to come over after dark, and just walk past the house if there were other people there. He was just a dark horse from first to last, and nobody would think of connecting our two names. My own mother didn't know about it—and—oh, Mrs. Wilkes, if you had ever loved a man as I loved Homer, you might understand how I would stop at nothing, however crazy it seemed, to get possession of him."

"Possession of him!"

"Yes. Because, don't you see, George reasoned that if Homer was once in jail, convicted, then you could be induced to divorce him; and all the while I could stick by him through thick and thin, and swear to his innocence; and that—that might result ——"

"Yes, after three to five years," Allie let fall.

"No," Minnie cried with pathetic eagerness, "it was actually to be only a week or two in jail because the diamond was to turn up again. We could happen on it, George said, somewhere in the oven, or in another room, and lay it up to mother's absent-mindedness ——"

"And now it seems it hasn't turned up," Allie said grimly.

"That's on account of the way you've taken everything," Minnie sobbed. "George was to get you as value received for his three thousand dollars, and he hasn't got you."

"No, he hasn't got me," Allie repeated.

"He was enough gone over you to kidnap you. I know that for a fact," Minnie stated, staring through the window; "only Melviny put a spoke in his wheel by posting Mr. Golloup in front of the house night after night."

"But then," Mrs. Wilkes said, "when Homer saw the man actually sitting in judgment on him, in the jury box, and when they asked him where he had got the money to go on with, wouldn't he naturally ——"

"Wouldn't he naturally think George must be his friend," Minnie broke in, "where the man's money was at stake? Where they wouldn't have even second cousins in the jury box it must have looked to him as if a friend—the worst he had to look for was a disagreement. And then that awful verdict—those terrible jurymen! Mrs. Wilkes, I died a thousand deaths right after Captain Foster had pronounced the fatal words."

Allie Wilkes dropped the fish knife out of her limp hand. It stuck in the floor back of her, quivering, and fell over gradually with a knock of its handle against the oilcloth.

"Those jurymen," she repeated. A new angle of the problem had all at once occurred to her. "This is just raving madness, Minnie," she whispered. "My husband—Homer Wilkes—why, he has confessed, only this afternoon. He admits that he took the diamond himself. There. Read it for yourself."

She touched the paper with the tip of her shoe. Minnie kicked at it a savage little kick. There was the flutter of a hysterical laugh in her round throat.

"Do you have to believe everything you see in the paper? Maybe you think his confession reads better than mine. Does a thing look more plausible to you because you see it down in black and white? He confesses, and you don't know why. I wouldn't wonder if I could enlighten you. Don't you know what's being said about you? Couldn't you infer? You're the woman that actually went home with the foreman of the jury that convicted her own husband, side by side on the same right little tight little seat with him. How would that sound to unprejudiced ears?"

"It was just a happen-so," Allie muttered.

"Was it? Happen-so's can hang round a person's neck, though. What would that jury make of it that convicted Homer? But pardon me, you're not on trial, Mrs. Wilkes—not yet," Minnie added, with a cunning gleam in her round eye. These shots of hers had told. "I'm just telling you what people say. It's being noised around by one or two of the jurors that live here that they were eleven to one for acquittal, and then George Foster swung 'em round in a body for conviction. Ah, I see you had suspected that. But that isn't all. Melviny had to stick her oar in. She saw George Foster's tracks under your window, so out of regard for Homer she put Mr. Golloup up to watching the house. You can imagine whether he would keep his mouth shut. And then some say that you've been seen with Gault, and that you're applying already for a divorce. Do you think all this wouldn't come in time to Homer's ears? Stone walls don't shut gossip out, Mrs. Wilkes. Wouldn't it be like Homer to confess just to save your face and quiet all these rumors, when they might easily enough end in putting you right where he was himself?"

"You think—he thinks I'm guilty?" Allie faltered.

"Well—what if he did?"

"He has escaped," Allie whispered, feeling all her muscles rigid. "He is -at large."

At large. The terrible little phrase came to her lips involuntarily and seemed to paint against the blue dark of the window space that fearful picture of Homer Wilkes on his avenging errand. At large. That was the sort of thing one said of a wild animal.

"He has escaped, yes. I heard them saying so," Minnie faltered. "Still he can't get clear away, once they raise the hue and cry. They'll have him in the toils by morning. It's not his escape that worries me so much as Captain Foster's. He's setting sail. He'll be gone by morning."

"I hope he goes as far as a new pair of shoes will carry him," Allie whispered. "He's at the bottom of it all."

"But if he goes he takes the diamond with him," Minnie urged. "Our evidence would be as good as at the bottom of the sea. He carries it round his neck in a little leather bag. Supposing even we told Mr. Golloup everything, and he rowed out to arrest him, do you think they would find it on the man's person? He could hide it or drop it in the water. Mrs. Wilkes, there's only one way out. That was what I wanted to see you about, and then—my courage failed me. But it is the one way out."

"What is it then?"

"You are the one woman in the world who could bargain with George Foster now, so he gives me to understand," Minnie whispered. "But you could do anything with him. It would be for your own safety as well as others'. There's been a change of feeling toward Homer hereabouts since horses have been discarded in favor of trucks at the fill. I hear now there's going to be an investigation of the circumstances of the trial. But quite aside from that, will you stand by and see an innocent man locked up in jail for years, when just by a nod of your head you could free him?"

"A nod—of the head?"

"Well, pretty nearly that. You would only have to whistle twice from the wharf—Eastman's wharf. Captain Foster—he's given me to understand that everything could be as it was in the beginning for you," the girl murmured indistinctly. "He's willing to give up the diamond to—to get possession of you."

"I wonder he'll trust me to bring you back the diamond, without raising the hue and cry."

"He won't. I shall have to go along to take care of that part of the transaction."

"There'll be no transaction then," Allie whispered hotly, drawing back. "I'll have no witnesses; you least of all."

"You will do it, though," Minnie cried, with a fearful joy. "There's no need of me along. There's a rotten place in the top of the spile at the end of the wharf on the side looking toward the dolphin. Put it in there, and I can get it sometime before morning."

"If I do it, it's because I'm guiltier than you," Allie said in a hollow voice. Minnie had put a ship's whistle, moist from her hot palm, into her victim's fingers.

(Continued on Page 73)

Thirty Healthful Days-FREE

MILK is a food in daily use. Yet, day in and day out, housewives—and now without reason—allow mutilated or mislaid caps to interfere with its purity.

And all so unnecessary. Perfection Pull and Hinge Caps have absolutely done away with the messy, unhealthful necessity for using ice picks, tarnished forks, or thumbs in opening milk bottles. Just a gentle pull and the bottle is opened; a slight pressure, and it is closed again.

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DRINK MORE MILK

Skywriting that casts its shadow on the ground

THE NEXT BIG ADVANCE in the automobile industry is coming from the sky. No one can ignore its approaching shadow.

For the development *and the use* by airplanes of the air-cooling principle pioneered and perfected by Franklin have now definitely passed the turning point. Today its superiority in aviation is unquestioned and the total eclipse of water-cooling for aircraft engines is drawing near.

Do You Know the Facts?

Byrd conquered the North Pole with air-cooled motors. Cobham used them to span darkest—*and hottest*—Africa.

Even the Government has turned to air-cooling.

The New Aviation Standard

The U. S. Navy, on the authority of Commander Wilson, is now concentrating its development on air-cooled engines.

The Army is following suit. Many Liberty engines have already been converted to air-cooling.

Nearly every new design in commercial planes has chosen the air-cooled engine, according to one of the country's leading aircraft engine experts.

All Over the World

Six of the ten private contractors now operating the Government air-mail lines have chosen air-cooled planes.

Abroad, it is the same story. The Jupiter air-cooled engine in particular is rapidly driving water-cooled airplane motors out of existence. South American governments are using them. The Canadian government is employing them for its exacting forest patrol service.

But the greatest demonstration of air-cooling's superiority is taking place *about* you—not *above* you. On land—not aloft. *Not in airplanes, but in the New Franklin Car!*

Even More Valuable in Motor Cars

In airplanes, the benefits of air-cooling are restricted to greater dependability, greater economy, and more power per pound of weight. But in the Franklin these benefits extend throughout the *entire range of performance.*

Air-cooling saves worry, work and expense—that goes without saying. And it lets you take the worst hill without a stop—cross even a desert in any temperature—use your car without stint at any time.

But that is only the beginning! The Franklin is a better car not because it is air-cooled, but because it can use *air-cooled construction!*

Cutting out radiator and water cuts down weight. With no delicate radiator to protect, rigidity—foe to comfort—can be killed. Other good results follow in quick order—chief among them the remarkable Franklin non-skid transmission brake.

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Get behind the wheel of the New Franklin, and *see, feel and hear* the difference that these principles make on the road.

Experience the thrill of the New Franklin's high power: a 50% increase since 1920—the biggest of any American car.

That is what has pushed Franklin's 1926 sales even ahead of 1925—which was the most prosperous year in Franklin's long history!

That is what has produced an increase so far this year of 50% in sales to former owners of water-cooled cars.

A car is waiting to give this ride to you, at the nearest Franklin showroom. See what air-cooling can do for you. *And ask about special terms of payment.*

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FRANKLIN

(Continued from Page 71)

So it was to be George Foster after all. Her wish had been wicked and now it would be granted as a penalty. However dreadful Homer Wilkes, the criminal at large, had looked to her, Captain Foster's features were now painted darker yet; still, she must yield herself to his arms, she must go away with him to the coast of Africa, or to that hideous mansion in Hamburg, in expiation of her guilt. It was at this fatal cost that her heart had learned discrimination.

She found herself out of the Jewett house, away from the torment of Minnie's insinuating voice, the ship's whistle in her hand. If she could cry quits with destiny now and be done with such a miserable tangle for good and all. Anything was better than this vice of not knowing her own mind from one minute to the next; of always yearning for the precise opposite of what she had. And now that the opposite had been cunningly put in her grasp, she loathed it and shrank from it with all her soul; yet she must embrace it.

She sprang up and ran headlong toward Eastman's wharf. It was shadowed on one side by the high whitewashed wall of Denman's warehouse, and on the other by a crazy huddle of waterside houses, with balustraded roofs and outside staircases. There was still that window, high up, from which she had seen Homer pitching fish into baskets in the middle of the night. It seemed centuries ago; and yet, in another aspect, hardly more than the day before yesterday. If she could begin again there, only as far back as that, how desperately she would make atonement. But time had actually passed; she had filled it with her wretched miscalculations.

She raised the whistle to her lips and blew twice. Its ghostly sound had not died away between the glooming walls of the fish houses when she glimpsed a head moving along the schooner's rail, aft. It disappeared; but in a moment or two she saw the work boat crawling away like a black beetle from under the ship's counter. Her heart beat twice for every stroke of the oars. The boat collided with the side of the float below. The oars rattled into it; and then George Foster's head appeared at the top of the ladder. He was smoking; but as soon as he caught sight of Allie's white figure flattened against the warehouse wall he threw his cigar into the water.

"What's the verdict?" he whispered, with a knifelike gleam in his eye.

"The verdict? I don't doubt it's in accordance with the evidence," Allie said. Captain Foster scrutinized her closely. He looked at her hands, but they were hanging limp. It was her blue eyes that held a kind of death.

"You had better come along aboard then," he whispered. His arm slid round her. "The tide's turned. It will be coming light in a few minutes."

"There's just one preliminary," Allie cried, and stretched out her palm. "Give me first—a certain object, and then—I'll do what you want."

"Good girl," he muttered slavishly and fatuously. "Say, I'd give the mine it came from, outright."

He fumbled inside his shirt, then pressed the jewel, pouch and all, into her hand and closed her fingers over it. "That's your engagement stone," he chuckled.

An icy shiver passed through Allie's body. She had got possession of it. If she could escape him now ——

But her strength would not be equal to it. Captain Foster had drawn her tight against him. If she could have struck him dead at her feet she would not have flinched from it, she thought fiercely. What a fool she had been not to secrete that fish knife on her person somewhere. She might even now raise an outcry, scream, and that would bring help, but Captain Foster would have time to make sure that the jewel was not found on either of them. Her case would look lame enough, to be found with this man of all men, and at such a questionable hour.

Captain Foster's arm, drawing impatiently against the hollow of her back, urged her toward the ladder. She stumbled over a big wooden cleat. Captain Foster held her up indulgently; carried out of himself by his success, he had lost some of his catlike awareness. Watching the glimmer of her half-shut eyes, he did not hear as soon as she did the sound of footsteps. Somebody was moving toward them over the rotted wharf-planking from a point just behind that clump of three or four big-headed spiles, red leaded, and held together by a few stapled turns of old wire. Allie knew that step. There was no mistaking the devil-may-care accent of Homer Wilkes' heels pounding down on that decrepit planking.

And then Captain Foster caught sight of him.

"That's the song, is it?" he muttered in Allie's ear. He took her hand in his, and brought it round until her fingers could rest for a second on the butt of a pistol in his hip pocket. "That's the medicine I've got for him. You better tell him to dust out of here, my girl."

Homer, as if sensing this menace, had stopped. Allie, with a helpless twist against George Foster's arm, looked toward him. The escaped convict was not so menacing as her guilty soul had all along portrayed him. Nothing, apparently, had changed about him. With his rough-dried white shirt open at the throat, his hands in the pockets of a corduroy coat, he was just the same shock-headed Homer Wilkes who had sat in the kitchen, railing at law and twitting her for her orthodox religion.

But she had never been at a more terrible remove from him. She could not even cry out to warn him of his danger. She stared at him hard, as if to persuade him with her eyes, but her eyes were shadowed. In any case, he was not even looking at her. Instead, he was gravely taking out of his pocket a roll of money in bills evidently, from their color, of high denomination. His head bent as he counted it; he said conversationally, like a waterman who had brought them thus far on their journey, "The tide's turned. It's about at the slack. You ought to make a good reach of it past the headland."

Captain Foster, puzzled, but on his guard still, muttered uneasily, "I don't see why not."

"I won't detain you but a minute," Homer Wilkes went on. "I've been too big a stumblingblock to both of you already. But it occurred to me, where you were starting on a long voyage, you might have a need of spot cash. It's no good to me. I have found employment caning chairs." He smiled at them companionably. "When I heard you were getting ready to sail, captain, I remembered that I had some unexpended money of yours. I had tucked it away, what I didn't use of it, in a safer place than Mrs. Jewett had for that diamond of hers, by what I hear. Here it is, lacking five hundred."

He held it out amicably. In the dead silence, disturbed ever so faintly by a dripping and rippling under the wharf, Allie felt the excited throb of her heart pounding against George Foster's arm. Would he reach out to take the money? It was a ruse, she was certain, on Homer Wilkes' part, to get the man by the hand. If it was, it failed.

"Take it," Foster hissed in her ear, without losing his grip of her. His fingers, she knew, were even then clutched round the handle of his pistol. If she cried out to her husband to take her back he would be a dead man that minute.

She put out her hand to take the money. She must not give the faintest sign, she told herself. Yet, at the touch of Homer's fingers, she felt little devils of communication dancing in her own. In spite of everything she had returned his pressure.

As if those white fingers of hers had let loose some explosive force, she felt herself torn bodily out of Foster's arms. Homer Wilkes had all but wrenched her arm out of its socket; a shot from the pistol followed, evidently going wild, because next instant Homer was swarming over Captain Foster like a wildcat.

They made a queer double shape that went writhing and weaving in and out among the spiles, and finally slam up against the warehouse. This shape flattened, got down on all fours, crab fashion, and seemed in danger of edging off the wharf altogether. There came a snarl, a throttled breath, silence.

Then Homer Wilkes was standing up again before her, the shirt half torn from his chest, his arms looking huger than ever by reason of the extra blood his efforts had forced into them.

"You have killed him," Allie cried.

"He'll live to do a lot more mischief yet," Homer returned, bending over him. He took a rope out of his pocket and tied the fallen man's ankles together. When he stood up he had Captain Foster's pistol. He threw it into the water with a gentle swing and stared after it.

"I wish that gun was the worst scare he ever put into me," he whispered. "Allie, I don't know now if what I've done will meet with your approval. I just inferred from something in your finger tips ——"

He stopped short, and stared at her fingers. The little leather pouch dangled from them. Impulsively she shook the diamond into her palm.

"What would you infer from that?" she cried. "Maybe you'd think twice now if you had it to do over again."

"Don't you drop it through these cracks in your excitement," he said. "Here, you better give it to me for safe-keeping. I might as well have the name as the game."

"Why don't you just leave me to my own devices? Don't you know there was a time not so long ago when I would have gone away with him at the drop of a hat? That's the kind of woman I am."

"Steady. Steady over the shoals," Homer murmured. "I know the kind of woman you are. Nobody can tell me ——"

"I'm the kind of woman that believes, just on somebody else's mortal oath, that her husband can lie and—and steal; when all the time she ought to know, if she knows anything, that he's the kindest grandest ——"

"Hold your horses now," Homer muttered. "Don't you undertake to overexaggerate the case."

"As if I could. There I sat and saw George Foster step into the jury box, and never said a word, and didn't so much as lift my little finger ——"

"You didn't do anything I didn't do," Homer breathed. "I thought myself there was nothing like pulling the wool over the eyes of the law by having a friend in the jury box. After the verdict, the joke was on me. I figured the other eleven had convinced him, see, and all the time, it seems, he was convincing the eleven."

"Then—you know his part in it?" Allie cried.

"I wouldn't wonder. The fact is, I overheard that confab between you and Minnie. I have been stepping on your shadow ever since dark, practically; and still, where I was—at large, Allie, I was too bashful to make myself known. Queer too. There I had been sitting in jail all agog to get out, the four walls wouldn't hold me, I was ready to punch those blocks of stone out with my fists one at a time to get to you—and when I do get to you ——"

"You did mean for me to go away with George Foster? You did confess, because you thought I ——"

"There's no squirming out of it," Homer Wilkes said, pounding one fist against the other. "I did, yes. I made that grandstand play, and all the while I was fit to drive nails with my fists and pull 'em out again with my teeth. Allie, there's a saying hereabouts that a man and a woman have to eat a bushel of salt together before they can learn to trust each other with their eyes shut. Looks as if you and I were only on our first peck. You take it, on the facts ——"

"The facts," Allie cried. "How I abominate facts. Let's hereafter in our dealings

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with each other throw facts to the four winds. My soul, believing black is white is so much simpler, Homer."

"Safer too," Homer Wilkes agreed. She had cast herself into his arms. "Why right now, come to think of it," he continued, his arms about her, but his voice extremely staid, for Homer Wilkes, "if there hadn't been a Minnie Jewett to enlighten us ——"

Allie broke in, with tardy recognition of that unlucky girl's plight, "Homer, whatever will they do with her?"

"Nothing. Not a thing, Allie. Don't you worry. For one thing, I wouldn't wonder if she can turn state's evidence against George Foster here. Why, for that matter, I doubt if a man would be found guilty hereabouts of conspiring to put a Wilkes in prison. They probably would pack the jury in his favor."

"Your opinion of the law hasn't improved, in spite of the lesson you've had. But if you hadn't said that I'd hardly have known you for the same man," Allie said. "I guess now I am convinced though."

"Convinced, are you? Convinced beyond a reasonable doubt, Allie. Well now, convince yourself."

"If I could only convince you," Allie whispered, "of—of the other proposition."

It was growing light fast. He could see those cornflower-blue eyes very near his own. He bent his head.

After an interval, he said, rapt:

"I guess it will take a jury of twelve men to convince me you're the same woman after that, even with second cousins barred."

Allie murmured thankfully,

"I'll let the Baltimore orioles be the jury. Where they'll have another chance at horsehair out of this, it does seem as if they ought to render a favorable verdict."

(THE END)

THE PRIVATE REGISTER

(Continued from Page 15)

"How's the private register today?" Steve inquired.

"We've several on it—a senator who, I believe, is supposed to be in Washington; a politician from the Middle West; a German financier."

"Anything in the way of nobility?"

"A French vicomte; an Austrian countess."

"What's her name?"

"The Countess Tyznane, from Prague."

"Oh!" said Steve.

"She's the one you're looking for?" observed Sigert.

"Not exactly that," Steve countered. "What do you know about her?"

"Nothing at all except what I saw in a newspaper the day after she registered with us—that she was in New York to arrange for the publication of memoirs. We have them, by the way."

"Have what?" Steve inquired.

"Her book in our hotel safe. At least, we have something in the safe which I suppose must be her book. The day she arrived she deposited with us a package—a large sealed package—that is, it's sealed whenever we see it. It's light—papers. She sends for it when she has visitors and always returns it as soon as they have left, sealed with tapes of gummed paper across which she drops sealing wax, into which she presses the imprint of a ring, apparently, with an eagle and a lion head."

"She has visitors then?"

"So far she has just two of them, both men. They have called on her several times. Except for them, she has seen no one. How did you know about her?"

"I had an inquiry about her," Steve returned evasively.

"So have we," said Sigert; "several. There seems to be quite an interest in the Countess Tyznane. Of course, we've told everybody she is not here."

"Everybody?" Steve inquired.

"Everyone who's asked for her. Her two men callers do not ask; in every case, without making any inquiry, they have gone to her floor, and the floor clerk has been instructed by the countess to pass them to her suite. They have given no names, and she has not mentioned their names. She merely described them."

"Then she has no authorized list? Except for those two, she wants to see no one?"

"No one at all."

"What are they—foreigners or Americans?"

"Americans, apparently."

"She goes out with them?"

"She goes out with no one. In the three days she has been here, she has not left her suite even to step into the hall."

"But you've seen her?"

"Oh, yes, I've seen her," said Sigert. "She's a young woman, exceedingly attractive. Personality, Steve—more than any looks you can describe. She's somewhat below medium height; dark hair and dark eyes and a beautiful skin, clear white. You notice that especially; very white teeth, which she shows when she smiles. She's beautifully formed—small, slender hands and feet. Altogether," Sigert summed it up, "Steve, she's a witch."

"Witch?" Steve repeated the word. "You mean there's a—a suggestion of trouble about her?"

"That sort of girl can't merely suggest trouble," Sigert asserted. "She must make it, as long as there are men and other women in the world."

"Where is she in the house?" asked Steve.

"She has Suite 1142–4, southeast corner of the house, fifty a day. Anything you want done about her?"

Steve shook his head, but in a moment lifted the receiver of the phone before him and gave his name to the operator, instructing her to connect him with Room 1142. A maid, evidently, answered, speaking English with a Gallic accent. Steve asked for the countess, stating who he was, and a rather long consultation followed between the maid and someone else before the voice inquired, "The countess will know what it is you wish."

"May I speak to the countess personally?" Steve insisted.

"No, monsieur."

Steve thereupon patiently relayed through the maid, whom he heard interpreting in French, the question as to whether the countess wished to see Mr. Winston Breed, of New York, who was trying to find her.

The reply came emphatically in the negative, and Steve explained that he had not indicated that the countess was at the Colony.

He hung up and gazed across the desk at Sigert, observing, "She never goes out?"

"Never; and she's been with us three days. What you thinking?"

"Nothing," denied Steve, but arose, vaguely disturbed; and though he meant to dismiss the matter, it was on his mind when, a few hours later, he encountered in the lounge Art Racken.

Racken, once newspaper man, now doing publicity for the Colony, was Steve's source of information about such of the prominent or near-prominent as Steve himself chanced not to know. Art also was, informally, a sort of counselor in general in emergencies. His contacts were many and amazing; his varied experience, at first or second hand, furnished a fund of advice often of invaluable assistance to Steve.

The private register was practically the sole institution at the Colony which held for Racken no interest. His professional activities, being publicity, were directly opposed to it. Access to it for him was not forbidden, for Art was completely trustworthy. Rather, he eschewed it for himself, perhaps with some appreciation of the advantages of not being led into temptation. When Steve mentioned the Countess Tyznane, it was at once apparent that Racken was ignorant that she was on the private register of the Colony.

"She's over here now," Art said. "Quite a little flutter of expectation about her in sensitive circles."

"Sensitive?" repeated Steve.

"She's over arranging publication here of her memoirs, from which, I gather, much is expected—and when I say much, Steve, I do not exaggerate."

"Much what?" asked Steve.

"Much of Uncle Shylock's good money in royalties to her, Steve; and I hear the family needs it. The castles are in shocking repair. Her book will sell—oh, it will surely sell! One million copies ought to be conservative, if the publishers print half what is whispered on Park Avenue. Many of our well-known internationalists will quickly crawl to cover. There will be, I am sure, a much, much smaller outcry for forgiveness and cancellation of foreign debts when the little lady leaves us. She naturally is staying very quietly while making the arrangement. She is up in Westchester County, I hear," observed Racken.

"Is she?" asked Steve.

"Do you want to know definitely?" Racken inquired.

"If she is there I want to know it," Steve assured him; and Art promised to let him know by next morning.

Before Steve obtained information on this interesting point, Breed reappeared late in the evening. "Well," asked Breed, "what have you for me?"

"Nothing," replied Steve, feeling more uncomfortable than he had expected. From a professional standpoint, his duty was quite clear. A guest, requesting privacy in his hotel, had been promised it, and, so far as he knew, had done nothing to sacrifice her right to it. Her business here, though exceedingly embarrassing to others, was legal and, in its way, legitimate.

"She is not at the Colony?" Breed persisted.

"No."

"You mean she is, but you must say she isn't."

"I don't know where she is," Steve lied faithfully, following the rules of his own house required of his employes; yet, as he gazed at his friend, the vague distrust which had followed his phone call to the countess was redoubled.

"I believe you know where she is," Breed declared. "If you haven't actually located her, you know that you can take me to her."

"I can do nothing for you regarding the Countess Tyznane," Steve denied, and, in spite of himself, colored slightly.

"All right." Breed appeared to accept the situation. He took slowly from his pocket a long, well-filled envelope, which, Steve saw, was unaddressed and with flap unsealed, and held it with nervous hands which trembled uncertainly.

"I am commissioned to give her this," he said. "I'll leave it with you, open for your examination. Look at it, please, Steve, so that you will know when you give it to her exactly what you are doing, if she takes it. It is not from me, of course, though my card is the only communication in it. I am told there has been a previous correspondence regarding it, and that she will know by my card from whom it comes."

Steve glanced at the envelope. "That's money," he said; "a good deal of money."

"Yes." A deep and painful flush passed over Breed's face.

"You want me to give it to her and see if she takes it?"

"Yes."

"You hope she—won't?"

(Continued on Page 78)

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The flush stained Breed's cheek a still deeper crimson, and he looked away. "I want to know what she says and does. A great deal has happened since the war to—to deteriorate Europeans in their dealings with Americans." He seemed struggling to speak impersonally. "I don't know what to expect of her. Of course, I hope," he confessed, answering Steve's question, "she won't take it."

He put it with such deep feeling that Steve could not completely refuse him.

"Look in the envelope, please, Steve," Breed added. "Thank you very, very much." And he picked up his walking stick and went out at once.

Steve examined the envelope. Bank notes were its contents—notes of large denomination.

He counted them curiously—twenty five-hundred-dollar bills. The envelope held ten thousand dollars and Breed's card, without any note or inscription.

Calling Sigert in the morning, he learned that there was no alteration in the situation of the countess. She was in her suite at the Colony and had remained completely incomunicado except to her two permitted callers, who, last night, had brought with them another man. The three had left together shortly after eleven.

By morning, Art Racken meant noon at the earliest, Steve very well knew; and, indeed, it was afternoon before he received Racken's report. He was approaching the hotel entrance when he saw Art in a freshly pressed suit of dove gray, with a gardenia in his buttonhole. Art was paying off a cab.

"Oh, about the lady you mentioned yesterday," Racken said to Steve. "She is in Westchester, or was last week."

"How long ago?" asked Steve.

"Three or four days," replied Racken.

"Any report of her more recently?" Steve inquired.

"Why?"

"Come into the office for a moment," Steve directed; and Racken, aware that something serious was up, followed him into a private room, where Steve gave the information that a guest calling herself the Countess Tyznane was on the private register of the Colony.

"So," said Racken, with increased interest, "we have Clothilde with us, have we? This is her little lair. Here are her Manhattan headquarters."

"What else have you heard about her?" Steve demanded.

"Plenty," assured Racken. "From what I've gathered since I've seen you, the publication of the pleasant little memoirs we mentioned yesterday may be indefinitely postponed—at a price of course. Or that is the word which is now cheering some of our most sensitive internationalists."

"You mean she's using the Colony as headquarters, not for arranging the publication of the memoirs but to collect the price of not publishing them," said Steve, and put his hand upon the envelope of Breed's money in his pocket. He considered mentioning it to Racken, but thought better of it.

He sought Sigert and inquired, more circumstantially, about the original arrangements for the countess. Sigert showed him the correspondence from abroad preceding the countess' arrival.

Steve went to the eleventh floor and from the desk of the floor clerk he called Room 1142, saying who he was and asking permission to come to the room. A consultation followed, similar to that at his first call in behalf of Breed, and resulted in a reply that it was impossible for the countess to receive anyone now.

"When will it be possible to see me?" Steve insisted.

"Madame does not require to see you at all," the maid replied. "She is satisfied with the service at the hotel. She finds no fault. She will accept, as if made, the compliment of your call."

"I wish to see her," returned Steve more sternly. "In fact I must see her."

This precipitated a lengthier consultation, which terminated in a cool reply, resigned in tone, "You may come now."

Steve went to the door of 1144, which was the drawing-room, where he knocked, and after a few moments a pretty maid, plainly a Frenchwoman, admitted him.

Seldom, when entering a suite during its occupancy, was Steve impressed by any strong sense of individuality. The likeness of one guest to another following him in a hotel room seemed to Steve sometimes amazing. How little distinguished one from another; how colorless and complete was the sameness of most of them! Contrarily, he stirred always to slight, agreeable stimulus when stepping into one of his rooms and feeling at once an unusual presence.

No one was in this 1144; but a scarlet and green parrot clawed at a jet-black cage; someone had flung—there was no other word for it—a lion's skin over the back of a couch; small personal articles, gay with a red and yellow crest, lay on the writing desk; the very furniture conveyed personality by a slight peculiarity of placing.

The door to the room which Steve knew to be a bedroom, was partly open; and he suspected, without glancing through, that he was being observed. Suddenly the door opened wide.

"Monsieur le propriétaire?" a quick, cool voice questioned him, and the girl whom Breed and Sigert had described swept into the room. She was in a wine-red dress, close, clinging, and displaying to good advantage her slender figure. She was quick, lively, with vivacity in her voice, her small gestures, her smile when she had spoken her short challenge. Her eyes were dark and bright; and the whiteness of her skin, upon which Sigert especially had commented, was conspicuous. Hers was a clear, glowing whiteness in striking contrast to her dark hair.

This at first appeared black, but closer it became dark auburn, with copper lights in it. Cut short and brushed severely back, it might appear boyish upon another; she in no way suggested a boy; her femininity was her most marked characteristic. She was a beautiful young woman. A scent, distinctive, indescribable, exhilarating, swept into the room with her.

Sigert had spoken of her smile, and she repeated "Monsieur le propriétaire?" smiling and showing very white teeth.

"Yes," said Steve; and asked, "You speak English?" He had forgotten to ask Sigert that.

She gave a direction to her maid in French too rapidly for Steve to follow, and the maid asked, "You do not speak French, sir?"

"Only a little," Steve admitted.

"Your language is not one which the countess speaks," said the maid, "so she asks, through me, what is it you wish? You have called in person to make sure that the service of the hotel remains, to the countess, satisfactory?"

"No, not that exactly," Steve replied to the maid, but watched the countess, with his pulse perceptibly hastening.

She was more than a merely attractive woman; she possessed, beyond the attributes of physical beauty, much of that quality of charm sometimes summed up in the word "personality," and to which Sigert had added the appellation of "witch."

She was well aware of it. By her glance, her manner, her slight shrug of her shoulders as she waited, by the small gestures of her lovely white hands, she was making a play to please Steve; and he felt the attractiveness of her at the same time he was conscious of the slightly sinister suggestion that Sigert also had noticed.

Steve tried to deduct from her ten years—and this sinister suggestion. He tried to see her as the girl of fifteen who had been Winston Breed's companion, and to trace the source of that later fascination for Breed which had made her, for him, so wonderful as a woman, before the deterioration of Europeans in their dealings with

(Continued on Page 78)

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Americans. The source of attraction and the ways of a man in love, Steve decided, were past finding out.

"Winston Breed, for whom I spoke the other day," said Steve, watching her, "has asked me to deliver to you a—communication."

"*Qu'est-ce que c'est?*" asked the countess quickly.

"This is it," said Steve, and he drew Breed's heavy envelope from his pocket.

Ten thousand dollars, he knew it contained; and the countess' eyes were upon it. Did she know, or at least expect, that it contained money?

Her eyes went from the envelope to his face; immediately she was scanning him. "What are you trying to do?" her bright eyes seemed to inquire, and Steve felt that she went on guard against him.

"He asked you to give that to me?" asked the countess, and Steve's French was equal to this, without the maid's translation.

"He did."

Her glance shifted from Steve's eyes to the envelope, and he was sure that she discerned the bulk and shape of bank notes. If Racken's information was correct, probably she had become familiar with the form and bulk of American bank notes in white envelopes. The character of the prospective transaction between them was, Steve believed, perfectly plain. She must be in doubt, however, of the denomination of the notes. What would they total, and what would be the risk to her in receiving them?

Apparently she decided somewhat to resolve this last problem. "You know what you have, monsieur?" she challenged him in French.

"I do," said Steve. "Money."

"Money," she repeated in English, smiling sardonically; and this, Steve felt sure, was a part of the deterioration of recent years. "Money *Américain?*"

"American money," said Steve.

"Ah, there is so much, much of it!"

"There is a good deal here," said Steve, in bad French.

"A good deal, monsieur?"

"Ten thousand dollars."

Steve saw her start slightly. The amount, even for her present operations, must be unusual. It made her, Steve imagined, more avid to obtain that bulky envelope, but also more afraid to extend her white hand for it.

"You in person bring it to me!" she exclaimed, studying him. "You know why you bring it, or you are, perhaps, in the matter a mere *messager?*"

"*Messager?*" Steve repeated the French word which he had not fully comprehended.

"What you call errand boy, monsieur," said the maid; and in spite of himself, Steve warmed. He knew that she was purposely endeavoring to disturb him, so he replied, "You may consider me whatever you wish."

"Very well, monsieur," she made her decision, "I receive my communication." And she put out her white, slim hand.

Steve hesitated. The amount in the envelope, large as it was, composed no great sum to Breed, he realized, or to those it came from; it was, indeed, inconsiderable to some family as a price of sparing itself public ridicule and humiliation. Pride—and the saving of face—was worth far more than that; and it was plain to Steve that Breed believed, whatever may have been the countess' deterioration with respect to Americans, she would keep faith after receiving the money; she would suppress her embarrassing comments upon that particular family.

"So it is not to be handed over?" queried the countess, slightly taunting. "It is merely to be—displayed?"

"It is yours," he said, and delivered it.

The white hand held it without triumph or immediately betraying curiosity. "You have another message, Monsieur -Monsieur le propriétaire?"

"No."

"It is all then."

Outside the door of the suite, which immediately was closed and bolted behind him, Steve found himself in a stretch of corridor forsaken except by himself. No one passed; no one was in sight. The elevators were around a right-angle turn some distance down the corridor, which at this point was used only by those occupying the rooms directly fronting on it.

Steve, uncomfortable in mind, troubled in thought, followed the corridor to the elevators and stopped at the desk of the floor clerk opposite them, where a capable-seeming girl was on duty.

"You know 1142 by sight?" he inquired of her.

"The Countess Tyznane? Yes, Mr. Faraday."

"You've not, however, seen her go in or out past your desk?"

"I was on duty when she was checked in, sir, and saw her then."

"You know her maid too?"

"Yes, Mr. Faraday."

"If either of them passes you, going out, you will at once call Mr. Sigert and inform him."

There was no way for the countess to leave the hotel without passing the floor clerk.

Immediately Steve descended to Sigert's office and informed him of the situation and arranged a plan of action, if either the countess or her maid attempted to leave the hotel. He went then to his rooms, where Birkie, his man, reported to him that Mr. Winston Breed had phoned several times and wished him to call immediately on his return. Steve rang the number, which proved to be Breed's home, and Winston was in.

"Oh, yes, Steve," Winston exclaimed. "Regarding the matter I spoke to you of yesterday. Please do nothing at all about it." His tone was lighter than Steve had yet heard it; relief, Steve thought; he sounded almost cheerful.

"I've attended to it," said Steve, not cheerily at all.

"What?"

"I've seen her."

"When?" There was perplexity in Breed's tone.

"Just now."

"I say," said Breed, after an instant's silence, "I don't understand. I want to see you. I'll run down there. Will you wait?"

"I was just about to send for you," said Steve; and rather impatiently waited.

With each ring of the phone, he listened uneasily on the chance that it might be a message from Sigert before Breed arrived; for Steve appreciated the difficulty in detaining the countess, or even her maid, without taking some overt action, if either wished to leave the hotel. However, no such call came, and Breed arrived promptly.

He was altered from his manner at his previous calls; there was less depression in him now. He was nervous and quite openly perplexed, and instantly he explained this.

"Steve, I've heard from her—had a note from her. And you've seen her, you say?"

"Yes," said Steve, "I've seen her. I followed out your instructions. I gave her the money, Win."

Breed's face crimsoned; he moved anxiously. "You offered it to her, you mean?"

"I gave it to her," Steve repeated stubbornly. "She took it, Win."

Breed went mechanically to a chair and seated himself without knowing that he did it. "I was trying to get you, Steve," he said uncertainly. "I was phoning you all afternoon."

"I wasn't in my rooms; and I'm never to be got, except at a certain hour, at the Colony. They've orders not to try to find me or receive calls for me. What was it, Win?"

"Just that I'd heard from her—had a note, asking me to come and see her this evening."

"Where?"

"She'll be next door—at your hotel, the Colony. Where did you see her, Steve?"

"Next door—at the Colony."

"Ah, she's there now?"

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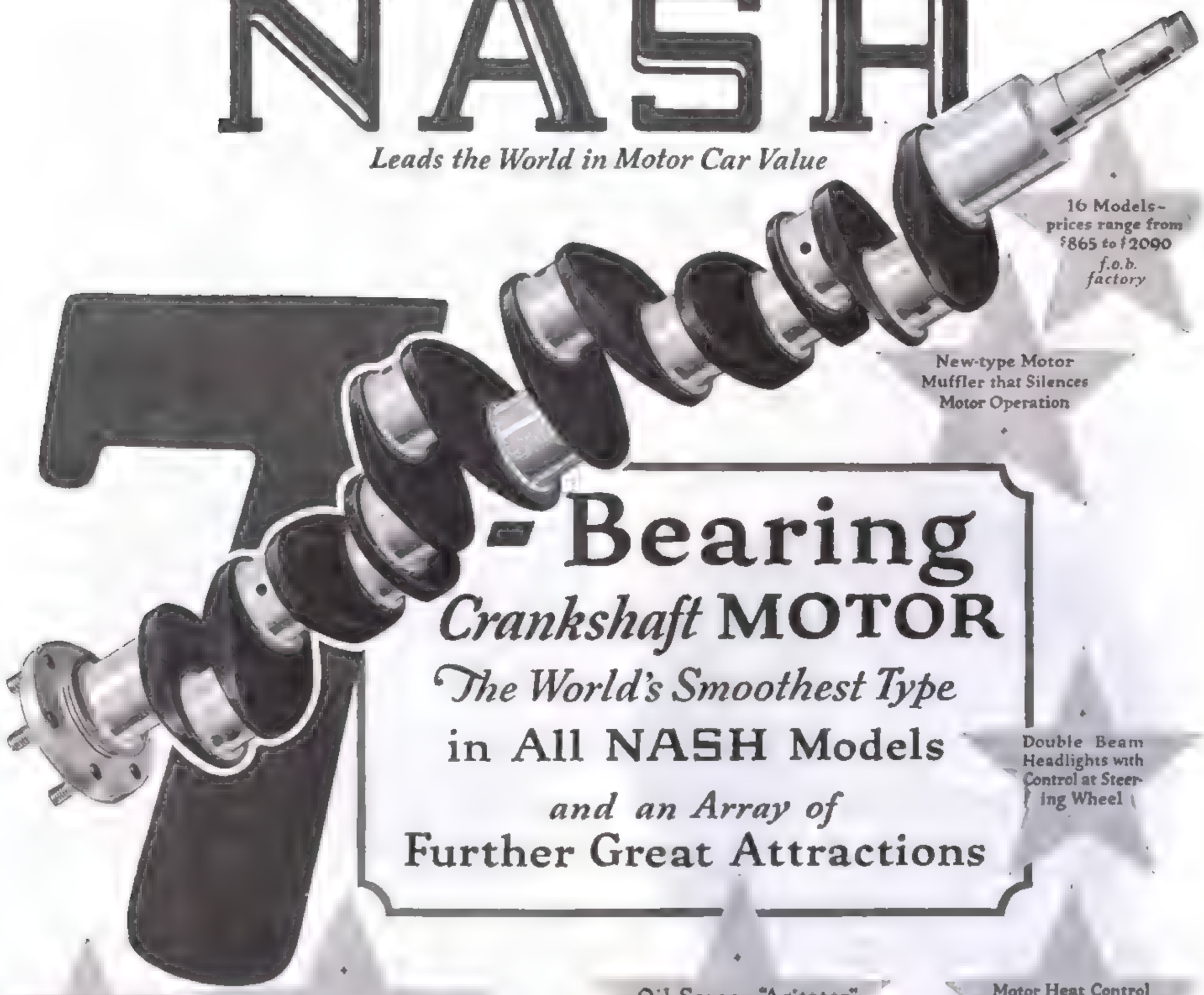

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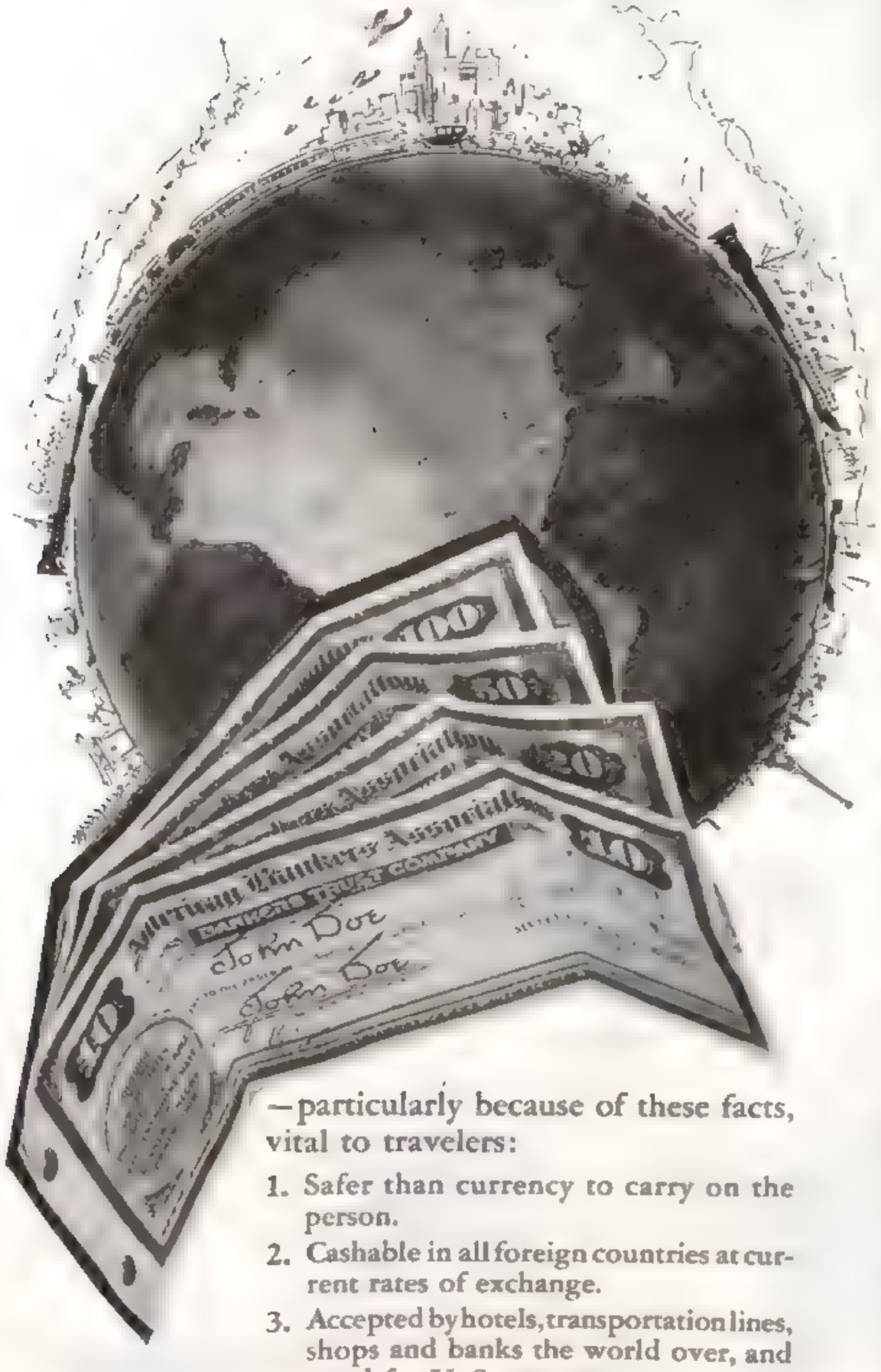

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(Continued from Page 78)

Steve nodded, glancing at the phone, which had remained silent recently. "Yes, she's there now."

Breed started up impulsively, but controlled himself and sat back. "You offered her the money, Steve?"

"Yes," said Steve coldly, "I offered it to her, and she received and kept it."

"I don't understand." Breed got up in agitation and moved nervously about the room. "People came to me—people well known to me, whom I could not doubt—and said she was here in New York, and was demanding money from them not to print things about them which she'd written in her book. Some of them had paid her, or they said they had. I couldn't believe it. Then I had to believe. There was no doubt she was in New York, and I hadn't heard from her. She hadn't let me know she was here."

"Had any of them seen her?"

"Some of them had; she met them at an attorney's office by appointment. Others had had dealings only with two men who were representing her; they had credentials from her and her own manuscript. I knew all this, Steve, the first time I came to see you; but I couldn't bring myself to tell it to you or to anybody else. I could not bear to admit that she had taken to that. I asked one of the men whom she was holding up to give his money to me; I wanted to deliver it, if delivery was to be made. I wanted to see for myself how and why she was receiving the money and what she would say for herself. So he gave it to me instead of to her messenger; when you wouldn't help me go to her, though I was sure you knew where she was, I gave it to you. And then I got her note."

"She had found out by that time, I think," said Steve, "that the money from that particular victim was to reach her through you."

"Yes."

"And so made an appointment with you."

"I don't know. It didn't look to me like that. It seemed to me just a note of the sort she's always written me—frank, pleasant, saying she wanted to see me. You know how it is when you've been doubting anyone, and you hear from them in just the tone they've always used, suddenly you feel that everything's all right. That's how I felt."

Steve studied him. "She told you she'd be at the Colony tonight, Win; where was she when she wrote you?"

Breed pulled from his pocket a square envelope addressed to himself in definite characteristic writing. He held it so that he showed to Steve the postmark. "She was up in Westchester, visiting friends."

"Last night?"

"Yesterday afternoon, when she wrote this."

"H'm!" Steve considered, starting up. "Just now she's next door. I'm going to see her again. Will you come?"

Together they went to the Colony, and immediately to the eleventh floor, where Steve inquired of the floor clerk, who was the same girl he had cautioned earlier, "Has anyone left 1142?"

"Yes, sir; the maid, just now."

"Where did she go?"

"She took the elevator down. I've phoned Mr. Sigert."

"Have you seen the countess?"

"No, sir."

"Come on," said Steve, and led Breed to the corner suite, where he knocked.

There was no response to repeated rapping, and Steve returned to the floor clerk's desk, where he rang the room phone. This elicited no answer, and after another trial at the door, Steve summoned the head chambermaid, who opened the door with her pass key. She went in, while Steve and Breed remained in the hall; soon she beckoned them in. The rooms were empty.

Breed, anxious and deeply troubled, stared about the room, recognizing the crest on the note paper, on some of the small personal articles.

"That's the Tyznane coat of arms?" asked Steve.

"Yes. . . . You said she was here Where is she?"

"She was here, and she has not passed the floor clerk."

"What do you mean?"

"I left special instructions to the floor clerk to watch her. The girl has been constantly on duty since I left the countess with your ten thousand dollars."

Steve remembered the maid and rang up Sigert. "She left the house some time ago," Sigert reported. "Burke went along after her and is to phone Seligman if he gets anything." Burke was one of the house detectives, and Seligman Steve's chief of detective staff, with headquarters at the Colony. "Anything from the countess?"

"She has left her room; we're in the suite," Steve stated. But he did not wait in the rooms. He went into the hall, where the seclusion of the suite, out of sight of the station of the floor clerk, impressed him again, and doubly.

Six doors, similarly hidden from view of the watch station, he passed before he came in sight of the floor clerk. He went on to her.

"You are sure that the Countess Tyznane has not passed?"

"I am sure, Mr. Faraday."

"You would know her?"

"I noticed her particularly when she came. She was very unusual, sir. I am sure I would know her. . . . Besides, I know everyone who has passed since you've been here, Mr. Faraday."

"Who have?" inquired Steve.

"No one but guests going to and from their rooms recently, sir." And the girl listed them, picking up the keys which had been left with her. "Here is 1167, sir."

"Who is it?"

"Mr. Trowbridge, of Cincinnati, sir—a large, red-faced man. Here is 1174—a married couple."

"Young?" asked Steve.

"Grandparents, I'd say, sir. . . . Here is 1181."

"Never mind those," Steve interrupted suddenly. "Who has passed from Number 1145–50 or from 1138–41?" He named the doors on the other side of the countess' suite, which, similarly, were out of sight of the girl's station.

"Just two people, sir."

"Together?"

"No; 1139 went to his room. I gave him his key ten minutes ago."

"He hasn't passed out again?"

"No."

"Never mind him; who was the other?"

"1148."

"A girl?" asked Steve.

"A woman, sir."

"Name?"

"She's Mrs. Buell Wickes—an English lady, sir."

"You know her?"

"Yes, sir. I've seen her in and out several times."

"How old is she?"

"Old? I can't say, sir," said the girl, somewhat confused. "She's not old. A young lady, Mr. Faraday."

"As young as the countess?"

"Oh, no, sir. She wears glasses."

"Does she? But she's about the countess' height?"

"No, sir—I mean I never noticed."

"Stand up," said Steve; and then: "The countess is about your height; is Mrs. Buell Wickes also?"

"About, sir."

"How does she pass you? Cloaked? Veiled, perhaps?"

"Not veiled that I remember; but she's always had on a heavy fox fur coat."

"Can you describe Mrs Buell Wickes?"

"She always has on a pale color, Mr. Faraday, and her glasses with horn rims."

"What color is her hair?"

"She's always had a hat over it."

"Spoken to her?"

(Continued on Page 82

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PEANUTS

(Continued from Page 80)

"Yes, sir; she stops and speaks; she's very pleasant—speaks with a very English voice."

"When did she register?"

"She's been here four days, sir."

"That would be just before the Countess Tyznane came—or just afterwards."

"I'm sure it was just before, sir."

Steve returned to the corner suite, where Breed, impatient and decidedly upset, was awaiting him.

"What business have we here?" he asked of Steve.

"If you're bothering about the occupant of this suite returning and finding you here, don't worry," Steve counseled him. "She's gone for good, I guess; and, I regret greatly to say, with your ten thousand dollars, and probably a good bit more."

Breed merely stared in reply, and, in his pocket, fingered his letter.

"Come with me, Win," Steve said to him, "while I test a little idea I have. The occupant of this suite is not here, nor has she passed the floor clerk. When I called upon the countess this afternoon she was wearing a peculiar wine-red dress, utterly unfitted for the street. If we can't find her, let's see if we can find it." He referred to the head chambermaid. "Come and open 1148 for me."

Breed and he again waited outside while the woman examined a bedroom. "No one in here," she reported, and Steve and Breed stepped in.

Upon a chair, where had been flung also a few bits of lingerie, lay a wine-red dress—the identical dress, Steve instantly recognized, which the occupant of 1142 had worn at her interview with him an hour earlier.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, picking it up with some triumph. "Here it is! You see, she could go back and forth from this door to her own without being seen by anyone. She has had this room also. She has come and gone as the English lady, Mrs. Buell Wickes, and has kept her room for four days as the Countess Tyznane." And he explained to Breed something of the circumstances.

"Are you making the accusation," protested Breed, "that Clothilde has been registered here under her own name on the private register and has had this room, on the public register, as an Englishwoman to—to blackmail people afraid of what she might print about them? Steve, be careful what you're saying! She might, in hatred of Americans, publish things damaging to them; I've even had to believe that, in financial trouble, she might accept money for not publishing such things; but this is pure swindle, and I can't stick it—Steve, she never could have done this."

"I agree with you fully," said Steve surprisingly. "The Countess Tyznane did not do what I have said has been done. We have never had the Countess Tyznane here."

"What?" cried Breed.

"It is perfectly clear that someone else—I hope we can soon learn who—has taken advantage of our private register to pose as the Countess Tyznane," said Steve.

"Good Lord!" ejaculated Breed.

"Of course I did not know that an hour ago; I did not even suspect she was here also under another name. Yet before I left the hotel, after handing over your ten thousand dollars, I took measures which—in spite of this extra registry as the English lady—ought to bring us something."

But Breed was in no condition to speculate, for the time being at least, on possible contingencies; the revulsion of feeling which he was experiencing showed how great had been the strain he had been under these past few days.

"So it was not Clothilde at all," he repeated, in excitement. "Not her at all, you say, Steve. Good Lord, I'm glad of that!"

Steve left the chambermaid to relock both rooms, and he took Breed down to Sigert's office.

"Heard anything from Burke?" he asked Sigert.

"Nothing yet."

"He'll report, of course, to Seligman. Tell Seligman we're interested not only in a woman answering the description of the Countess Tyznane, who was in 1142, but we are equally interested in a young Englishwoman, wearing glasses with heavy horn rims and made up with lots of color and wearing a fox fur coat." And he explained to Sigert the circumstances of the double registry and the other particulars which the past hour had brought to them.

"Neat enough!" Sigert commented. "Toilet articles with the Tyznane coat of arms, you say, and everything in perfect keeping. You saw the suite, Mr. Breed. What did you think of it?"

"I'd have thought the Countess Tyznane herself had been occupying it," replied Breed, more collected now and eager to take a part.

"You have no idea who could have had such intimate knowledge of the countess' habits and who and what was in her book as to put this over?"

"None whatever."

Steve, who did not often dine in the public rooms of one of his hotels, had dinner with Breed in the gold room of the Colony. A call regarding the Countess Tyznane reached Sigert at seven o'clock and was reported to them. It came from Myron Longstreat, in Westchester, who reminded the manager of the Colony that some time ago the Countess Tyznane had written him about accommodations, and he had assured her that at any time he could take care of her and assure her privacy.

"I will have a suite for her immediately," Sigert had made answer, and said nothing at all about the recent tenancy of 1142.

"The countess will be in about nine o'clock," said Longstreat.

At 7:30, having finished their meal, Steve went with Breed to Sigert's office, where they found Seligman.

"The maid took a 7:10 train at the Grand Central," the chief of detectives informed them.

"Anybody with her?" inquired Steve.

"No one."

"You mean," demanded Breed hotly, "that you didn't arrest her?"

Seligman smiled slightly. "We were not quite so dumb as to do that, Mr. Breed."

"You have let her go?"

"At least temporarily." The detective again addressed Steve: "She had her transportation and went to the train only a minute before it started. We could not learn what destination her ticket called for. The train's final destination is Montreal, but she may be bound somewhere intermediate."

Steve, better acquainted with Seligman's methods than Breed, merely nodded; he was entirely confident that the detective was doing all, with regard to his end of the affair, that anyone could accomplish.

A little after nine, Clothilde Countess Tyznane arrived at the hotel. Steve, learning that she was accompanied by Myron Longstreat, and knowing that nothing of importance could be done until the event of the pseudo countess had been explained to her, let Breed meet her alone.

Later, having heard nothing more from Seligman, he first called the suite of the Countess Tyznane on the house phone and then went up there. He had maintained 1142-4, which the pretended countess had occupied, for the present exactly as she had left it; and the Countess Tyznane had been assigned the suite directly under it on the tenth floor. As he rapped at the door of 1042-4, he had a queerly reminiscent feeling of his visit to the rooms above. Again a black-haired maid, a young Frenchwoman, admitted him; again he entered rooms which, though occupied hardly an hour, had taken on surprisingly the personality of their occupant.

There, however, the resemblance ended; for the similarity of the rooms merely emphasized to him the dissimilarity of the women. A certain resemblance existed in the hair, though that of Clothilde Countess Tyznane showed more golden lights than

(Continued on Page 84)

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[*Lilas de France*]

(Continued from Page 82)

auburn; their figures also were remarkably similar, but except for that there was no real likeness. "One of the most beautiful women in Europe," Breed had described the countess; and Steve could not dispute that she must be that. No wonder, he reflected, the woman who impersonated her had found it necessary to take refuge under protection of his private register and to meet, during her negotiations, only those whom she was assured were not familiar with the countess' appearance!

"Mr. Breed has told you," Steve inquired of her, after Breed had introduced them, "what has been going on here?"

The countess' dark eyes flashed with indignation and her slim white hand made a decided gesture. "Yes! My name has been taken and miserably misused. I have been, it appears, the victim of an imposture."

"You and others," Steve answered. "They have undergone fear, anxiety and, I believe, a considerable money loss."

"About fifty thousand dollars that I know of," observed Breed. "It may be much more than that."

"It was done," Steve continued, "by someone who was very familiar with your private affairs. Can you give us any help as to who that might be?"

The countess shook her blond head violently. "No, monsieur."

"Our theory as to how it was done is this: Someone knew you had written to the Colony for accommodations, or else knew that you intended to write. She presented herself here, using your name, claimed the accommodations and had almost a week, before you arrived, in which to carry out her plan. Who could have known your intentions so perfectly as that?"

"I can imagine no one."

"Where and when was it that you wrote to the Colony?"

"In Paris."

"And when did you arrive in America?"

"Eight days ago—a week."

"She came by steamer to Boston, Steve," Breed put in eagerly. "She isn't familiar with American distances and had no idea Boston was so near New York. That's why she didn't write me she was coming. Even when she came on to the Longstreats', in Westchester, she didn't realize she was so close to New York, and wrote me only after she knew when she would arrive here."

"A surprise for him," said the countess. "I wanted to come unexpectedly."

Her gaze for an instant upon Breed, left small doubt in Steve's mind of the present or, indeed, the probable future relations between Winston Breed and the Countess Tyznane, of Prague. But for the moment Steve gave that fact no part of his attention.

"You came here to arrange for the publication of your memoirs?" he pursued.

"Yes."

"Very well," said Steve. "We have them."

A look of amazement came over the beautiful face of the countess. "What?"

"We have them," Steve repeated. "We have in our safe here at the Colony something which, if it is not really your memoirs, has enough resemblance to them so that it seems to have convinced a number of Americans who saw it that it was authentic and made them willing to pay considerable amounts of money to suppress its references to themselves. It is about time, I think, to find out what that really is."

He went to the house phone, called Sigert and instructed him to send the package to the rooms of the Countess Tyznane.

"The young woman who was using your name," he explained to them, "found Mr. Breed seriously interfered with her arrangements when he intrusted to me the ten thousand dollars which he was to give to her. She undoubtedly expected to claim the package before leaving: after my visit she did not dare to. Her one thought was to get herself safely out of the hotel."

A messenger brought the package to the door. Steve took it and broke the gummed strips of paper which sealed it, displaying within a thick sheaf of papers, some typewritten, some in longhand, in a handwriting which bore, he saw at once, a strong resemblance to that on the envelope of the note from the countess which Breed had showed him some hours before.

"*Mon Dieu!*"

"These are yours?" asked Steve.

"Certainly they are mine," cried the countess, sorting the sheets with slender, trembling hands. "Indeed they are mine! But they exist no longer. They have been destroyed. I myself destroyed them. These are what, of my memoirs, I intended not to publish. Terrible! It was not merely that I had given my promise to Monsieur Breed, the father of Winston, that they should not be published; I would not print such things—to cause unhappiness to so many people—and untrue, many of them, if not in fact, in spirit."

She seized the papers impulsively and moved toward the fireplace to burn them; but Steve checked her. "We'll keep them for the present," he declared. "You can destroy them later. Where was it you believed them to have been destroyed?"

"In Paris."

"That ought to give you some line on who preserved them."

The countess reflected. "No," she said. "I gave them to Michel, an attendant at the hotel where I was staying, to be burned. Since he, perhaps, merely threw them away, they might have been picked up by anyone."

That, then, was that; and he could think of but one other line of inquiry to pursue at present.

"Rooms 1142 and 44," he said, "which the woman occupied, have been kept in the condition that she left them. Will you come up there with me and look them over—look over her things—and see if they give you any clew to who she may have been?" He glanced at his watch. "Give me a moment first."

He called Sigert on the phone. "Anything from Seligman yet?"

"Nothing," Sigert replied.

Steve led the way to the eleventh floor. His watch showed 11:30; Seligman should have reported by now either his success or failure. The maid had taken the Montreal train at 7:10. There were but two other evening trains from New York to Montreal, one at 8:30, the other at 10:53. If, as Seligman believed, the maid and the woman who had occupied 1142 as the Countess Tyznane had appointed their meeting in Montreal, where, possibly, steamer passage out of the country for them had been booked, Steve should have had confirmation of success from Seligman by now. Seligman had been entirely confident that the "countess" had not taken the same train as the maid. They dared not travel together. The "countess," according to Seligman's belief, would take one of the two later trains. For that reason Seligman had been afraid to arrest the maid. "If we pinch her, we warn the other," he had said. So he had put his man Burke on the same train with the maid to take the maid off the train at some intermediate point and bring her back.

Had the maid eluded Burke on the train and the "countess" eluded Seligman at the Grand Central? Why not, since she had had time, go part way by automobile and catch at some intermediate point either the same train the maid had taken or a later one?

Steve, who had stopped at the desk of the floor clerk to get the key, unlocked the door of Rooms 1142-4 and stood back for the Countess Tyznane and Breed to enter before him.

"Will you look the place over, please?" he directed.

The parrot clawed at its black perch and screamed at them; and again, as when he had entered these rooms with Breed's ten thousand dollars in his pocket, a perfume, faint, exhilarating, unmistakable, assailed him. The woman who had occupied these rooms was gone, but the scent which she had used still lingered.

"*Mon Dieu!*" said the Countess Tyznane. "You have had in these rooms someone very fond of sandalwood."

"Yes," said Steve eagerly, watching her face. "Does that mean anything to you?"

"No—yes. It might. Indeed, it reminds me of someone, Mr. Faraday, but not one who could have had anything to do with this. That is quite impossible."

"Look over the toilet things, please, and the clothes she left. She had to get out too quick, you see, to take anything at all with her. That is your coat of arms, Mr. Breed tells me."

"Yes."

"Correctly copied, of course?"

"Copied?" exclaimed the Countess Tyznane. "No, indeed, it is not copied! Some of these things were mine. Oh, it must be Suzanne!"

"Who—who?" asked Steve.

"Suzanne Marek. Indeed, I can see now it could have been no other. She is—how shall I say it, Mr. Faraday, since I cannot say a friend? An acquaintance and, in a way, a dependent. Her family has been completely ruined. She helped me with my manuscripts in Prague; yes, and in Paris; she knew all they contained. But in Paris I said farewell to her and she returned home."

"Apparently not exactly that," said Steve. He went to the phone and called up Sigert.

"I've got a name to give you," he commenced.

"All right," Sigert replied, "I'll take it. But I've got something here for you too. Seligman wants to speak to you."

"Give me that first," said Steve. "Where is he? In the house?"

Seligman's voice instead of Sigert's answered him. "Got her, Mr. Faraday!"

"The 'countess'? Where?"

"Here in the hotel. I brought her back here."

"How about the money?"

"She had it on her—all of it."

"Heard anything from Burke?"

"Yes; he's on the way back here with the maid."

Steve turned to the countess and to Breed and told the news; and together they returned to the suite on the lower floor, where the countess picked up the discarded pages from the package.

"These now I shall burn," she said to Steve and Breed. "They may be evidence against Suzanne Marek, but no one in court will use them. No one here will, I think, appear against Suzanne—after all money is returned, as it shall be. I will deal with her; and this will be the end of these."

She flung them in the fireplace, Breed touched a match to them; and Steve did not interfere.

At a knock on the door, Steve stepped aside. "I will be glad," he said, "to leave to you your countrywoman. We have now a Countess Tyznane on both the public and private registers. I shall go down and cancel the private registration made last week in your name."

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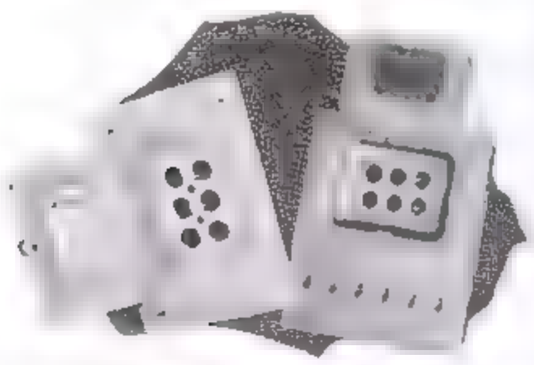
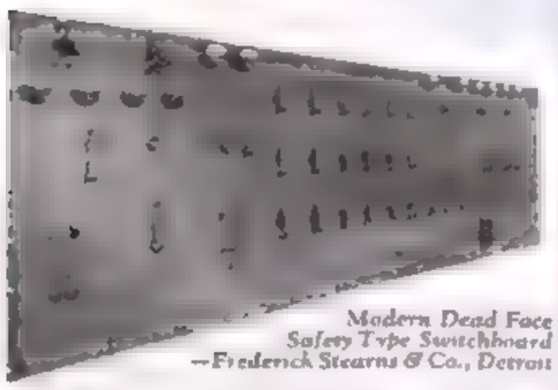


Bull Dog Safety Fusenters

Keep fuses out of cellar. Make it as safe and easy to replace fuses as electric light bulbs. Can be located in hall, stairway, living room. Cost less than old style cut out boxes. Furnished in all types and sizes.

Bull Dog Safety Switches

Are positive in action. Quick make and quick break. Luminited finish, visible in the dimmest light. Protect yourself and your employees.



Modern Dead Face
Safety Type Switchboard
—Frederick Stearns & Co., Detroit

Bull Dog Switchboards

Complete line of Switchboards and panel boards for the safe and simple control of the most complicated electric distribution. Put your problems up to Bull Dog Engineers.

MUTUAL ELECTRIC & MACHINE CO.
DETROIT, MICHIGAN, U. S. A.

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Continued from Page 36

I've run 'em till I'm silly! That's why now to you I say:

CHORUS: *"A brighter day has dawned, lads," and so on.*

IV

Poor Democrats! They thought Al Smith would get the picture vote!
Once more the Old Guard's tricked 'em! Baby hands will rock that boat!
No longer Miss Americus, legs, Channel champs—that's sure!—
Upon these pages! Heaven, at last, has blest the rotogravure!
As the manna looked to Moses, as to mariners the lighthouse,
To a rotogravure editor is a baby in the White House!"
Eager hands outstretched to catch him as they saw his body sway,
But he died e'er they could reach him, though these last words he did say:

CHORUS: *"A brighter day has dawned, lads," and so on. —Katharine Dayton.*

The Courthouse Reporter's Catechism

HOW did the murderer look as his trial started? ANS. The wan and haggard face of the slayer reflected the months he has spent in prison. He was plainly worried, and his clothes were badly in need of pressing.

How did the woman slayer look as she appeared for trial? ANS. The defendant had never looked younger or more charming. She might have been a debutante at her coming-out party instead of a defendant at the bar of justice. She was prettily yet modestly attired in an adorably feminine little frock.

Describe the jury. ANS. The jury was above the average in intelligence.

What happened to the defendant? ANS. He underwent a merciless grilling at the hands of the state attorney.

What did the audience do? ANS. A ripple of amusement ran through the audience.

What did the judge do then? ANS. The judge pounded his desk and threatened to clear the court room.

What motion did the defense attorneys make at the close of the state's case? ANS. The defense moved that the judge direct the jury to return a verdict of not guilty, on the ground that the state had wholly failed to make out its case.

What did the judge do? ANS. The judge overruled the motion.

What did the defense do then? ANS. The defense attorneys declared that the abrupt conclusion of the state's case had caught them by surprise, and asked for a day's recess to gather their witnesses.

What did the character witnesses summoned for the defendant testify? ANS. They declared that the man on trial was possessed of an unimpeachable character and a spotless reputation.

How did the state attorney begin his argument? ANS. The state attorney told the jurors it was unnecessary to insult their intelligence by a review of the evidence. He prayed their attention for a few minutes while he touched up some of the most ridiculous points in the case of the defense.

What did the defense attorney say about the state attorney? ANS. The defense charged the state attorney with thirsting for the blood of an innocent man.

How did the defendant receive the verdict of guilty? ANS. His face blanched a deadly white, but he remained the calmest man in the room.

How did the woman slayer receive the verdict of acquittal? ANS. She burst into tears and collapsed into the arms of her attorneys. Later she prettily thanked the jurors, shaking the hand of each in turn.

—*Dewey M. Owens.*

A Coin by Any Other Name

Advice to Innocents Abroad

A DILLAR, a dollar,
A financial scholar
Can't follow the rates of exchange.
The daily quotations
Show queer fluctuations
And movements uncanny and strange.

The Turkish piaster
May bring grave disaster;
The state of the drachma is rank.
If you fool round with kroner
You'll sure pull a boner;
Watch your step when you handle the franc.

The Egyptian pound
Sometimes takes a bound;
While the tael drops down out of sight.
The worth of the yen
Is oft beyond ken;
The peseta flies round like a kite.

Of weird Polish zlotny,
Be glad you ain't got 'ny;
The lira may land you in hock.
So just try to collar
An old U. S. dollar
And tuck it away in your sock.

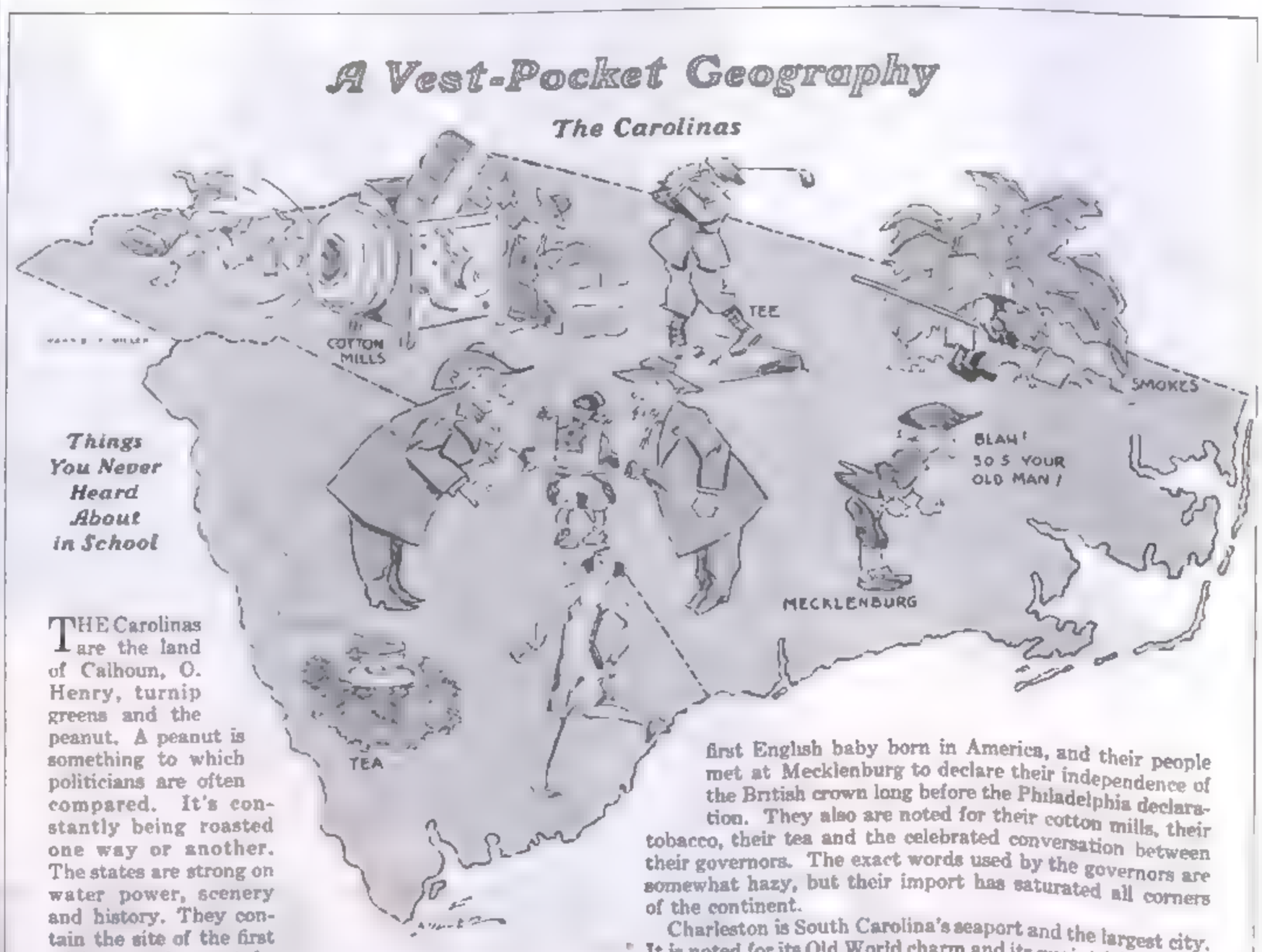
—*Arthur Moss.*

Method

HE: DO you know how to make a Scotchman swim the Channel?
HIM: No. How?
HE: Put a toll bridge across it.

A Vest-Pocket Geography

The Carolinas



Things You Never Heard About in School

THE Carolinas are the land of Calhoun, O. Henry, turnip greens and the peanut. A peanut is something to which politicians are often compared. It's constantly being roasted one way or another. The states are strong on water power, scenery and history. They contain the site of the first white settlement in America—Fort Charles, founded by French Huguenots in 1562 on Parris Island, South Carolina. Parris Island also is notable as the scene of several warm marine engagements in the World War. The engagements took place almost every evening. The Carolinas were the birthplace of the first English baby born in America, and their people met at Mecklenburg to declare their independence of the British crown long before the Philadelphia declaration. They also are noted for their cotton mills, their tobacco, their tea and the celebrated conversation between their governors. The exact words used by the governors are somewhat hazy, but their import has saturated all corners of the continent.

Charleston is South Carolina's seaport and the largest city. It is noted for its Old World charm and its quaint folk dances. Columbia is the state's capital. Raleigh is North Carolina's capital. It was named in honor of the patron saint of dry cleaners. Raleigh gave up his cloak that England's queen might not soil her shoes, and died upon the executioner's block. Three cheers for courtesy week!

—*W. P. Rowley.*

How you can take MOVIES *of feature-film clearness, beauty:*

TODAY it is simple and easy, with FILMO, to take your own *actual motion pictures*. Pictures as sharply brilliant and beautiful as the photography in your favorite photoplays!

Bell & Howell's nineteen years' leadership, in making cameras and equipment used almost exclusively by the world's leading movie producers, *makes this possible!* Nearly all feature films you see are made by Bell & Howell professional cameras. From that vast, practical experience and knowledge we now give you the automatic FILMO

Naturally, it has features not to be expected in other movie cameras for individual use.

Real Movies!

FILMO is four-and-a-half pounds of motion picture perfection—for *personal* use. So simple and mistake proof that an eight-year-old can operate it successfully. In accuracy and movie taking ability FILMO is matched only by Bell & Howell professional cameras costing thousands of dollars each. Yet FILMO *is within reach of the modest average income*

This camera is the result of 19 years' world-leadership in making professional motion picture cameras and equipment. It alone possesses the features necessary for theatre-quality pictures: the Bell & Howell automatic Filmo

You can take any moving thing you see and want—as easily as looking through a field-glass

THE BELL & HOWELL AUTOMATIC

Filmo REGISTERED

There is also KEYSTONE *. . . using standard film for professional work*

Because FILMO is the only camera of this kind with a spy-glass viewfinder, with which you can easily, accurately follow the fastest-moving object . . . and get it squarely on the film.

* * * *

It is also the only one capable of giving you beautiful, sharp pictures *even when light is poor*. The only one with which twelve different lenses are interchangeable for special purposes. The only design of personal movie camera in which you can get special equipment for taking slow motion pictures. (Note other important features.)

FREE: *Interesting, new book*

BELL & HOWELL CO.
1811 Larchmont Ave., Chicago, Illinois
Send new book on taking personal movies—with full description of FILMO.

Name

Address

City State

THESE FEATURES GIVE THE KIND OF PICTURES YOU WANT

These exclusive FILMO features [illegible] give you movies of theatre-quality

1. Spy-glass viewfinder
2. [illegible] accurate speed control [illegible] different speeds and lights
3. Special mechanism [illegible] pictures, in same design of camera
4. Highest quality, imported anastigmat lens in F 2.7 aperture [illegible]
5. Simplest to operate of all movie cameras
6. Twelve lenses interchangeable for special purposes
7. Beautifully finished, compact, efficient
8. Lifetime service, no depreciation.

FILMO Automatic Projector

For showing movies in your own home [illegible] pictures as bright and flicker-free as [illegible] theatres. Its [illegible] forward [illegible] for single picture. Shows pictures 6 ft. diagonal [illegible] 8 x 9 feet.

FILMO is fully automatic. No cranking; no tripod; no focusing for distance. Simply press a button and—"what you see, you get!"

Films are developed free—ready to show.

See It!

Literally, FILMO adds a priceless new delight to living. See it. Ask questions about it. Find out what it does. A very good dealer, in your locality, has it—now.

Mail coupon today—and in that way permit us to tell you who and where your nearest dealer is. Also receive—free—a new book on this fascinating subject of taking your own movies

BELL & HOWELL CO.

1811 Larchmont Ave., Chicago
New York, Hollywood, London
Established 1907

DO AND DARE

(Continued from Page 17)

me with fifty I'll send it back to him. An' I'm tellin' the truth!"

There were always Americans in this costly place at night, eating ices or cooling themselves with drinks. He had come where the American money was in Havana, that night, and in 1915 American beggars were unusual. Men lay back in their chairs or bent forward.

"This is my kid," said Cyrus Fieldmarsh. "He was seven yesterday. I'm twenty-five an' strong as a horse. It's a shame if I can't make fifty dollars and send it back to any man who'll trust me for a month."

"And what's your name, friend?" a thin Texan in yellow linen drawled.

"Cyrus Fieldmarsh. . . . Meet my kid, Mr. John Henry Fieldmarsh."

Some of them grinned. John Henry beamed at his audience from his seat on his father's shoulder and dangled his dirty feet placidly from a table when he was planted on its marble. Having been born in Hawaii, on a rural plantation, he had an established indifference to costume and now simply fixed his attention on my vanishing ice. I rose and handed it to him.

"Fieldmarsh?" a man from New York mused. "Related to the Fieldmarshes of the Comaska Navigation Company?"

"I look," said Cyrus Fieldmarsh, wriggling his ears, "as though I might be, don't I? . . . Eat that slow, John Henry."

"All right, Do," John Henry agreed, and put his tongue delicately into the glass.

There was a pause which tried not to be uneasy. Eight men were trying to show an indifference to this naked child, eating a discarded ice on a table ten feet from their clean clothes, and seven of them were doing it badly.

"That Fieldmarsh kid and his navigation company," a bony man declared, "are going to last just until this war's over. Then Sir Peter Gillespie and the Cormacks and the rest of the British crowd'll wipe him off the oceans. What license has a football player got to run a shipping company? Another rich man's son buttin' in where he'll get hurt! His old man must be a fool."

"That doesn't follow," said the New Yorker. "The Comaska Lumber Company's been a solid concern for thirty years. . . . I'm in the hardwood business. . . . Old Fieldmarsh prob'ly ain't a fool. The navigation company's just a war game, anyhow. There's big money in the American flag, right now, and the Fieldmarshes have gone after it. . . . You say your boy's seven years old, h'm?"

John Henry took his tongue out of the ice and said with dignified annoyance, "Of course, I am!"

"Excuse me, colonel, but I was just wondering. And where do you wish you were right now?"

"Hollywood," John Henry said, "where the cat is." He stooped his black head over the ice.

"Where the devil's Hollywood?"

Cyrus Fieldmarsh drawled, "Near Los Angeles. It's where they make movin' pictures. I came down here with a movin'-picture company that blew up. Someone went off with the cash box." He grinned. Nowadays this shadowy, strange grin is called by his admirers the sardonic mask, but then he was not the sinister comedian or any of those things. He was a shivering man whose right knee showed through his filthy trousers. His short feet moved in their frayed cloth sandals.

"This is nice, Do," said John Henry, finishing the ice.

The Texan slowly put a hand into a pocket. I walked out of the café and loitered under the arcade, waiting for the success to achieve itself and wondering if the one look which Do had shot at me meant anything. Perhaps I waited five minutes. It certainly wasn't much longer.

"People," Do said, marching steadily down a crack into the depths of Havana, "are pretty white—seventy dollars. You take care of John Henry a minute, will you, while I get some grub?"

John Henry was perfectly placid. I had won his regard by that ice and he sat down on the sidewalk at my feet in the disagreeable light of a green lamp outside a suggestive doorway, while his father plunged into a cheap restaurant where a mechanical piano was horridly noisy. Gravely seated so, the child looked oddly like his Uncle Dare, president of the Comaska Navigation Company, although he was not handsome, and that contrast dazed me.

"You've got red hair," he said in a positive but not condemnatory manner.

"I can't help it, John Henry."

"'S'pose not. Do left my shirt down at our place. I haven't any clothes on."

"So you've got a shirt, John Henry?"

"Well," he said, "there's two holes in it. . . . I've got a cat in Hollywood."

"What's its name, John Henry?"

"Dare," said John Henry, putting his head against my leg, and went to sleep.

Do came presently out of the restaurant with some tins and a smell of coffee added to his other scents. He gave me the tins and picked up his son silently. We descended into Havana, and a barrier of cheap houses just shut off the nocturnal chatter and jangle of San Isidro Street's famous life. I didn't like this stroll. And when we came into a hole roofed with stars, edged at one side by the gray satin of the bay's shimmer, a negro rolled over, glistening, on a tongue of burlap and stared at us, with the tip of a cigarette making his moist mouth orange. Do put his son inside a barrel and then planted his hands on his eyes.

"Gee, how I hated doin' that!"

"Does your father know where you are, Do?"

He snapped his fingers for a cigarette and stood in silence. His breathing slowed, after the panting that had approached open sobs. He said in a monotone, "Naw. Dad gave me his place in the islands an' thirty thousand. . . . The prodigal kid always seemed to me a good deal of a cheese for not takin' the fatted calf home with him. Maybe that's blasphemous or somethin'. . . . No; dad don't know where I am. I was the loudest thing in Honolulu after John Henry's mother died. That's in 1910. She tried to make me work. Oh, she married me for money and all that, but there was a lot in Tess. . . . Got a match?"

"You'll go back to this place—what was it?—Hollywood?"

"Sure. I'm worth twenty dollars a day out there, with a little luck. There ain't so many fools, you know," Do mentioned, "that have my build. I may not be civilized, like Dare an' you, but I've got my own little bag of tricks. I can do some things. . . . Light a match."

I lighted a match and watched Do poise a can of condensed milk on his wet bare arm. It rolled evenly up to the fold of sleeve at his shoulder and held to its course as he let it roll back. Then it began to flush up and down on the slippery flesh and the match burned my fingers before the thing slipped from his control and fell to the cobbles.

"That's remarkable, Do."

"It's my own little civilization. Civilization's self-control, ain't it? Dare's always been civilized, even when he was a kid out at Comaska. Knew the right things to do an' what you hadn't better do. Never did a reckless thing in his life. Never said a reckless thing. I ain't seen him in eight years, but I bet my shirt he hasn't done anything humpy since. He's a safe proposition anywheres. But I'm just learnin' not to be a fool. Excuse me for born' you with all that. The other roustabouts on this wharf are mostly natives and I haven't picked up much Spanish. . . . Well, so long."

He walked off into the stinking gloom of this nameless place. I had a sense of having been dismissed; and when I had tucked a couple of bills into John Henry's barrel, I went timidly up the alley again and took two separate baths at my hotel, and worried a good deal about John Henry's costume for the journey to Hollywood. But it struck me that Do had been clever to leave the child's shirt at home when he took his son begging.

Do's cleverness was a little manifest in January of 1916, when the film War convinced some critics that the moving picture might be taken fairly seriously. The audience of the first showing on Broadway saw an oiled, almost naked giant rise through smoke as the spectacle began, twirling a great broadsword from hand to hand above a pygmy village, and numbers of metropolitans recognized that the figure was emblematic of warfare. I heard them saying so in the theater, draped with flags of all nations, and was relieved to feel that Do hadn't twirled his broadsword vainly. But he did nothing vainly and his form of civilization had its uses. In January of 1919 he made an admirable figure of a sergeant of infantry, standing at the back of a Y. M. C. A. hall in the dripping camp of St.-Nazaire and watching himself cavort as a drunken cow-puncher, over the heads of a bubbling audience. The men were roaring. I touched his sleeve and he followed me out into the mud.

"Told that fool director to give me more spurs and more hat! Why, hell! You could make a regular cartoon of me! That bunch out at the works haven't got imagination enough to see the point of a comic villain, lieutenant." He spun his soggy cap on a thumb and nervously jerked his shaved head to and fro. "No! There's a mountain of money in me, an' they ain't got sense enough to take advantage of it. How've you been?"

"How's John Henry?"

Do smirked and grubbed around a foot in the mud of France. Rain, of course, was falling on us in the lighted porch of the building at a slant. He dug down to the planks under the muck with a heel and asked, "Could you stand looking at some snapshots? You're a brave man."

Reuben Fieldmarsh appeared in some of the snapshots beside his grandson. John Henry was now a lank whelp of eleven, but he had proved a successful fatted calf.

"The old gentleman kind of worships his socks. Dare ain't married, y'see. Well, but John Henry's a good kid. Always knows when I'm likely to marry some fluffy thing that blows round, and gets sick to distract my mind or makes me take him up to see his grandfather. . . . What's funny?"

"You always take yourself so coldly, Do."

"Huh! Ain't that the way a civilized man ought to take himself?"

Some soldiers came whistling out through the porch while I thought about it, and two of them turned sharply to look at Do, then walked off whispering. The whole group stowed in the rain and became a suggestion of faces aimed back toward Cyrus Fieldmarsh. I was vaguely embarrassed by being found with this celebrity when one lad came thumping back, saluted me as a side issue, and panted out, "Say, sergeant, your name Fieldmarsh?"

"Brother," said Do, "I got a sore finger. Don't ask me to write any autographs."

The youth swung, cupped his hands around his mouth and bawled into the rain, "Hey! It's him!" And I faded as gracefully as I could out of the scene, while his admirers closed in on Reuben Fieldmarsh's second son. It startled me a trifle, because, in 1919, there had been no riots at the funerals of these living shadows and one had only heard of mobs cheering a pretty girl or a handsome fellow on the streets when they took their fame abroad. But it was fame, of a kind, and very interesting to see. Next day it even gave me the commonplace shock which follows the exposition of human greatness' precise value. I woke late in my dreary quarters, and while I shaved, happened to look through the window and saw that the flag above the camp's headquarters was at half-mast.

"Here," I told my orderly, "run and see who's dead."

He ran and ran back ten minutes later. "Mr. Roosevelt's dead, lieutenant. . . . Oh, say! They got Cy Fieldmarsh over in an infantry outfit that's gettin' on a boat tomorrow!"

As to the fame of Reuben Fieldmarsh's other son, it continued to be of a quiet and not at all showy sort. I encountered him in a club, in April of 1919, just after I'd changed my clothes upstairs and felt the loose smoothness of civilian trousers around my legs for the first time in nearly two years. It was a cool, almost cold sensation, and something was added to it by a chilling breath which seemed to blow from the mouth of a spectral animal which sat wagging its plumy tail in a corner of the pleasant bedroom. He followed me downstairs and bore me company during a cup of coffee in the restaurant, and stopped the motion of his phantom tail when Darius Fieldmarsh paused, lifting black eyebrows easily, to recognize me.

"Ah! When did you get back? Nice to see you."

Nothing could have been better done. Nothing could have meant less. He passed on, having said just the right thing; and I, being human, had the yearning to rise and yell after him, "Hi! I saw your own brother play for sympathy in Havana by taking your own nephew into a café stark naked, you stuffed shirt!" And for one red second I gathered myself up on the cushions of my chair, and then did not do anything more violent than to stab a poached egg with a fork. The president of the Comaska Navigation Company, offices in New York, San Francisco, Hong-Kong and Nagasaki, strolled away unaffronted. My wolf looked after him with respect and then informed me by a waft of his tail that I shouldn't order an expensive dessert.

The wolf went with me to Dare Fieldmarsh's wedding in June of 1919 and behaved prettily, although his curiosity about a lot of people on the lawns of the bride's father's Italian villa at Oyster Bay was unsettling. I remember him sniffing at the hard ankles of Tommy Rand, one of Dare's ushers, who fell from the balcony of his rooms that autumn, by accident, and left no estate to speak of. He languished his gray fur alongside the rosy gown of a bishop's widow who presently married the third son of old Adolph Brodheimer, the candy man, and was accounted rather ludicrous for marrying a person so much younger than herself.

To and fro my wolf went, looking them over, because I was sitting under some trees with a wily stockbroker who knew this fluctuating panorama by heart and was telling me its troubles. But we agreed that Dare had done just the right thing. We were not obliged to him for our invitations, anyhow. The bride's father had known our fathers when they were young in Ohio, and when he taught school, selling fire insurance on the side. So Dare had not reached too high. You couldn't accuse him of an alliance with the very core of metropolitan smartness. He was, though, marrying the title to four new apartment houses in the grand manner on Park Avenue and to some other commodities. The gaunt, sensitive girl in her cap of Venetian pearls and her massed, stiff silk edged with so much silver, had doted on this correct image of a healthy young American business man for some time, and it was all very nice.

(Continued on Page 93)

I'd like to make a friendly wager

ON SECOND thought, I had better put that another way. It isn't considered good sportsmanship to bet on a sure thing. What I started out to say was that if you smoke one tin of Prince Albert—all of it—you will never wish for any other pipe-tobacco.

I am basing this statement on my own experience. I thought *I* was all set on a smoke-program—until P. A. crossed my trail. Happy day! The instant I opened the tidy red tin and got that wonderful P. A. fragrance, I felt I was in for a brand-new smoke-deal.

Now I know. You couldn't wean me away from Prince Albert if you offered a house-and-lot with every purchase. P. A. is so wonderfully cool and sweet, so considerate of my tongue and throat. It is mild, without sacrificing that "body" experienced smokers want.

You can hit it up with your jimmy-pipe and P. A. from the moment your alarm-clock sounds-off until you wind it again for another night. Never a regret. Never a protest. On my say-so, buy a tidy red tin today. Smoke all of it. That's my advice to pipe-smokers.

P. A. is sold everywhere in tidy red tins, pound and half-pound tin humidors, and pound crystal-glass humidors with sponge-moistener top. And always with every bit of bite and parch removed by the Prince Albert process.

PRINCE ALBERT

—no other tobacco is like it!

© 1926, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

Such feasting as we

is pictured by this old-time menu

"Days that are gone forever"—these words headed the newspaper account of a recent meeting of sportsmen and hunters in Nashville, Tennessee. Exhibited before them was an old-time menu of a holiday dinner held at the Maxwell House nearly fifty years ago.

For these lovers of sport and good living, the yellowed menu recorded, first of all, the golden age, long vanished, of American game. But still more, it mirrored for them the glory of such lordly banquets we cannot know today.

Even the old South long ago marvelled at those holiday feasts held in the stately dining room of the Maxwell House. Throughout that land of good things to eat and drink, this fine old hotel was known for its wonderful food and its coffee. It was the most celebrated hotel in all the Southern states.

Just think of those matchless dinners—twenty-four courses of game and fowl alone! Think how the guests enjoyed each of those rich dishes—and how they relished that rare coffee which always won the highest praise of all! Of all the luxuries served at the old Maxwell House, it was this coffee that has won for it the most lasting fame.

So good that soon the whole country wanted it

For years a special blend of fine coffees was served at the old Maxwell House, so wonderfully full-flavored

MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE

can only dream of . . .

and smooth that those who once tasted it carried the memory of it with them to their homes.

Above all the other dishes at this fine old hotel, it was always this coffee that the guests talked of the most on returning to their homes. The news of it soon travelled to all the Southern states. In city after city, the most critical families in Dixie took steps to obtain it for their own use.

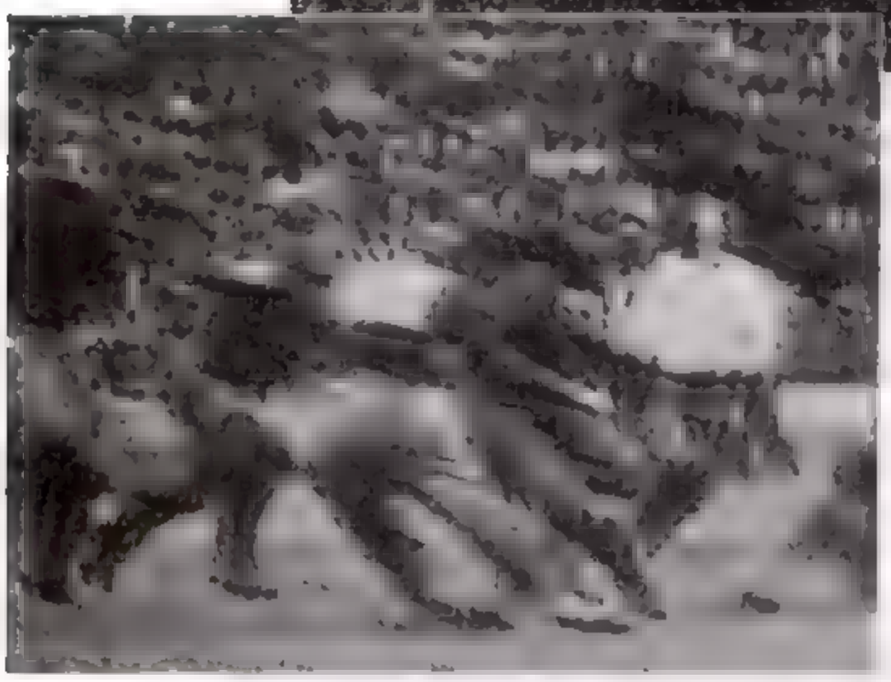
Today the fame of this coffee has spread through the entire United States. The same blend that delighted the patrons of the old Maxwell House is now on sale in sealed tins, from coast to coast. It has pleased more people than any other coffee ever put on the market. It is by far the largest selling coffee in the United States—the most popular blend in a long list of America's leading cities. And the same firm of coffee merchants who perfected it down in Nashville years ago, still blend and roast it today.

For your own table you can now have this luxury from the most famous hotel of the old South. The rare flavor and aroma of Maxwell House Coffee will bring you and your family a new idea of just how good a cup of coffee can actually be. The very first breath of its rich fragrance will delight you. Serve it for breakfast tomorrow. Your grocer has Maxwell House Coffee in sealed blue tins. Cheek-Neal Coffee Company, Nashville, Houston, Jacksonville, Richmond, New York, Los Angeles.

"Good to the last drop"

TODAY — *America's largest selling high grade coffee*

The Yale Bowl during the Yale-Princeton game of 1925. 80,000 enthusiasts attended. Every autumn Saturday sees such crowds as this from coast to coast. And the larger the crowd and stadium, the farther you sit from the play you so keenly love to watch. This photograph is reproduced by permission of Yale University.



As defective vision often sees the play in the opposite picture. All detail may be fogged for the lack of the proper glasses. The result frequently is headache, whatever the score of the game. And of course the fine points of sparkling footwork and headwork that polish a perfect team will be entirely lost to the spectator who must overtax his eyes from a far-off seat in the stands.

Graflex photo from behind goal-line, showing Eddie Mahan, famous Harvard back, on wide end run from Yale's 10-yd. line to Yale's 4-yd. line, in position for drop kick threat or touchdown play (which actually followed). Note Mahan shifting his balance to "reverse his field" through 3 Yale tacklers so as to fall, if tackled, in front of goal-posts. Photo by courtesy of Boston Traveler and Harvard Athletic Association.

"Inside football"—*can your eyes grasp it?*

THERE goes a crucial play—anywhere from 50 yards to an eighth of a mile from your eyes. Twenty-two fast men, each on a swift, headlong assignment. Do your eyes follow each man clearly?

They scatter like quicksilver for a pass—*double pass*—no, a *triple!* Could you plot that play on paper?

"Right—hep—hep—le's GO!" They shift, and a bunch of knees bangs through a slit opened off tackle.

Ask your eyes who really made that play go, before you cheer the runner.

If you want to follow the inside game of football, in any corner of the field, your eyes must report it straight without blur or strain. Blurred eyesight means blurred judgment; and your judgment is the basis of your sportsmanship.

Only correct eyesight enables you to enjoy the thrilling tonic of a game you really know. And if you expect to watch the last big games intelligently you will make an appointment *now* with your eyesight specialist.

Have your eyes examined!

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(Continued from Page 88)

Three of Dare's classmates were among his ushers, and two of them had strolled with him up York Street, that afternoon of 1907, when he came to take Do out and civilize him. I have seldom seen so much correctness in one place. Even Reuben Fieldmarsh was correct, or had been corrected, because he said absolutely nothing to anybody save a mumbled, "H'are you?" when his hand was shaken, and preserved the likeness of a handsome civilized man of sixty. Only, yielding to temptation, I caught him smoking a cheap black tobacco cigarette such as lumbermen are known to like, behind a tree and asked him how John Henry was.

"Who are you?"

"Nobody," I honestly assured him. "But I had the pleasure of meeting John Henry in Cuba, and ——"

"Aw," said Reuben Fieldmarsh, grinning, "you was in on 'at business! Yeh! pleased to meet you. . . . Well, John Henry's fine!"

We had an amiable time behind the tree. Reuben Fieldmarsh had once been very handsome—handsome as Dare, or more so—and Dare, I think, got some of his impassive dignity from his father. The president of the Comaska Valley Lumber Company knew himself to be somewhat. He began life as a chore boy on a farm at the edge of Portland, Oregon, and hadn't been east farther than Spokane since the World's Fair of 1893. But he had no bad opinion of the East.

"It's mighty interestin'," he said, "to see where the money ends up, ain't it?"

Money, with my work's amusing activity as a comment on its uses, was flowing around the lawns and pergolas, variously costumed. Mr. Fieldmarsh surveyed the multicolored movement and nodded when I pointed out certain faces.

"Yeh, you hear about those people. . . . Well, now, Do is doing pretty well for hisself down at Hollywood. He's kind of phil'sophical about hisself. Studies up some new face he could make in a fillum or learns a new trick. Last time he came home he scared me bendin' over backwards an' pickin' things off the ground with his teeth. I thought he'd bust his belly open," the vulgar old man stated; "but you can't hurt him. He's a caution!" He shook his head and made a kind of ghastly pun, drawling, "He'll do."

As the reception ended, a motor car bore Mr. Fieldmarsh away to the station, and he left an impression of chilly reserve with those who met him, as befitted the Comaska Navigation Company. He also presented Dare with the control of the navigation company. The bride's father told me so, over a glass of punch in a little writing room.

"He's keeping a quarter of it. Mighty handsome of him, ain't it? He put four million dollars in."

As I could speak directly to this man, I asked, "Aren't the big English shippers likely to—to get to work on Dare now the war's over?"

"They've started already," said this millionaire, undoing a shoe.

I never saw him again. He died twenty days after the wedding, exhausted at the age of fifty-four, and is now remembered as Mrs. Dare Fieldmarsh's father, if at all.

Dare's correctness went on impressing and annoying me. I'm not alone in this distaste, because correctness inevitably annoys numbers of us; our own coats never fit so precisely and our hair seldom lies smooth; we were born to be slightly untidy and to say the wrong thing at times. In 1920 the president of the Comaska Navigation Company lapsed a trifle from the entirely correct by becoming the father of twin daughters, but perhaps that was his wife's fault. And in 1922 he broke his arm playing polo, but if you're going to break an arm over a game, polo is obviously the best thing to be playing. He correctly walked off the field and was tended by a fashionable surgeon, with a cigarette in his teeth. But in 1923 his correctness came to positive flower in the cabins and restaurant of the liner which was taking me to England, without my wolf, who had been placated with a handsome publisher's check and had, momentarily, taken up residence with one of my friends who writes poetry.

This Dare Fieldmarsh, aged thirty-seven, was still the brownstone-faced personage who walked up York Street in 1907 with his court. Perhaps he was a bit slimmer. Polo and golf do not keep muscles in a state of exaggeration. But the slimness was patrician and a faint peppering of white at the sides of his curling black hair was more patrician yet. He settled beside me in the lounge the first night out, and it is base of me to wonder whether he had seen me dining in the special restaurant with a celebrated actor who had asked me to dine because he took me for somebody else. However, he settled beside me and was correctly agreeable. There drew to us a rising lawyer and two exigent ladies, and the conversation, if not daring, was most amiable. It paused once when old Sir Peter Gillespie lumbered past in a knot of Englishmen and secretaries, his dinner jacket rumpled and his scraggly beard in revolution from a tramp on the decks. The ancient Scotchman gave Dare the chill shadow of a nod and lumped into a chair to begin the successive cups of strong tea which conclude his day.

"Isn't he an awful crook, Dare?" asked one of the ladies.

"My word," said Dare, opening his worn leather cigarette case, "how do I know? All shipping men are crooks. I'm a crook. The Cormacks are crooks. Smithson and Bellows are crooks. Our—ah—adherents always can prove that all the other lines are crooked as corkscrews. . . . No, I fancy that Sir Peter's a very fine old fellow. They say he's always been—well, resented in London because he was a Glasgow wharf rat. And he's a little crude."

As if to demonstrate his trivial crudeness, Sir Peter tilted his first cup of tea into his saucer. Among his attendants, a tall, slender man took his eyeglass down and then put it back. That was Sir Peter's second son, lately Baron Hollendyne, or some name of the kind. I became obsessed, counting Sir Peter's cups of tea, and the correct conversation around me lost its savor until one of the ladies said, quite loudly, "Oh, but I adore him! I think you ought to claim him as a relative, Dare. When he stalked the heroine with the knife in his teeth in that last film, I could have married him."

"The deuce you could," said Dare.

"I could! I'm sure he's a remote cousin. Why don't you write and ask him if his name's really Fieldmarsh? It might be, you know. Some of those people use their own names."

"Fieldmarsh," said Dare, "isn't a desperately uncommon name. . . . Yes, he's rather amusing. He has a lot of life. The last time I saw him in a picture he was climbing a skyscraper, or something equally impossible, with an adventuress on his back. . . . I say," he asked me, "did you see that article on skyscrapers in one of the Sunday papers? D'you think it's the architecture of the future?"

The conversation resumed its intense correctness. I don't know that he had shown the least nervousness when Do's name came into the talk, but he got rid of the name, you see, in the best manner, and presently got rid of us. Some personages glittered into the lounge and Dare went easily to join them. He became one pair of black shoulders around a bridge table which simply bawled its correctness through the ship because it was so inconspicuous and sedate. For two hours people sidled up to bend over one or another player and ladies in many jewels watched the four heads from afar through the smoke. A luscious actress in pearls, with a man sitting beside her, whose wife was notably at Palm Beach, had no standing in the green lounge. That table was beyond competition until eleven o'clock, when Dare and his partner accepted a few pennies and the four went off to drink milk and Vichy water in the smoke room.

I went to bed. Sir Peter Gillespie didn't care a Glasgow cobble that I'd gone to bed. The last stage of his day had commenced. He always—hang him!—walks a mile before going to bed in red flannel pajamas. He now was walking up and down the deck outside my marine window and doing it slowly, in heavy galoshes. He thumped his whole weight at every step and managed to cough every time he passed my incensed intelligence. I smoked five cigarettes and recollected every unpaid bill at home before his thumping ceased. The Atlantic Ocean seemed to burble its relief, and I rolled out of bed to open my window's slatted shutter and get rid of the smoke clogging my lungs.

But Sir Peter had not gone in. There he was, a hulk of furs and blown gray hair, standing beside the rail and beside a taller man whose cap hid his hair. They stood, a globe in the roof of this seagoing veranda lighting their backs, and talked, facing an aggravated moon which bounced above the rolling ship. Then a wolf ran along the planks, wagging its tail, and stopped to sniff at the coat of Sir Peter's companion. It was just the pearly actress' police dog, of course; but for a moment it was a wolf, and Dare Fieldmarsh turned with a jerk of his shoulders to look down at the beast. I closed my shutter and sat thinking about his face.

On September 15, 1924, it was raining in Portland, Oregon, and my cab slipped a lot on its way to the station through the dimness. We arrived grandly before the lamps of the station and bunged the guards of a motor already halted there. A tall boy in a handsome English raincoat scowled at me while I paid my driver, and some rough elderly men in striped or checked jackets and thick shoes wondered what kind of fool my driver was. They speculated in softened voices and a mighty man whose collar was turned up over his mouth said presently, "Oh, shut it off, boys!" and nodded to me, in a way that dismissed me for the moment.

I followed my porter down through the station, thinking that John Henry had grown up as a plain suggestion of his Uncle Dare, if anybody who met the boy had a passion for tracing likenesses, but that his eyes opened more widely and that nobody would ever think him handsome. Then I watched, puzzled over it, the farewell to Reuben Fieldmarsh, tended by the Comaska Lumber Valley. All this group of uncouth persons, and a weeping fat Danish woman who had been his cook, came down the blue platform behind the wheeled chair and the softened voices came into my compartment of the train to San Francisco: "Goo'-by, sir. Them doctors down at L. A.'ll fix you up all right. Just you go along with Do. Goo'-by, John Henry! When you goin' to be a pirate in another piesher, Do? That last one was fine. . . . So long."

The lumber folk, once they like, are loyal. The Danish woman began to sob. As the train moved, an awkward, clumsy cheer rose thinly, and when John Henry followed his father into my jolting cell the boy had the supremely affronted look of young persons who've been crying

"A stroke?"

"Month ago," said Do, slinging his legs from the narrow couch; "but he's come through fine. He'll last a while. . . . John Henry, this fella knew you when. You needn't try to act civilized around him."

John Henry forbore to act at all. The business of getting Reuben Fieldmarsh down from the Comaska Valley to the station in Portland had tried him a good deal. He sat down on the floor and went to sleep with his black head against his father's celebrated legs.

"What brought it on, Do?"

"What would? He ain't ever been a money sucker, but he put every cent he had into the company. Gets a hundred thousand back."

(Continued on Page 96)

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(Continued from Page 93)

I didn't understand and sat watching Do's face, masked with its hard muscles and the celebrated grin. The published accounts of Cy Fieldmarsh had informed me that the "sinister comedian" was a reticent person and that his home life was never revealed to the herd. He lived at Comaska Rancho in a canyon away from the architectural muddle of Beverly Hills and cultivated flowers.

"Don't know what I'm talkin' about?"

"No; I've been ill and very busy."

"Tchuh! Dare sold the navigation company to a Britisher named Gillespie last month."

"My God!"

"Thanks," Do said.

He took an apple out of his coat and began to balance it on the back of one hand. The public presently saw him do this while he was meditating on how to blow up the ship in Bloody Gold; but the action, in that rattling cell, had another use. He finished by tossing the fruit a foot up from his hand and crushing it in his fingers. I remembered that I was civilized and handed him a towel.

"Thanks. . . . Of course the old man thinks Dare went yella on him."

"Did he?"

"How handsome my chance of findin' out is, ain't it?" Do drawled, his face peculiarly hideous, an effect that he had not reproduced on the screen. "Dare has the books. Had the control. Only way of findin' out anything would be a public muss. Dad wouldn't ever think of that, if he was down to washin' dishes in a dump. Why, if Dare didn't want to fight the British, that's his lookout."

"Have you seen Dare?"

"Naw," said the crude son of Reuben Fieldmarsh; "an' I wouldn't. I ain't civilized enough to do business with Dare. You can't ever see into his eyes. Those eyelashes he has kinda—you know. It's like lookin' at a shutter. . . . Oh, his reasons look fine on paper! High wages an' competition with old lines an' no public support! And he can't dare to—to jeopardize his wife's money. Got his kids to think of. . . . Started hintin' about this last year."

"When?"

"He'd been to England," Do grunted, wiping his hands. Then after tearing the towel quite neatly and noiselessly into small squares he said, "Tchuh! When I was busted down there in Havana I run into an old limy—an English sailor. Useter panhandle round the Plaza. Clean down and out. Useter tell me this Peter Gillespie had him to bribe a French captain to be two days late at some port out in India once. . . . Oh, that's easy talkin'! Forget it! Only Dare didn't fight, and that's what broke the old man down. It broke him down! It broke him," Do said horribly, "down!"

I said nothing. Dare Fieldmarsh's face, with its eyes always robbed of expression by their lovely lashes, seemed to impend formidably from the wood of this polished cell over his brother's yellow head, rolling on the green cushion of the couch. And what right had I to tell this common clay that I'd seen Dare's face without a mask, scared and whitening, when a dog trotted on the deck of that liner one night of January, 1923? That proved nothing.

"You mean you—or your father—think that Dare got two prices from Gillespie?"

"I don't think nothin'," Do yawned, asserting all the civilization of his face's muscles and becoming just an ugly, youngish man in a neat gray tweed traveling suit. "Why think? Tchuh! But ain't it funny, guy, how so many birds'll tell you that a fella that plays good football and don't chase women or lush up or lose his temper is a fine citizen?"

Obviously, Dare Fieldmarsh is a fine citizen. He lately takes some interest in municipal reforms around New York. As to the sale of the Comaska Navigation Company, why, that was fairly forced on him as a stroke of business. It seems that he met Sir Peter Gillespie on a liner once, and Sir Peter took a liking to him and warned him that a combine of the British shippers would fairly force Dare's ships off the seas, and offered him a price for his fleet. Dare was fairly forced to accept the figure. Everything was fairly forced on him. Sir Peter's son, recently made Lord Hollendyne, or a name of that kind, told an English friend of mine that Dare Fieldmarsh offered his father the fleet of the Comaska Navigation Company on a liner once, and got his price, because Sir Peter never believed in competition when a little quick work with a check book would do. Lord Hollendyne probably knew little about his late father's affairs, though. He lives in Devonshire and hunts intensively. The peerage which British Governments, for some reason, never offered to his father came naturally to him in 1925. At all events, it is agreed that Dare Fieldmarsh did the sensible thing. Why on earth should he risk his wife's fortune and get gray-headed trying to fight a British combine? We've got over this idiotic waste of our lives in mere money getting in America, haven't we?

John Henry's opinion of his uncle, however, is low. His father once told him to name a cat Dare, and that infantile prejudice persists. He wouldn't go East to college last year, and is now at Leland Stanford and has the most dilapidated cheap motor in the sophomore class. I came on him in a canyon somewhere below Los Angeles in this dreadful machine, and he was matching pennies on its step with a person named Mike who wore overalls and a good deal of grease.

"Uh-huh," said John Henry, shaking hands. "Do's down the alley here, on location. He got your wire. Did the Chino at the house tell you where to find him? . . . Go ahead down. You got to leave your car up here, 'cause the hen Do's playin' with is temperamental. Shinny down the gutter an' you'll get there."

I dustily descended among trees and dirty brushwood and came into a glade where all this apparatus of the shadow play was at work, in the hot fragrance which redeems the July of Southern California. Mirrors flashed and a violin droned. I thought it rude of John Henry to call Maida Gail a hen, because she was fluttering something banded with brilliants and rough pearls as she walked about grass which had been watered soon before, and she was looking her best. But children reared in the territory of the moving pictures tend to take them coarsely. For John Henry, this was just his father working with Maida Gail on a Russian dingus; and the Cossacks, chewing gum among the spectators, properly silent behind the director and the cameras, seemed to be unimpressed by Miss Gail's meditative saunter on the meadow close to her picturesque hut. Even the tourists gathered together in a clot of dark clothes seemed to be waiting for something.

"In the Country, Mrs. Perkins, Somebody is Always Pokin' Their Nose Into Your Business. It Ain't Like That Here. Your Privacy is Respected"

All these looked at me enviously when Do got off the side of a car to shake hands. I shuddered. Where he wasn't masked in oil and dirt, he was naked to the waist, and, below that, clad in a pair of limp trousers which ended in shoes made of bark. He had strings of beads wound about his heavy wrists and was generally odious. The tourists herded in the background gazed at him with hopeful love.

"Be done workin' in ten minutes. All I got to do is abduct some stuff. . . . I'm glad to see you."

"Go on with your loathsome trade. I'm ashamed of you."

"You'll blush to know me if you see this tripe when it's finished. . . . All right, old-timer. Done in a minute."

A voice out of the closed car said placidly, "I ain't restless, Do. Take your time. Take your time, son."

Reuben Fieldmarsh leaned a bit forward and put his hands on the head of a cane. His right eyelid drooped and most of the brown was long gone from his face. But it struck me that he wasn't broken. His eyes seemed to clutch the glistening body of his son as it lounged away to where some varlets were holding a white pony, unsaddled, and bridled only with a bit and rope. Kashka, the mad devil of the steppes, swung aboard this animal and rode it slowly up a line faintly chalked on the grass and dust.

"Math'matical," Reuben Fieldmarsh told me; "Do's studied all about lights an' stuff. It's to make the shadows right. See?"

There was a bawl through a megaphone and Do yelled, far off. I was aware of other cameras from the high sides of the glade. Then Kasha, the demon of the steppes, swooped from the hills, and the tourists yawped behind me. Perhaps he chose to gratify the tourists by howling several times as he bore the swooning heroine off under one arm.

"Ain't he just heavenly!" a female whose voice matured in Iowa declaimed, pushing against me.

"It's a lot of stuff," a youth from New York jeered. "That horse is doped an'—an' ——"

"He looked just like a big yella cat," another female panted.

Reuben Fieldmarsh shot his head from the door of the car and looked fiercely on the herd, saying, "You folks get back! You was told to stay twenty yards back from here! . . . . Who was sayin' yella?"

"I said he looked like a big yella cat," the female gasped.

"Huh! Did you think he was tryin' to look like an angel cake? Let me tell you, ma'am, it's took this boy more hard work to get to look like a big yella cat than it takes some men to look like angel cake! And a big yella cat that's got some fight in him deserves more on judgment day than a fella that ain't any sand an' crawls under the shed when it rains. . . . You stand back! You folks get in the way an' walk underfoot like you amounted to somethin'!"

The tourists ebbed backward. Do rode his pony around the nose of the car and yawned, sliding off. He told his father, "That's all, old-timer. We got to shoot the rest up at Carmel, for some rocks."

"They'd ought'o've given you a hoss with some spunk, Do. That's a pincushion. You didn't get half a chance to show your sand."

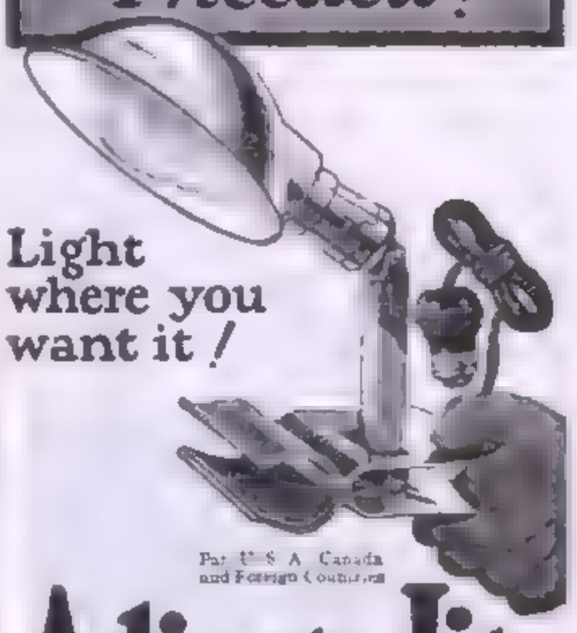
"He wants my neck busted. All right, old-timer. I fall off a cliff in this thing, one place."

"Don't you do it, Do! Make 'em give you a double! We got John Henry to think about," his father said violently. "Get in here an' put a shirt on. It's likely to chill ridin' home."

"All right, dad. Quit nursin' me. You're an awful noosance. . . . What are you thinkin' about?"

"Judgment day," I said.

They'll all say: "Just what I needed!"



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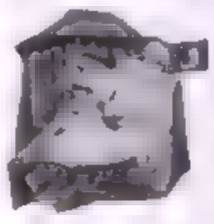

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TOUCHDOWN!

(Continued from Page 31)

Knute Rockne has used the maneuver much at Notre Dame, and expanded on it, employing backs as well as end receivers. It was one of the jokers in the repertoire of that back field of several seasons since which Grantland Rice christened the Four Horsemen, Stuhldreher being particularly adept at it. When the Four Horsemen showed their wares in the East the reporters gave Rockne credit for the formation. The coach, however, generously declined the nomination and has passed it on to me in his lectures before the various coaching schools at which he has been teaching.

I essayed another new trick in this Wisconsin game. The kicker dropping back as if to punt, both our ends lined out as if to cover the kick, but one veered inward and slightly backward. At the right moment he signaled for the ball to be passed, then wheeled and boxed in the opposing end, permitting the kicker to circle that end for fifteen to twenty-yard gains. It should have been good for one or two touchdowns, but it failed to carry through for lack of a good ball carrier, as many a bright idea of a coach has flickered out in a game.

Right Field But Wrong Goal

In the East, where the forward pass was being used more as a threat intended to scatter the defense than as an actual weapon of offense, the game had roughened up again, with much battering at the tackles. Criticism revived in 1908, increased in 1909, and the National Collegiate Athletic Association, which had grown out of the assembly summoned by Chancellor MacCracken in the 1905 crisis, and which had been perpetuated largely by the efforts of Major—now Brigadier General—Palmer E. Pierce, referred the problem to the rules body. One suggested reform proposed that the five-yard lateral restriction be removed from the running of the ball by the first man to receive it and from the forward pass. This, along with the abolition of pushing and pulling of the ball carrier, and other tentative changes, involved so many unknown possibilities that the rules body concluded to experiment first—the only instance in which new rules have been tested in the laboratory before adoption. It was suggested that as many coaches as possible conduct experiments that spring of 1910 and report back before summer. Hugo Bezdek, fullback of our 1905 championship eleven, was athletic director and coach at the University of Arkansas. I wrote him asking if he could muster some sort of squad to play football for a week, and the first of March I went to Fayetteville, where we devoted four or five days to testing the proposed rules with Bezdek's men as our crucible.

In May the new rules were adopted and the playing field reverted in the season of 1910 to a gridiron. Unlimited substitution at the beginning of each quarter was restored after a lapse of more than twenty years, the playing time reduced a further ten minutes and the game divided, as in Canada, into four quarters of fifteen minutes each. Seven men on the offensive scrimmage line was made mandatory and other alterations adopted the last general shaking up of the rules to date. Since 1910 the sport has known its longest period of serenity; technically it has remained static, except for minor rules changes, while it has been growing out of its old ball-park clothes into concrete stadia.

In 1911 the team that was to win the championship in 1913 began to jell. We lost only one game, but that by the decisive score of 0 to 30, to Minnesota at Minneapolis. They had a powerful eleven, and Chicago stumbled over one of those off days that lurk around the corner for the best. Again in 1912 we lost only one game that to a splendid Wisconsin championship eleven. They had run up a 53 to 0 score on Purdue, and the student body at Chicago formally petitioned the team to roll up a higher score at Purdue's expense the following Saturday. I stepped in, as I not infrequently have to do, as a kill-joy and predicted a close battle and a small score. I had a light team and few spare parts—no machine for reckless driving, even if I were in the habit of spinning my speedometer just to see it whirl.

Jess Hawley's Iowans had led us 14 to 13 at the end of the third quarter, while I experimented with tactics and tried to win with a substitute fullback in the place of Snitz Pierce, who had a Charley horse. I was forced to send the lamed Pierce in, in the final quarter, and he ripped up Iowa, to win 34 to 14. Hawley drank deep of revenge for three lickings in a row at Iowa when he brought his great Dartmouth team of splendid material, splendidly coached, to Stagg Field and whipped us 33 to 7.

Paul Des Jardiens, an All-American center, and a pair of mighty tackles, Spike Shull and Goettler, both killed in action in the war, the latter while carrying food to the Lost Battalion, were the bulwarks of the line of the undefeated 1913 team that brought us our first championship since 1908. To Dolly Gray, a great side-stepper at left half; Captain Nels Norgren, a splendid punter, powerful plunger and sterling defensive player and now one of my assistants, at right half; and Snitz Pierce at fullback, had been added that season a superb quarter, Pete Russell, to complete as great a back field as ever wore the Maroon.

Our closest shave came from that Purdue team which had been so lowly the previous season, and no one laughed at "Stagg fears Purdue" this season. Two men accounted for the Lafayette eleven's sudden rise to power—the late Andy Smith as coach and the great Oliphant at left half. I suspect that half the Eastern football fans who knew him as Oliphant of the Army still have no realization that he played three great years at Purdue before he set the East afire. In those three seasons he never crossed Chicago's goal line. It was a shame to stop him, but stop him we had to. He was the bugaboo with which I frightened my children into a tackling frenzy. In this game a Chicago player tackled Oliphant so fiercely that he broke his own tackle and shot under the legs of the Purdue star. Oliphant, who had leaped into the air, came down on his head, bounced to his feet like a rubber ball and, still carrying the pigskin, struck out for his own goal line. Chicago let him run until he discovered his error after ten yards retreat, then downed him on the spot.

The Advent of Numbers

That was not the first time, nor the second, that I had seen a man run the wrong way. Babe Meigs, now publisher of the Chicago Herald and Examiner, turned out in 1905, a green youngster. In the midst of the season's first scrimmage I switched him from the scrubs to the varsity. A moment later the scrubs punted. Meigs turned around, charged down the field and tackled his own team mate, Eckersall. Meigs made the varsity that season and distinguished himself in the epic Michigan 2 to 0 game against Octopus Graham.

Harry Williams had another potent machine at Minnesota and was expected to whip us. Chicago won 13 to 7, largely by virtue of knowing an opportunity when they saw it and capitalizing it without delay. Early in the game Norgren kicked a corking long high punt. The Minnesota safety man was nervous and fumbled. Chicago was on top of the ball instantly on Minnesota's thirty-yard line. The Statue-of-Liberty play, Norgren feinting a forward pass and Russell snatching the ball out of his hands for a run around the other end, put the ball on the three-yard line in one swoop. Here Russell unlimbered a new play—a feint toward the strong side of the line, followed by a cross back to the weak side, which we had saved for just such a moment. Snitz Pierce slid over without a Minnesota hand touching him and we won by that margin.

The season's final game, which we won from Minnesota 19 to 0, was the first ever played in which numbers were worn on the backs of the players' jerseys, now a general custom. We pioneered in this for the convenience of the reporters and spectators, and the innovation was greeted so warmly that six days later the athletic directors of the Conference voted that all Big-Ten teams be numbered in the first two games of the 1914 season, and that the scheme be adopted permanently if found satisfactory. Illinois, Wisconsin, Northwestern, Purdue and Iowa all numbered their men in their Chicago games in 1914, but Minnesota held out. The only argument against the practice that I can recall was that it was an aid to opposition scouts. From 1915 to 1920 the Football Rules Committee recommended that numbering be adopted; since then it has not only recommended but urged it annually.

The larger part of our offensive strength was graduated in 1914, but we had two promising recruits as partial compensation—Walter Schafer, said to have been the first American officer killed in the war; and Herman J. Stegeman, now athletic director at the University of Georgia.

A Poor Shot

Schafer must have made a magnificent soldier. He was a glutton for punishment, the type that really loves a scrimmage and grows better the longer he plays. He told me once, "I never can get down to playing until some fellow gives me a good kick in the head." He was not a brilliant player, but hard and dogged; and he went at the war in the same spirit, leading raiding parties into No Man's Land night after night.

Stegeman was at guard on our 1914 eleven and a quarter and half miler on our track team. He was standing by one spring afternoon while I tried out another quarter-miler. I had fired the starting pistol when I saw that my stop watch was not running. I fired a second shot to recall the man, but he kept going.

"Better shoot again, Mr. Stagg; I think you missed him," Stegeman contributed.

Such chance as we had of retaining the championship in 1914 was derailed by the injury of Russell's shoulder early in the Illinois game. I had no remotely adequate substitute and was forced to keep him in the line-up just to run the team; but he had only one arm, and Pogue and Pottsy Clark were not to be stopped with anything less than two. Zuppke had gone to Illinois as coach in 1913, and from this 7 to 21 defeat on, the state university has been one of our major opponents. This was the game in which we failed to shift back to proper kick-off position after botching my old trick kick-off, and Pottsy Clark galloped the length of the field for a touchdown. I should have liked particularly to top the Conference that season, for the board of trustees had voted to call our athletic field Stagg Field.

The 1915 eleven, captained by Pete Russell, nosed out Wisconsin 14 to 13, but lost to Minnesota and Illinois. Frank Pershing, a nephew of the general, joined the squad that season. He was elected captain of the 1917 squad, but with most of the team had joined the colors before the season opened. Steve Brody, at guard in 1915, was killed in action in the air service. The last of the old faculty hostility toward athletics expired during the war, in the face of the contribution made in the war by college athletes. I have listed four men of the 1913, 1914 and 1915

(Continued on Page 101)

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REO MOTOR CAR COMPANY *Lansing, Michigan*

(Continued from Page 96)

football teams who were killed in action, and Chicago suffered no heavier than other universities. But the college athlete did more than die; he lived magnificently, volunteered almost to a man, was accepted to a man because of his physical condition, and usually became an officer by virtue of the qualities that won him a place on the team.

Our lowest ebb since 1910 came in 1916. We lost to Carleton, Northwestern and Wisconsin, and were slaughtered 49 to 0 on our own field by one of Doctor Williams' greatest teams—the worst defeat in Chicago's football history. Yet this Minnesota machine, with a 54 to 0 victory over Wisconsin also on its scalp string, had been defeated by Illinois 9 to 14, while we had whipped Illinois a week later, and neither result was a fluke. Walter Camp was to be at Minneapolis to see the Illinois game, and the Gophers, in their eagerness to make a showing before the selector of All-American elevens, overtrained and went stale. Illinois intercepted a pass early in the game, got the jump and kept it.

The Rules for Interference

We journeyed to Champaign as a presumptive burnt offering on Zuppke's altar, and did the same thing to them that they had done to Minnesota. On Chicago's first punt, Dutch Sternaman took the ball and dropped it on McPherson's tackle. Captain Red Jackson scooped it up on the first bound on the dead run and continued for a touchdown. Our scout had reported that the Illinois right half on defense was accustomed to edge forward toward the line and that it would be possible to get behind him. I planned to do so by crossing over from the opposite side and had rehearsed the play, ordering it to be saved until we chanced to be well toward the left side of the field, but not too close, so that the Illinois safety man would be pulled a bit toward the strong side of the field.

Pershing switched from half to right end on a stealthy back-field interchange, a feint attack was made toward their right, Graham wheeled and whipped the ball diagonally to Pershing, who had slipped past the Illinois half, and he was downed on the nine-yard line. Bat Hanisch, fullback, drove it over for a touchdown on a nine-man line play. Penn worked the same forward pass on us last season for its winning touchdown.

The smartness of Red Graham brought us a third touchdown in the second half. There was and still is a rule that when a kicked ball strikes a player of the side punting, the ball continues in play for the defensive side, which has the option of running with it or putting it down where it struck the off-side player. I had called the squad's attention to the rule and emphasized the option. Illinois punted short, the ball hit one of their linesmen on the leg, and Graham, in a flash, had picked it up and was trotting forward, shouting "Chicago's ball back here!" pointing a finger. When he had trotted past most of the Illinois team he broke and ran for a touchdown.

All this conspired to bring down on us another week later that worst walloping we ever took. Minnesota could not get at Illinois again, but it could everlastingly wipe up the earth with the team that had whipped Illinois. And it did, Bastian and Wyman, one of the greatest forward-passing combinations ever seen in the Conference, presiding.

To this extent, football is not a breeder of generous, trusting natures. A certain skepticism becomes the smart player. He takes nothing for granted. When the ball crosses the goal line on the kick-off it is not dead until the defensive team has touched it down back of the goal line. They almost invariably touch it down and bring it out to the twenty-yard line for a kick or a scrimmage, but they can run with it if they like. This used to be true of tries for goal and other kicks. In the Army-Yale game of 1902, De Saulles of Yale picked up the ball after Charley Daly of the Army had tried for goal and failed, and strolled out with it. As he passed the twenty-five-yard line, the referee, Bucky Vail, called to him to stop. De Saulles turned toward Vail, and as he came alongside, said "This ball is not down because I did not touch it down," and walked on. Vail pondered this a moment, then shouted, "Free ball! Free ball!" De Saulles already was in full flight. The Army, which had lined up to receive a kick, pulled him down on their twenty-five-yard line and the game ended 6 to 6.

The war scuttled our squad in 1917, but with three veterans to nine, we held Illinois 0 to 0. An error of the referee, the only instance of the kind in my experience, all but beat us. At a critical moment he gave Illinois a fifth down, refusing to accept the head linesman's word that they already had had their quota. Illinois employed the fifth down to try for a goal that missed.

Conference football was suspended in 1918 by a Conference faculty order, for if the sport was to be played at all, it would be by army teams immune to the usual eligibility rules, in as much as all students were members of the Student Army Training Corps. Ours lived in barracks beneath the stands on Stagg Field under military discipline. I had begun to whip a fairly good team together when most of them were called to the colors. To fill the dates already scheduled, we had to conjure up a new team composed principally of freshmen, and we lost every game. The success of these S. A. T. C. elevens depended very largely on whether the local commandant happened to be a football fan or not. Those who were saw to it that no bugle calls interfered with practice, and first-rate teams resulted. Elsewhere the squad's life was not a happy one.

Generals at Play

We lost the final 1918 game with the Minnesota S. A. T. C. team by the failure of our quarter to follow his orders. With a string of defeats behind me, I made a desperate effort to win this closing game and devoted the whole week to a new set of formations, including one I called Formation B, or the Go-Whoa-Hep. On Friday I went over the field and our plays with the captain and quarter, giving him his orders, and emphasizing particularly that Formation B was to be called on the first time Chicago got the ball as far as its own thirty-five-yard line. I renewed this instruction particularly in our last talk before the team took the field. Luck was with us. The Minnesota kicker stubbed his toe on the kick-off and we recovered the

Hold That Line! Harvard Stiffens on Its Goal Line and Holds Yale to a 0 to 0 Tie, 1926

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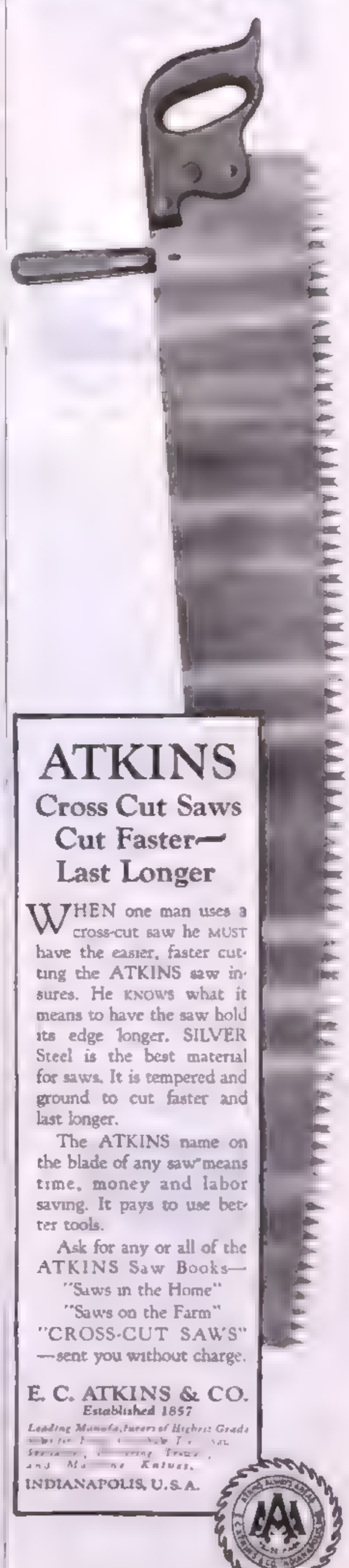

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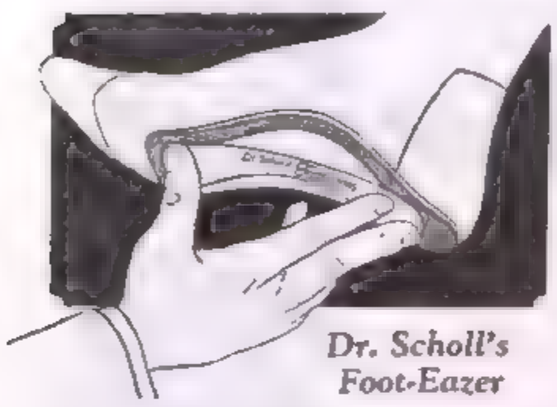

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ball on our own forty-yard line. Instead of using Formation B, the quarter began working the stuff we had used all season and did not try the Go-Whoa-Hep until almost the end of the first half. On this first and only attempt he made eleven yards. In the intermission I gave him what-for. A complete change came over Chicago's play in the second half, but it was too late.

Michigan returned to the Conference after years of effort on the part of the faculty at Ann Arbor and friendly overtures from the confederation from which she had seceded, the influence of Coach Yost turning the scales. We wished to do our part in spreading the welcome mat and dropped Minnesota to make a place for Michigan on our schedule.

The boys came marching home again in 1919 to give us a team that lost only to Illinois and Wisconsin. The Iowa game closed with a burst of fireworks in which Aubrey Devine, one of the immortals of Conference football, all but whipped us. In his anxiety to cover his opponent on forward passes, our left end let the Iowa right end lead him a wild-goose chase, while Devine, feinting at passes toward our right, got away repeatedly around our left.

In three successive plays in the final minutes of the game Devine carried the ball from the Iowa forty-yard line to our thirty-two-yard mark. I sent in Hinkle to relieve Halladay, and in his excitement he presented Iowa with fifteen yards more by yelling "Fight, men, fight!" before the first play was called—the penalty for a substitute speaking until after one play. The rule was written to prevent a sub from carrying in orders from the coach at a critical moment, and was intended to apply only to the side in possession of the ball; but the next season it was made all inclusive, as interpreted by the umpire in this instance. The penalty put the ball on our sixteen-yard-line, from where Iowa swept it on in two plays to the two-and-a-half-yard mark. Here Chicago stood like Stonewall Jackson and the whistle blew for the end of the game with the ball on the one-yard line and fourth down, the score 9 to 6.

A Team With Fight

No such luck in the Wisconsin game, which we lost in the last minutes of play on a brilliant run from a punt for a touchdown by Allen Davey, Wisconsin sub quarter. The game stood 3 to 3 and we had had a shade the better of it. Chicago concluded that it could not win and would have to be content with a tie. Playing with that spirit, they lost. Davey was the type of player who is dropped into a game in a crisis in the hope that he will break it up, and he did magnificently. He got away from our loafing linesmen to a flying start and dodged the rest of his way. Bobby Cole, our regular safety man, had been injured after booting the field goal that gave us our only three points, and Captain Higgings shifted from the line to safety. He tried desperately to stop Davey; but, unused to the position, and confronted by a brilliant runner, he failed.

The reverse of the 1919 Wisconsin-game spirit made a weak team magnificent on defense in 1920—in some ways the best defensive team I ever had, despite the fact that it lost to Ohio State, Illinois, Wisconsin and Michigan and won only from Purdue, Wabash and Iowa. Our backfield was not strong, to begin with, and we had lost heavily by injuries in midseason. Many teams, when they have lost their drive, turn philosophers and ask "What's the use?" But this comparatively feeble eleven retreated like the British from Mons. A field goal that hit the crossbar and wabbled over was the margin by which a strong Illinois machine nosed them out. Wisconsin won by a like 3 to 0 score, and a great Ohio State eleven, Conference champions in 1920, as in 1916 and 1917, shaded us 7 to 6 in a heroic rear-guard action. This was our first game with Ohio State. We caught a Tartar then, and it hasn't grown any more docile since.

They gave us our only defeat in 1921, to spoil a record of beating Northwestern, Purdue, Princeton, Colorado, Illinois and Wisconsin. Jack Wilce, the Wisconsin 1909 captain, to whom we had waived the ball after a tie game, now the Ohio State coach, beat us 7 to 0 on one of the prettiest bits of strategy that ever sent me sprawling. We began like a prairie fire, taking the ball on our eighteen-yard line on Ohio's first punt and sweeping it eighty-two yards down the field with as brilliant and diversified an attack of line plunges, forward passes, end runs and tricks as I ever saw inaugurate a game. On their eight-yard line, second down, our quarter called for a forward pass from a half to himself at a point beyond the scrimmage line. The quarter, however, made a change in the position at which he was to receive the ball, to meet a temporary condition, and failed to make the shift plain to the half. The latter shot the ball to the usual spot, the quarter was not there, the ball hit the ground over the goal line, became forfeit to Ohio, and we never did score, although we held the edge until the fourth quarter.

Football's Phrenologist

In the final quarter the situation was exactly reversed, and Ohio State marched brilliantly down upon our goal. It is difficult to describe Wilce's strategy adequately on paper; its perfection lay in the way he set the stage. Ohio led up by a series of end runs and forward passes all to the right. On our fourteen-yard line they feinted to the right again, the ball carrier did a whirl maneuver and went right through our weakened left for a touchdown.

Two of my former players had seen Princeton in action and detailed the Tiger defense in advance of our game at Princeton. I concluded from these reports that the line was their weak spot and prepped for a line of offensive. We used three fullbacks, Timme, Thomas and Zorn, to which Princeton added, "We wish they'd never been born." Thomas and Zorn were playing their first year. One of them averaged five and a quarter yards, the other five and a half yards every time he carried the ball through the Tiger line. Bobbie Cole, our left half, did himself proud too. A touchdown on a forward pass and a field goal by Romney won for us 9 to 0.

Though we won the Illinois game 14 to 6, the field at Urbana was muddy, we played listlessly in the first half and Illinois got the jump. In the first quarter Sternaman of Illinois kicked a field goal. In the second quarter Romney slipped in punting and the ball angled off fifteen yards to the left, straight into the arms of Peden, an Illinois half, who ran it back sixty yards to our twenty-five yard line. After failing to gain through our line, Sternaman dropped a perfect drop kick over the bar for a second field goal and the half ended 0 to 6 against us.

Between the halves we gave the team a blistering stage talk, singling out two men in particular, both of whom had taken it easy. A transformed Chicago eleven took the field in the third quarter. Too muddy for flashy running, John Thomas, the fullback, carried the ball on virtually every play and hammered through for two touchdowns. Illinois knew that he would carry it and could guess pretty closely where, just as in the case of Gordon Clark against the same school in 1897, but like Clark, he was not stoppable.

Coach Zuppke is a painter by avocation. He was coming down heavily on camouflage in these years and experimenting with jerseys and headgear in the exact shade of orange of the new football. At once one of the most ingenious and most fantastic of coaches, he overlooks no conceivable angle of a game and mixes more psychology medicine than the chair of psychology itself. One of his precepts, I have heard, is that a quarterback should not have a long nose. Pete Russell, our quarter from 1913 to 1915, had played at half on the Oak Park High School eleven when Zuppke coached it. When I put the boy at quarter Zuppke told someone that Russell's nose was too long for the position; it would obscure his vision.

A hot battle with a notable Wisconsin team, which we won 3 to 0 on Romney's field goal with only three minutes remaining to play, wound up 1921. Wisconsin, with Elliott and Rollie Williams, the latter one of the greatest ball carriers the Big Ten has known, began invincibly, carrying the ball sixty yards down a soft field without a stop to our eight-yard line, where Williams fumbled and Timme fell on the ball for us, and the parade never got under way again. Fritz Crisler, now an assistant in my department, the man who had boxed in Stanley Keck so effectively at Princeton, played one of the greatest games at end in my experience.

If we have not been highly spectacular, these final years of the story conceal no anticlimax. Our postwar record of 24 Conference games won, 10 lost and 4 tied is the highest in the Big Ten. Since 1921 we have won one championship and produced a second unbeaten team; but what the records fail to show is that more desperately thrilling football has been crowded into these years than in any like period of our time, including at least two as hair-raising battles as ever left a crowd limp and ragged, voiceless and nerveless. The first of these was the Princeton game of 1922, the second the melodramatic 21 to 21 tie with Illinois in 1924—and almost any game with Wisconsin or Ohio State in this period would do for a third.

Chicago held a lead of two touchdowns in the final quarter of the Princeton game and lost 18 to 21 in a mad, wild last twelve minutes into which enough heart palpitation for forty games was packed. It ended with Chicago only a yard away from the winning touchdown, the crowd shrieking "Hurry! Hurry!" and our quarter, confused in so desperate a crisis, hammering futilely at the Tiger's center. Never before or since has a Chicago team lost a game which it had tucked away safely. It was no sudden collapse on our part, nor any fabulous rally by Princeton, but we lost as effectively as if our line suddenly had dissolved under Princeton's assault.

A Poor Change for Princeton

Fortune played with Princeton from the start. On our first punt, our right end, the stalwart Dickson, was clipped, and suffered a hurt knee that slowed him up in the first half and took him out the second, forcing Strohmeier to shift from quarter to end, a substitute general taking his place at quarter.

To this loss of leadership was added the injury of Captain Lewis, taking him out of the game. Princeton scored its first touchdown at the beginning of the second quarter—a beautiful, long forward pass bringing the ball to our seven-yard line. Here the injured Dickson took overtime out, costing us a two-yard penalty. That additional two yards gave the touchdown, for Princeton barely shoved it over in four attempts.

We could have spotted them that touchdown easily enough, for John Thomas, with his brother Harry and Jim Pyott, had ripped the Tiger line to shreds and marched sixty yards in the first quarter for our first score, the bulk of the attack going inside the defensive tackles. We added a second touchdown early in the second quarter and a third near the end of the third quarter without once using a forward pass, and demonstrated a decisive superiority that left the result in no apparent doubt. The team was amply supplied with wide formations, and one of our errors in generalship was in not having used them in the second half, when the Princeton line had closed in tightly to combat our slashing direct attack. I had given a special triple pass for such a contingency, with the combined utility of gaining ground around end and throwing the fear of it into the Tiger ends and tackles, but it never was used.

(Continued on Page 105)

FEDERAL

Sixteen years ago—Federal entered the uncharted field of motor highway transportation. A new era began!

Federal's advent marked the beginning of greater progress—more spectacular forward strides—more important developments in highway transportation than were made in all the preceding generations!

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THAT dismal street is packed from curb to curb with cars of every vintage. They crawl along, a weary procession, until they reach the street's end, which is their end, too. For there—bleak and desolate—rises a huge pile of rusty metal, old rubber, torn fabric—the bleaching bones of countless cars.

* * *

SOONER or later, your car, every car, joins that pile. But the tragedy is that so many cars limp down that one-way street *a year, two years, three years before their time*—simply because some motor oil failed. For, 75% of all the engine troubles that speed a car to the scrap-heap are caused by faulty lubrication.

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But in action only a thin *film* of that oil safeguards your motor from deadly heat and friction. This oil film covers all the vital parts of your motor and comes between all the whirling, sliding surfaces, preventing dangerous metal to metal contact. And, as long as that film remains unbroken, your motor is protected from heat and friction. But only a *fighting* film of oil *can* remain unbroken under the terrific punishment it must withstand.

Heat—searing, scorching heat—constantly lashes the oil film. And tearing, grinding friction persistently attacks it. Under that two-fold punishment, the film of ordinary oil often breaks and burns. Through the broken, shattered film, finely adjusted bearings are directly exposed to intense heat. Hot metal chafes against hot metal. Insidious friction begins its work of destruction.

In time, you have repairs—a burned-out bearing, a scored cylinder or a seized piston. And those repairs are the danger signals on the one-way street to the scrap-heap.

DETOUR

In the end, every car limps down that one-way street to the scrap-heap. But you can postpone the time and avoid a long, trouble-ridden stretch of that street, by detouring. The detour is via the oil that gives the "film of protection".

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Hundreds of thousands of car owners have found that the "film of protection" means a smoother running motor, more power and a new freedom from engine repairs.

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(Continued from Page 102)

When John Thomas had carried the ball over a second time, I sent in Zorn, who forgot himself and spoke to Harry Thomas, bringing on a fifteen-yard penalty that enabled Princeton to kick off from our forty-five-yard line. The total of these pin pricks began to mount ominously. Then the Tiger smartly pulled a screw kick-off for eighteen yards to their right, recovering the ball less than a yard from the sideline, and a forward pass quickly put it on our twelve-yard line. We stopped them there, but it enabled them to hold us well inside our own territory the rest of the second quarter.

When I was in New York for the rules committee meeting in March, 1923, I dined with Johnny Breathed and Herman Stegeman at the D. K. E. club. In talking over this game, Johnny said that he had been at the Hotel McAlpin, where the New York alumni of Princeton and Chicago were getting the returns over a special wire. In the second quarter the announcer had read off the report something like this: "Thomas, five yards; Thomas, six yards; Thomas, five yards; Zorn substitutes for Thomas; Zorn makes seven yards; Zorn, eight yards."

"Take out Zorn and put back Thomas," pleaded a Princeton voice.

Pyott opened the last quarter auspiciously with a smart fifteen-yard run. Princeton stiffened on her forty-yard line and Chicago kicked. Gorman caught the ball and attempted a daring back pass to Cleaves, who was posted wide, but the pass was thrown forward, making it illegal, and Princeton was set back to her two-yard line on the penalty—and we were leading 18 to 7, with the end not far off.

A second time the Tiger outsmarted us. Instead of punting, and in the face of the disheartening failure of the previous play, they passed to their quarter, who was out in end position near the east sideline, and he ran it out to the forty-yard mark. The tide turned swiftly here. Had Princeton kicked, it would have been Chicago's ball on our thirty or thirty-five-yard line probably, and we could have resumed the march possibly to a fourth touchdown. Instead, Chicago next got the ball on her own forty-two-yard line, when Princeton was forced to kick. King, our center, was hurt. Dawson took his place. On the first play he passed inaccurately to Zorn, the ball bounded off Zorn's shoulder and bounced into the hands of Gray, the Tiger left end, who, without having to check or swerve to take it, continued in full flight for forty-three yards and a touchdown.

Reversed Tactics

The score was 18 to 14. A twenty-three-yard pass by Princeton carried the ball to our thirty-three-yard line. Strohmeier, playing left defensive half, used his left hand on a Princeton end who was leaping for an out-of-range pass, giving the ball on penalty to Princeton on our fifteen-yard line. They made four yards, and on the next play gained five more on Chicago's off-side play. From the six-yard line Princeton carried it over by an eyelash in four downs. Chicago was behind 18 to 21 and time almost up.

Running the ball back to our thirty-four-yard line from kick-off, we cut loose with the neglected forward pass, and intermingled with five line bucks, swept it down on the Princeton one-yard line in a little more than two minutes. On this sweep Chicago completed four forward passes, the last one, Pyott to Strohmeier for twenty-two yards, carrying the ball to the six-yard line. The attack was irresistible, but suddenly our tactics changed. Twice I had talked to the squad of how we failed to win the 6 to 6 game with Pennsylvania in 1899 when the quarter hammered at the Penn center three times on two different occasions with only a yard to go. To the quarterbacks I had stressed the extreme inadvisability—the virtual prohibition—of using a drive on center unless it was a comeback after a shift or a drive over the line.

But with the frenzied crowd screaming a prayer for haste, in the belief that only seconds remained to play, it was not strange that the quarter forgot his training and listened to instinct, which whispered that lying old fallacy that the shortest distance between two points is a straight line. Princeton defended magnificently, and John Thomas butted his head into a stone wall. They had a smart and able team and played brilliantly the tricky, daring strategy of their great coach, Bill Roper. No other athletic event in my memory so depressed the university as a whole for so many hours.

We went out two weeks later with blood on the moon and whipped Ohio State 14 to 9, but we broke more than one suspender in the doing. Both teams had taken a Saturday off and given two weeks to preparation. Ohio State had been spread-forward-passing the Conference to death, so we concentrated on a spread-formation defense.

Wilce feared our line attack most, and devoted his time to perfecting a tight box defense against John Thomas, our plunging fullback, which slowed up John, but did not stop his brother Harry.

Wilce crossed us up by using no spread passes, but while his line pulled in to stop our plunging offense, Strohmeier cleverly mixed passes and shifts and beat them at their own open game. It was an uphill battle all the way for us. I had suggested to the team that we make a desperate effort to gain before kicking if the ball was downed in our territory at the outset.

A Dramatic Close

Our center made a bad pass to John Thomas on the first play, the ball glanced off Thomas' shin and Ohio recovered it. Workman dropped a field goal from the thirty-five-yard line and we were behind. Ohio added a touchdown in the third quarter, when our left end was clipped from the rear as he was about to tackle Workman, dislocating his elbow and permitting Workman to get away for twenty-five yards. A forward pass took the ball to our four-yard line, from where they smashed it over.

Wisconsin always gives us a battle, and Chicago had lost its drive after so hard a season and failed to rise to the occasion in the final game. It ended 0 to 0. Our percentage in the Conference standing was 1000, as was that of Iowa and Michigan, but they had won all their games.

The day before the 1923 Illinois game we lost Harry Thomas, our right half, by ineligibility and that cost us the game. That Friday night I kept the team out until eight o'clock under the electric lights, trying to teach John Thomas to play Harry's position, and that, perhaps, was a blunder on my part. We have a rule that every three weeks a report must be made on the men and anyone back in his work becomes ineligible. Harry had missed an examination through illness.

The 0 to 7 defeat took us out of the championship scramble and left Illinois and Michigan in a tie for it, though we had tumbled the Michigan Aggies, Colorado Aggies, Northwestern, Purdue, Indiana, Ohio State and Wisconsin. In the Ohio game Workman kicked from his own goal line and the ball traveled over our goal, the only time I ever saw it done. The Wisconsin contest, ending the season, was a pretty tangle. Both teams were keyed up and both expected to win. Five of the Chicago varsity were playing their last game, while Wisconsin believed she had been cheated out of the Michigan game the previous week.

Jim Pyott ended his career here in the most dramatic climax that I recall a Chicago captain ever writing for himself. About the middle of the second quarter, Chicago having worked its way from its own forty-five-yard line to within sixteen yards of Wisconsin's goal, quarterback Abbott called for a triple pass which was to end with left end Lampe receiving the ball on a back pass from Pyott; but Pyott, observing that the Wisconsin left end was planning to cover Lampe, cut through sharply on the inside of him, dodged the man backing up the line, reversed and outran the defensive right half who had been pulled over on the play, and made our first touchdown.

Again in the closing moments of the game, Curley called for a wide run to be followed by a forward pass, Pyott making a beautiful running pass that netted forty yards to Harry Thomas, who first dashed down to the right, then cut inward, receiving the ball and carrying it to the ten-yard line. At this juncture Pyott's lightning-fast thinking gave us a second touchdown. Starting, as previously, on a wide run to be followed by a forward pass, he noted that the Wisconsin end had dropped back to cover. Keeping the ball himself, he dodged and outran two or three of the enemy and crossed the goal line again, with the winning score.

When Wisconsin had tied the score earlier in the game, they produced a baked-clay mold, or tee, from which they tried for goal and extra point, and failed fortunately—the last example of the ancient sport of beating the rules, which only said, in this case, that a player may scrape up the loose dirt in the vicinity for a place kick. The rules committee outlawed all tees that winter, and to nail it down, barred the usual kick-off mound of loose dirt.

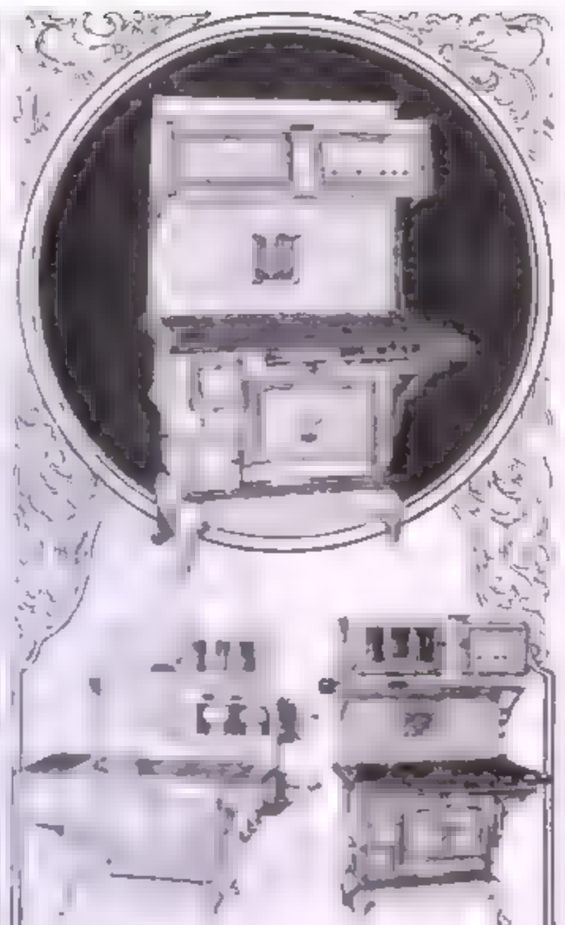
Missouri, an outsider, started us off with a 3 to 0 defeat in 1924. A fine team and further advanced than we were, they got the ball on a blocked punt and kicked a field goal. We had blocked three of their punts, but never near their goal line. We won 19 to 7 from Brown in our first game since the 1899-1900 duet and had rather an easier time of it than the score indicates. The confusion of the referee gave them their only score. Harry Thomas had kicked from the thirty-yard line, Brown blocked the kick and the ball rolled to about the fifteen-yard line, where Thomas fell on it, but the referee gave it to Brown.

The Ghost Visits

We defeated Indiana 23 to 0 and went to Columbus for our annual Greek versus Greek affair with Ohio State, ending in the usual 3 to 3 tie. They kicked a field goal early in the game and we sweated the balance of the afternoon to overtake them, tying the score in the last thirty seconds of play—the tightest last-minute squeeze out of which a Chicago team ever pulled. As the last minutes of the game ticked off, Chicago worked the ball slowly toward the Ohio goal. Using a quadruple pass toward the wrong side, we carried it to the twelve-yard line, but badly to one side of the goal posts. Thirty seconds to play. I relieved Burgess at quarter and sent in the nervy Bob Curley to kick. From that forbidding angle, he drop-kicked the ball over and saved our bacon.

Our 1923 game with Illinois had formally opened their stadium. The dedication waited on the Michigan-Illinois 1924 game, and Grange took the ceremonies in charge in person. In twelve minutes he scored four touchdowns against a mighty Michigan machine, the most spectacular single-handed performance ever made in a major game. On successive Saturdays, Illinois smashed Michigan 39 to 14 and Iowa 36 to 0. Up to the Chicago game, Grange had carried the ball seventy-six times for 795 yards total that season, an average of more than ten yards. This was the prospect that faced a presumably ordinary Chicago eleven.

The old attendance advantage of the city university ended with the advent of the motor car and hard roads, and our only remaining urban benefit in football is the disproportionate publicity we get from the Chicago papers. They were the metropolitan press for much the larger part of the Big Ten territory, and as a local institution, we inevitably fall heir to more reading matter than the outlying members of the Conference.



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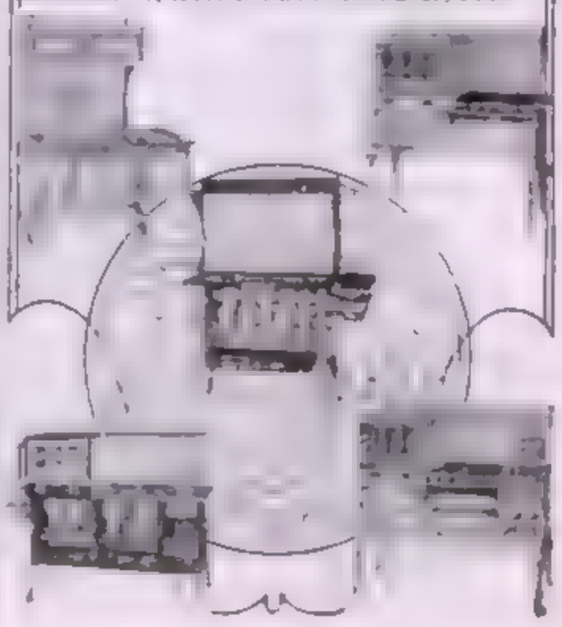

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The Minneapolis is sold and installed by a nation-wide organization with branch offices in principal cities and experienced dealers in every community.

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More than 65,000 had attended the Michigan-Illinois game in Urbana, a town of 12,000, more than 100 miles from the nearest city. Our capacity at Chicago was only 32,000, and Illinois would have been happy to fill that many seats themselves. Their stands wore a festive, picnic air. As gay parties of congressmen and their ladies jogged out from Washington to grace the First Battle of Bull Run and applaud a rebel rout, so came Illinois to Stagg Field. In the face of the Iowa and Michigan games no one asked who would win. The barbecue pits were dug, the fires were banked, and it was no secret who was going to provide the meat. The dopesters were concerned only with whether Illinois would equal the 49 to 0 smearing Minnesota had applied to us in 1916 or set up a new record in Chicago humiliation.

Our own stands whistled with a graveyard valor in expectancy of a galloping ghost popping out from behind the first tombstone, and held grimly to their Maroon balloons which carry the tidings of a Chicago touchdown aloft at big games. I never had doubted that we had a chance, and I had the team believing in itself. Mrs. Stagg's mother, now eighty-eight, our oldest rooter, who sits just beneath the press stand, had no doubts. Mrs. Stagg herself, who sits in the press box and makes a chart of each game for me, believed. I cannot speak for more than these. For strategy I fell back on that good old military aphorism indorsed by Papa Foch—the best defense is an attack. Not for us the negative "Stop Grange!" The command was "Forward! Get the jump! Attack! Attack! Then attack some more!"

In a running account of the game, Robert M. Lee wrote:

"They are kicking off. What's happening? The Chicago grand stand rises like a blanket suddenly inspired. Then it sits again. Now it is up again. Now down, once more up, up, up; and yelling ladies and gentlemen, like so many furies suddenly released upon a hateful world."

The Chicago Tune

"This, then, is what happened: McCarty, he of the white 5 on his broad back, went through that Illinois line for fifteen yards. It is the same Illinois line that held Michigan and Iowa and all the rest of the noble football machines that now strew its wake.

"They form again. McCarty goes through for another fifteen yards.

"They form again. McCarty goes through for seven yards.

"They form again. McCarty goes through for eight yards.

"Again. McCarty goes through for three yards.

"McCarty goes through to the six-yard line.

"McCarty goes through for a touchdown.

"Play that on your big bassoon."

Less dramatically, but in more accurate detail, this is what happened: Britton kicked off. Hobscheid of Chicago ran the ball back to the Chicago thirty-yard line and McCarty made fifteen yards and first down on the Illinois forty-four-yard mark, Grange bringing him down. Again McCarty smashed the line for twelve yards. Eight times he crashed through for a grand total of fifty-six yards, Harry Thomas and Kernwein contributing the balance of that sixty-seven-yard drive to the four-yard line. The brilliant attack failed here when the hard-hitting fullback fumbled, and Britton punted out at once. Our hearts sank at that fumble. It is not often that such a drive can be restarted.

Abbott ran the kick back to the thirty-yard line. Kernwein was used once and McCarty three times, the Illinois guard and center positions yielding steadily until Chicago had first down on the Illinois nineteen-yard line. Thomas smashed four yards through right tackle, then McCarty ripped through center on three successive plays to the one-yard mark, then over for a touchdown. Bob Curley replaced Abbott at quarter and kicked the goal. Chicago 7, Illinois 0.

A deathlike hush had fallen over the Illinois stands from McCarty's first plunge, to lift for a moment with a great sigh of escape at the fumble on the four-yard line, then descended again.

McCarty was called to the sidelines for a rest, Marks replacing him. Britton kicked off over the Chicago goal line, and from the twenty-yard mark Chicago advanced past the center of the field without a sign of being halted. Harry Thomas broke through left tackle for one gain of fourteen yards, Kernwein and Marks smashing the line for the other gains. Now Kernwein skirted right end until he was run out of bounds on Illinois' seventeen-yard line. In two plays Thomas made first down through tackle to the five-yard mark. Kernwein gained four yards at center. Marks battered at center, but gained only thirty inches instead of thirty-six as the period ended, third down and six inches to go. On the first play of the second quarter, Thomas went through for a touchdown. Instead of kicking goal, Curley forward-passed to Barnes for the extra point. Chicago 14, Illinois 0.

Up to now Illinois had not carried the ball once. Where is Grange? Here he is and there he goes! On successive plays the galloping ghost ran the ball down the field on forward passes for Illinois' first touchdown. Chicago 14, Illinois 7.

Chicago kicked off. Illinois failed to gain and was forced to punt. From that punt Chicago set sail on another touchdown cruise. A forward pass, Thomas to Cunningham, gained twenty-eight yards to the Illinois eighteen-yard line. Closer! Closer! Closer! Francis, now at fullback, went over. Chicago, 21, Illinois 7.

A Close Battle

Illinois took the ball on the kick-off. There goes Grange again! Again! Again! The ball now is on Chicago's seventeen-yard line. Grange dropped back and down on one knee as if for a place kick. Britton stood behind him as if to kick. The ball was snapped to Grange, who tossed it back to Britton. What's this? Britton passed to Kassell, at right end. Kassell shot it to Grange, by now skirting Chicago's left end. A beautifully executed quadruple pass had gained thirteen yards, and there remained only four to go. On the next play Grange slipped far out and around for a touchdown. Chicago 21, Illinois 14. The second period ended soon after.

In the third period Coach Zuppke had changed his defense to a back-field box, the same defense Ohio State had used against us for two seasons, and he checked our attack. Grange failed, then Chicago failed through the line. An off-side play soon forced Illinois to try for a field goal. Britton missed. Chicago failed through the line again, then uncorked a quick kick over Grange's head. Thomas and Barto pursued and nailed Number 77 on his own twenty-yard line. But there he goes again! Momentarily winded by the chase, Barto at right end failed to go through hard on the next play, Grange skirted his end and snaked his way down the field for the tying touchdown. Chicago 21, Illinois 21, and the third quarter not yet over.

Britton kicked off and sent the ball clear over the Chicago goal posts—an extraordinary kick. The ball going into play on the twenty-yard line, Chicago gained on two downs, was held on the third and punted to Grange, who was stopped in his tracks. Soon Britton tried for a place kick and the ball shot under the cross bar. McCarty was inserted and made seventeen yards in three tries, and the period ended.

Five-yard McCarty was off again. He plowed through center for first down. Thomas burst through tackle clear to the Illinois forty-yard line. McCarty and Thomas alternating, ground at the Illinois line, and made another first down on Illinois' thirty-yard mark. Gaining only three yards in two tries, Thomas passed to Curley and

(Continued on Page 108)

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Simplicity and Strathmore Expressive Papers

Bonds, Writings Books, Covers

(Continued from Page 106)

Grange knocked the ball down. Curley tried for a field goal. Gallivan returned the ball to the Illinois twenty-one-yard line and Grange immediately dashed twenty-six yards before being run out of bounds. On his next sally Grange was spilled without gain. A pass, Grange to Britton, failed, and Britton's attempt at a sixty-five-yard place kick was short ten yards.

Chicago gained seven yards through the line, was held, then kicked. Grange turned the Maroon right end for nine yards and Schultz hit center for seven more—one of the rare gains through the Chicago line. Goodman intercepted Grange's pass on Chicago's thirty-six-yard line. Thomas took the ball twelve yards in two smashes and Francis broke through right tackle. He passed Grange and was on his way to a touchdown when overtaken by Muhl from the rear. First down on Illinois' twenty-five-yard line. Thomas failed at tackle. Francis made three yards, Thomas two yards, then Schultz intercepted Kernwe n's pass on Illinois' eleven-yard line.

Holding the Ghost

Grange broke loose once more for fifty yards, but Ray Gallivan, substituting for Hall, held his Chicago opponent in his excitement and Grange's run was killed. The penalty put the ball on Illinois' one-yard line, a minute to play and the score tied 21 all. Illinois risked all and started passing. One, Britton to Gallivan, carried the ball out to the fifteen-yard mark, but the others were not completed, and Britton punted forty yards to Curley as the game ended.

Walter Camp saw the game. The newspapers quoted him as saying that he had seen more real football in thirty minutes than he had witnessed all season on the Atlantic seaboard. He called it the greatest offensive battle he ever saw. Taken all in all—the expected one-sided victory, the overshadowing reputation of Grange, the irresistible sweep of Chicago from the kick-off, the tremendous upset in the first quarter, the seesaw in the second quarter, Grange's magnificent response in which he brought the Illinois score from 0 to 21 virtually single-handed, the breathless deadlock in the final quarter, with both teams narrowly denied the winning touchdown, and the ball on Illinois' one-yard line in the last minute of play, made it one of the greatest football dramas ever played on any field.

I make a practice of calling on the winner and congratulating him after a game. There was no winner here, but I felt that either side in such a scrap deserved felicitations. When the 32,000 had tottered out of the stands, destroyed in voice and nerve, I stopped in at the Illinois quarters and said, "Zup, I want to congratulate you and your team. It's a grand team and worthy of its coach."

But Zup was in the mood of Gil Dobie after the Cornell-Penn game in 1924. Gloomy Gil teaches in the coaching school at Illinois. Zuppke had seen the Penn-Cornell contest and went around to say a word to Dobie after the game. He found the Cornell mentor off to himself, immersed in his proverbial gloom.

"Don't take it to heart, Gil," Zuppke said. "Your team played a great game." Dobie shook his head. "Why, your backs were superb," Zuppke protested. "You're the greatest back-field coach in the country. I never saw faster moving backs; they get under way like lightning."

"Yes," Dobie agreed funereally, "that's the trouble with them—they get to the tacklers too soon."

Such a Homeric struggle as this 21 to 21 tie is a pretty good place to end this story, and I shall make the epilogue brief. Northwestern was laying for us the following Saturday and gave us the closest fit in years, twice stopping a triumphal march of ours down the field. We thought we had a possible chance at the championship and we played to win, not to tie. In doing so Curley broke all the rules of caution twice in the march from near our own goal line to the point where he kicked a goal in the last quarter to win, 3 to 0. Twice he tried for a four-yard gain with McCarty on fourth down near our own goal line, and each time McCarty went through. It was hair-raising chance taking, but I heartily approved of it.

As it turned out, Minnesota defeated Illinois that afternoon, giving us the highest percentage in the Conference and a technical championship, marred by three ties. The third tie came the following Saturday against Wisconsin, 0 to 0. They had had a poor season and there was much dissension at Madison, but all hands buried the hatchet to leap upon us

We stopped Grange in the Conference in 1925 by seeing to it that he never got a start—the only possible method of spiking Number 77. True to the Urbana tradition, the weather for our 1925 Illinois game was atrocious. The whole season had been affected by rain, but this day driving sheets of cold water almost shut off each side of the stadium from the view of the other. We were prepared to beat them and competent to the job, but we fumbled ourselves to death after getting the jump. McCarty ripped through their line as of old, and by steady plunging carried the ball thirty-five yards to the five-yard line in the first quarter, only to have it slip out of his grasp. In the second quarter Grange fumbled on the Illinois twenty-five-yard line, McCarty recovered the ball, broke through for fifteen yards on the next play, and went over for a touchdown soon after.

The Hope-Filled Skies

We were on Easy Street, with a six-point lead, when we fumbled on our own thirty-eight-yard line, recovered the ball, but at a cost of twenty yards; then fumbled again on fourth down to give Illinois the ball near our goal line. They failed to carry it over, losing it to us on downs. We had to punt out from behind the goal line, fumbled and kicked it and Illinois got the ball on our three-yard line, to carry it over and tie the score. McCarty was hurt in this quarter and lost to us. In the third quarter two successive fumbles put the ball back on our goal line again. Rouse's punt was blocked and again Illinois fell on the ball, this time behind our goal line.

We tied Ohio State by the annual 3 to 3, lost to Penn, Wisconsin and Dartmouth and defeated only Kentucky, Northwestern and Purdue. In 1924 I had gone East to look at various college field houses and had stopped off at Hanover in early September. Jess Hawley and his Dartmouth squad already were on hand, and Hawley invited me to lunch with Professor Richardson, chairman of the athletic board. They proposed a game for 1925.

Too Much Oberlander was our epitaph. It was worth a 7 to 33 defeat to see his forward-passing, as accurate as a rifle shot, and there were ten other men on the Green team. A forward-pass attack never is formidable unless it is supported by a running attack strong enough to force the opposition's secondary defense to lie in close. They had just that. We were able, to their surprise, to get around their ends, and we held them tolerably well until Kernwein was hurt leading our attack. McKinney went in in his place, was quickly disabled, and we were an easy mark the rest of the way. Despite the score, the Dartmouth team did us the honor of voting the Chicago game the toughest on its schedule.

We start the 1926 season with a relatively weak squad, but there is the final whistle, and I am no Dick Marshall of Penn. In the 1912 Michigan-Pennsylvania game, in which Michigan had led 21 to 0 and Penn stubbornly had fought its way up to within one point of equality, the whistle blew for the end of the game with a Michigan punt still in the air. One play only, under the rules, could save the kids from West Philly, and Marshall did it by running sixty yards for a touchdown, which, with a kicked goal, won 27 to 21 for Penn. That's the way to end a game or a story, but the best I can do is to quote the University of Chicago song. The lyrics were written overnight in 1893 on a rush order by Edwin H. Lewis. The leader of the newly organized men's glee club had discovered the lack of a school song the day before their first concert and applied to Mr. Lewis, then an assistant in rhetoric. One stanza goes:

The City White hath fled the earth;
But where the azure waters lie
A nobler city hath its birth,
The City Gray that ne'er shall die.
For decades and for centuries
Its battlemented towers shall rise
Beneath the hope-filled western skies.

These western skies still are, in 1926, hope-filled.

Erratum: In one of the earlier articles in this series by Mr. Stagg and Mr. Stout, the statement was made that Richard Harding Davis promoted a football team at Lafayette. This is an error. The institution where Mr. Davis studied and where he and his brother, Charles Belmont Davis, helped to organize the first football team is Lehigh University.

Editor's Note—This is the last of a series of articles by Mr Stagg and Mr. Stout

Chicago 14, Ohio State 0, at Columbus, 1923

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This new-type car is a challenge to all former engineering practice. It casts aside every old tradition. And marks the most important light-car engineering improvement in America during the last 16 years.

* * *

This new car has a low European-type body. With height and length in true symmetrical proportion.

It is 5 feet 8 inches high . . . not as tall as the average man. Yet it provides more room and comfort than you've ever found in any automobile of this class before.

It has a high-torque, 31-horsepower motor of small bore and long stroke—the same engine principle used in the fastest racing cars of America and Europe.

Its center of gravity is extremely low, with ample road clearance . . . thus giving a sense of security you have never found in any light car before.

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The Whippet represents a combination of the most advanced European and American engineering thought.

It is a complete new car . . . designed and built as a unit . . . not an old-fashioned reconstructed chassis.

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4-wheel brakes are an integral part of this new car's chassis design . . . a necessity that light cars of [illegible] have not heretofore enjoyed. All brakes are 11" in diameter, completely encased, thus not susceptible to weather conditions. They provide 192 square inches of braking surface—far more per pound of car weight than any other light car built today.

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The distinctive body lines of the Whippet frankly resemble the smartest custom-built automobiles of America and Continental Europe. Stand in front of this car and you can imagine yourself on the Boulevards of France. Low-swung . . . rakish . . . graceful as a Whippet . . . that's the only way to describe its wonderful beauty.

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The new principles . . . the new ideas . . . the new standards of design in the Whippet are bound to change your whole idea of light car mechanical features. Its "high-torque" motor of 3⅛" bore by 4½" stroke is by far the most efficient light car engine made in America.

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This motor actually develops more horsepower per cubic inch of piston displacement, and pound of car weight, than any other American-built light 4-cylinder engine. It has an 80-lb. torque . . . this means greater pulling power . . . the ability to master hills without shifting gears.

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The Whippet is not a 1 or 2 year car. It has been designed and built to give years and years of satisfactory service.

Success without precedent

Today, the Whippet's spectacular success is the talk of the industry. Men long seasoned in the selling of automobiles have never seen any new car win the good-will of millions so quickly or so surely.

Already, thousands of Whippets are on the streets of America. And their owners are our friends.

One owner from Sullivan, Mo. writes, "I have driven my Whippet 1600 miles and have found it satisfactory beyond my greatest expectations. I have been driving 30 to 80 miles a day in the Ozark Hills where it takes a real car to stand up, for the roads are terrible. I pull hills in high that many sixes cannot make. The 4-wheel brakes work perfectly and are badly needed in this territory. I feel that the Whippet is equal in value to cars in the $1200 class and I am glad to recommend it to anyone for performance, easy handling, and economy of operation."

From Brooklyn, N. Y. another owner writes, "A few weeks ago I bought a Whippet and we are so happy with it that I want to congratulate the Willys-Overland Company for once more giving the people of America a car they want.

"My Whippet gives 31.4 miles to a gallon of gas and with 1500 miles on the speedometer, it has not used any additional oil. That is real economy. It rides and drives as good as some cars twice its size. Everyone admires it."

And still another letter from Ashland, Wis. reads "I have never driven a car that has given me the pleasure and satisfaction that I am getting out of the Whippet. We all get a real thrill out of its snap and pick-up . . . instead of driving around some of the steep hills, now we go out looking for them."

"A made-to-order car"

"We have had eleven Overlands in our family," writes an owner from Oklahoma, "but I like the Whippet best.

"If I were having a car made-to-order, I don't know of a single improvement I could make over the new Whippet. It's a wonderful automobile."

Another owner from Sheffield, Mass. writes, "I have motored through the Berkshires for the last ten days and I want to say that the Whippet has done wonders. No matter how high the hill or how rough the road, the Whippet has outrun and outclassed any of the cars on the road, not only in its class, but I do not hesitate to tell you some cars that sell for five times its price. It is the most powerful light car I have ever driven.

"When a car can travel over five miles on a road entirely under construction—and often in the mud up to the hub cap, without the least bit of trouble, I'll tell you that's performance."

$695 *At this amazing new low price the Whippet Sedan illustrated above sets an entirely new criterion of American light car value.*

"I bought a Whippet as an auxiliary car for my wife to drive . . . our heavy car was too cumbersome for her to use with any comfort or pleasure."

And still another owner from Nashua, N. H. says, "Have had my Whippet two weeks and have driven it 1000 miles. And they have been the most comfortable miles I have ever driven.

"After driving other makes of small cars for eight years, I now realize what real comfort in driving means.

"The motor is a wonder and so silent that when I take my foot off the accelerator, I can't hear it run at all. I have not found a hill I could not climb in high gear and all kinds of road is good road with a Whippet."

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Nothing has been spared that would improve its engineering or its quality.

From the standpoint of engineering, performance, and comfort, it has established an entirely new criterion by which all other light cars must be judged.

See this new-type car

You cannot completely appreciate the wonderful performance of this new-type car until you have driven it . . . until you sit behind the wheel and actually feel its amazing power, its lightning pick-up, its quick and positive stopping.

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You simply owe it to yourself to first find out what the Whippet offers before considering any other light car today.

The Whippet is furnished in three body styles . . . Sedan, $695, Touring $645, and Coupe $685. All prices f. o. b. factory.

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OVERLAND Whippet

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BULLDOG

(Continued from Page 9)

the squad line. They were starting the new Ogeechee Canal and Bulldog knew that Captain Jim meant him to set the pace. It was an accepted fact that a squad line with Bulldog at its head got about a week and a half of digging done in a week. It was useless to try to drive labor out of negro chain gangs, but to lead it out of them—that was different. It explained why Captain Jim needed Bulldog. Winter was coming along and the new drainage canal must be finished before the flood rains of spring.

The beginning was to be made some three miles away from camp, and they marched out in formation, five men to a squad. The chain-gang squad of five meant two ahead, two behind and one in the middle. Each prisoner had a leg iron around his right ankle, to which was attached the four-foot squad chain. When they were on the march the squad chains of each squad were linked together in a common ring, so that if a man attempted to bolt on the road he would have to take four of his companions with him. Even if the bolt were successful, it was poor work for five men, chained together, to beat off pursuit in the swamp. When they worked, each man carried his own chain hooked to a snaffle sewed to his tunic.

But the work line was watched over by a convict guard whose duty it was to sit on a palmetto stump all day with a sawed-off shotgun across his knees. Sometimes a prisoner escaped, but not often.

Bulldog, at the head of the line, had never tried to escape. When his time was up he had always hurried to town in high glee, but with a certain remote feeling that sooner or later he would be coming back to Cap'n Jim. Once back, he was content to work out his time. He liked to work, he gloried in the fact that he could do the work of seven.

"Ah reckon, big boy, dey hangs yo' dis time." Chinkapin, so named because of his size, was the middle prisoner in Bulldog's squad. He had spoken irrelevantly to the landscape, a dreary waste of cypress knees and cabbage palmetto extending half a dozen miles to the row of live oaks that marked the river line. No one in the squad paid any attention.

"Ah reckon, big boy, dey hangs yo' dis time!" Chinkapin repeated.

This time Bulldog half turned his head to speak, but as he did so three turkey buzzards flapped crazily out of the swamp just ahead and absorbed his attention for the moment. By the time the buzzards had settled out of sight again Bulldog had forgotten Chinkapin.

But the little convict was not to be so readily neglected. "Ah reckon, big boy, dey hangs yo' dis time," he intoned once more.

"Hangs who?" Bulldog demanded bluntly. "Chinkapin, yo' half-size nigger, shut yo' mouf befo' Ah sicks dem eye-pickin' buzzards on yo'!"

"Ah ain' kill nobody," Chinkapin answered glibly; "dem flip-flop death angels ain' lookin' fo' me."

"What yo' mean yo' ain' kill nobody? What lie yo' fixin' to tell now?" Bulldog had stopped and was facing his tormentor. "Who hangs who for what? Yo' tells de truf or Ah smacks yo' cross-eyed."

Chinkapin had an active mind. Although he had never seen him, he had heard about the squint-eyed night guard. Bulldog towered above him. In one glance Chinkapin made full appraisal. Bulldog's hand was the size of a ham. There was no going back now, for the big negro was evidently riled. The three buzzards taking wing had been an omen. Chinkapin should have realized that before he pressed his point.

"Ah ain' lyin', Bulldog," the diminutive one countered quickly. "My gal done tol' me las' night when she brung mah clo's. Ah'm leavin' Sa'day."

"Who cares when yo' leaves, han'ful? Did Ah ax yo' when yo' leaves? Who hangs for what? Yo' answer me dat in de whole truf or I slaps you pas' an' presen' an' back again!"

Chinkapin shivered. The delay had stopped the whole squad line, and back along the line a convict guard was shouting. But Bulldog was intent only on the little negro before him.

"Does yo' answer me, Chinkapin, or does I knock you loose?" One hand, open-palmed, was raised threateningly.

"Dat Washin'ton nigger died," Chinkapin blurted out in shaking fear. "My gal tol' me when she come las' night."

Bulldog's hand dropped to his side. He stood absolutely motionless, looking blankly at the quivering messenger of bad news. For a full minute he stood there, and to Chinkapin it seemed that death itself was standing there.

"Is yo' tellin' de whole truf?" Bulldog demanded.

"So help me!" quavered the terror-stricken Chinkapin.

"If yo' ain' ——"

But the sentence was never finished. One of the guards, alarmed at the sudden halt, had fired into the air as a signal to the others. The report of the gun had an electrical effect on Bulldog. If the Washington negro had died, he would hang. The three turkey buzzards, frightened by the gun, came winging past. Out of the corner of one eye Bulldog saw them.

"Stan's yo' back!" he commanded quickly, at the same time shoving the four other members of the squad into a huddle. That gave him about six feet of chain to work on. Swiftly he bent. The chain was coiled like magic first around one forearm and then the other. There was a grunt, the ring of metal and the chain had parted. Bulldog dived headlong off the trail into the palmetto scrub just as the first convict guard came running up. He fired both barrels of the sawed-off shotgun point-blank in the general direction of Bulldog's dive. Then he reloaded and fired again, keeping up the process until the other guards arrived. In a circle they closed in on the place. But the turned-back palmetto scrub revealed nothing. Bulldog was gone.

It was Chinkapin who turned an almost pasty gray face toward heaven as he exclaimed, "May de Lawd have mercy on dis pore little nigger's soul, Ah didn' mean no hahm!"

When he dived, Bulldog landed in the lush swamp grass and proceeded through it bellywise like a snake. He made a hundred yards that way before he got to his feet and broke into a run. The palmetto scrub was slightly higher than his head as he pressed forward ankle-deep in the slime. He came to a halt presently to get his second wind, knowing that he was safe for the immediate present. The convict guards couldn't leave the chain gang. They would have to summon Captain Jim and a posse. By that time Bulldog would be well on his way. But where?

Half an hour later, plowing his way through the swamp grass to the river, he was still pondering the question when his ear caught the far-away bay of a hound.

"Dere's dat posse, sho' nuff," Bulldog grunted, and put on speed. He was nearing the river and higher ground, and the going was easier. The Big Swamp, on both sides of the river, was mostly tidal backwash. There wasn't a habitation for miles ahead, and once he got to the river, Bulldog felt he could swim downstream and lose himself in the swamps on the other side. Unless the crime were a very terrible one, a white man's posse wouldn't break its neck searching the swamps for one chain-gang negro more or less. Bulldog, for all his uncouthness, had a rough-and-ready knowledge of the customs of the country. But for one day the chase would be hot; the cry of the hounds, giving tongue, assured the big negro of that. Even now the dogs seemed to have gained on him, and he stopped to listen. They were much nearer than they had been before. Bulldog's worried face changed to reveal a grin.

"Dem houn' dawgs ain' on no leash. Cap'n Jim done loosed 'em!" He chortled aloud as if to convince himself that his ears had not deceived him. He cocked his head on one side and listened intently. "Sho' nuff! Dat's Lady Belle and Junie."

The river line, with its row of live oaks festooned with Spanish moss, was a scant half mile away now and the going under foot was solid. Bulldog broke into a steady run. In a few minutes he had reached the first of the live oaks. Back in the glory days of the old South, these magnificent trees had been set out by some long-since-departed rice planter. Now their branches interlaced.

Bulldog swung himself into a tree, got up among the middle branches, ran out a good-sized limb like some giant monkey, paused, and then swung himself into the next tree. The hounds were close now; he could hear them as he climbed. But they were running the trail far ahead of the posse. Through the second tree and into the third swung the apelike giant. He kept on until he had reached the fifth, from which he dropped swiftly to the ground. He found a stout section of an old branch, tested it with the weight of his hand, and then swung back in a circle to lie in wait beside his trail.

He did not wait long. The hounds went by in full cry, Junie in the lead, Lady Belle at his heels. The bloodhound cares neither for sight nor sound, but follows his nose. Bulldog closed in behind them and grinned broadly as they came to a baffled halt at the foot of the live oak.

"Yo' Lady Belle, yo' Junie, hush dat racket!"

At the sound of his voice the hounds whirled to face him, baying excitedly at this strange turn of affairs.

"Yo' heah me? Hush dat racket!" Brandishing the broken limb, Bulldog stepped toward them. "Ah feeds yo' wiv mah own han's and yo' runs me down jes' lak Ah was a runaway convic' nigger! Junie, Lady Belle, fo' dat Ah frails yo'!"

The broken limb descended in a sidelong swish and Junie was bowled over. A split second later, in the midst of a protracted howl, Lady Belle got the same treatment. Both hounds scrambled to their feet whimpering.

"Hush dat noise! Yo' ain' hurt!" Again the tree branch came swishing down, but this time above their heads. The hounds were cowed. "Tracks me down lak a runaway convic' nigger, will yo'? Now yo' gits!" Bulldog grunted savagely. "Home, Junie! Home, Lady Belle, befo' Ah cuts loose an' frails yo' good!"

With tails down, both hounds turned and fled. Bulldog sent the tree branch soaring through the air after them. It lit at their heels and sent them scurrying faster.

"Why fo' Cap'n Jim let loose dem houn' dawgs? He might knowed Ah'd frail 'em," the big negro commented philosophically. It was common knowledge that a bloodhound loose on the trail could be beaten back, or frailed, as usage had it. But time for philosophy was short. Bulldog went down to the river at a jog trot, hesitated at its brink and then dived overboard into the deep water that cut into the live-oak bank. He came up with a snort and struck out for the opposite shore.

The tide was strong and carried him well downstream, which was to his advantage in putting distance between himself and his pursuers. It was in searching for a convenient landing place that he spied a boat pulled up in a bayou. That meant someone else was there, and he allowed himself to be swept farther downstream. It also offered him means of getting upstream with much less trouble than through the swamp. He

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cut into shore presently, and keeping well under the bank, worked his way around to the boat. It was high and dry, and a pair of oars were tucked under the seats.

Just as Bulldog reached for them there was the reddish-brown flash of a copperhead that had been sunning itself. Outraged at being disturbed, the reptile struck. But the giant negro was quicker and snatched his hand back out of harm's way.

"Jes' fo' dat, little red snake, Ah whuffs yo'," Bulldog grunted.

Sensing danger, the copperhead squirmed for the gunwale of the boat and the safety of the river. Once more the big negro was quicker. His heel descended and the snake's head was crushed.

"Whuff!" he grunted. "What Ah tell yo'?" Reaching down, he picked up the remains and tossed them on the sun-baked bank. The whole little drama had consumed not more than ten seconds. Bulldog shoved the boat into the river and clambered quietly aboard.

Once in the current, he pulled upstream, using a long, steady, untiring stroke. As a pickaninny, a flat-bottomed river rowboat had been his hobbyhorse. It would be a full hour before the posse would get within sight of the river, he figured, even if it came that far, now that the hounds were no longer giving cry to guide it. Lady Belle and Junie had cut it straight for home.

Ten miles above the place where he had first struck the river, Bulldog pulled the boat into a bayou, beached it well up among a covering screen of scrub palmetto and then crawled under it and went to sleep.

The frogs were singing the sun to sleep when he awoke hungry. All along he hadn't had any idea at all where he was going, but that was a matter which could easily remain indeterminate. The gnawing at his stomach was serious. He would starve to death in the swamp; so, as a hiding place, the swamp was cast aside.

"Ah got to git me goin'," he mumbled to himself, his lips protruding as they always did when he was perplexed. In an hour it would be dark. He decided to wait. Presently, in the growing dusk, he dragged the boat down to the river, and tucking the oars under the seats as he had found them, he gave it a heave that sent it well out into the stream. He watched while the current caught it up, nosed it around and bore it from sight in the gloom. "Dey don' git me fo' stealin' no boats," he grumbled dispassionately, "but I sho' would relish me some food."

The yellowest of yellow moons, as big as a house, bathed the palmettos with metallic beauty when Bulldog silently and sullenly struck off through the swamp, heading south. He was going down to the sea, but there was no romance in his going. It was the urge of his stomach that led him that way rather than striking inland. The sea coast below the Big Swamp was a series of wind-swept savannas. It was broken by innumerable inlets and fringed with islands. But there were no settlements along this strip for miles and he would be safe from the sight of men. The beaches offered clams, crawfish and prawn. He had never been a fugitive before. He was lonely for the companionship of his kind. Most of all, he was hungry.

Hour after hour he went on and on through the swamp, another shadow among a million, yet the only one that moved. His gait was rapid, but not hurried, a relentless, ever-forward swinging rhythm of motion. If he took bearings, he took them subconsciously. He made no plan. At the sea he would find something to eat. His mind traveled no farther than that. He even forgot that he was lonely.

A sudden cry through the stillness of the night sent dread loneliness over him like a pall and stirred every fiber of him, so that he quivered where he stood, as frozen as the other million shadows about him. At once the night had a myriad of tiny sounds that mounted and mounted, until, joined with the pulsations of his own body, they seemed to roar in his ears.

But the cry that had startled him had been human. He sensed that, as he stood listening to hear it again, stood like a statue in the moonlight, motionless and breathless. Had the cry come from above or below him, from before or behind him? He couldn't tell, but as he strained his senses he became gradually aware that he was not alone in the swamp. The moon was well overhead now, and though it was half as bright as day in the upper world, every shadow was as black as pitch. Insects droned, the palmetto leaves caught a fitful breeze and rasped dully, unseen things crackled in the undergrowth.

"Whar yo' is?"

Bulldog jumped two yards at the sound of his own voice, not realizing that he had experienced a psychological moment, that the very stress he had put on his senses of perception had caused him to speak out, just as a householder who fancies he has heard someone outside his door will call out, "Who's there?" And while he stood there unable to decide whether to remain or run, that human cry came to him again, this time almost at his feet.

His teeth chattered now from mental if not bodily fear. Sounds do not come from nothing; and yet, strain his eyes as he would, he saw only a cabbage palmetto and its jet-black shadow in the place from whence it seemed to him the cry had come. Still he stared at the shadow. Something was there. As he stared, he saw it take form. Slowly at first it grew round and whitish, then its shape became more definite. Bulldog was hypnotized by it now, glued to the spot where he stood. He tried to ask it what it was, but his lips refused to move. He was cold now—cold and shivering. Then, with a rush, his breath came back to him. The thing had moved and was looking at him and he knew what he saw.

"Bulldog!" the thing gasped.

"Jedge Barringer! Ah thought yo' was a ghos'!"

"Thank God you've come," the judge said weakly. "I've had an accident. I'm shot in the leg. Not bad, but I lost a lot of blood before I got the flow stopped. I guess I've crawled ten miles trying to find the river and my boat. But I'm all right now. Who's with you? Captain Jim?"

Bulldog heard and yet didn't hear. Judge Barringer had been hunting and had shot himself in the leg. He had tried to reach his boat and had failed. The boat in question was the one Bulldog had found and appropriated; the boat he had later set adrift. The judge thought Bulldog had been sent out to look for him by Captain Jim.

"You black hyena, don't stand there like that!" Judge Barringer exploded feebly. "I'm no ghost. Call Captain Jim."

"Jedge, Yo' Honor, dey ain' nobody heah but me," said Bulldog, simply stating a fact.

"You mean to say you came for me alone?" Judge Barringer was suffering from a terrible ordeal and was not thinking very clearly. "But how did you know ——"

He stopped. Bulldog had not come for him. No one had come for him. He had slipped off quietly to hunt alone, expecting to go on that night to Bryan Neck. The whole idea of someone coming for him had been a sort of nightmare of hope when his brain had failed to function properly. He might still be suffering from hallucinations.

"Bulldog!" He spoke to make sure this towering negro before him was real.

"Yas-suh, jedge, Yo' Honor." Time and circumstances could not alter custom and Bulldog's answer was a tribute to habit.

"Bulldog, what are you doing here?"

"Jedge, Yo' Honor, it's thisaway," the big negro began.

"That's enough," the judge cut in with a sigh of relief. "As long as it's you, I don't give a damn what you're doing here. Just give me a hand and help me get to the river. I've got a boat there in a little bayou between two live oaks."

(Continued on Page 116)

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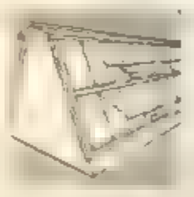

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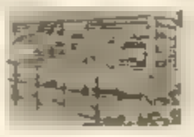

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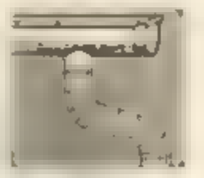

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(Continued from Page 114)

Bulldog bent and helped the judge to a sitting posture. The judge groaned and then swore.

"Dat boat, Judge Barringer?" Bulldog asked. "Dat wasn' de boat wiv de red paint on de oar handles?"

"Yes, that's the one. So you know where it is? That makes things easier." Judge Barringer was fast being able to think once more.

"De las' time Ah see dat boat, jedge, Yo' Honor, she was gwine down de middle ob de 'Geechee all by itself," Bulldog explained honestly.

"You mean adrift?"

"Yas-suh, jedge, Yo' Honor, jes' lak a ol' tree log."

"All right." It was no time to bewail the loss of a boat. "Then you can take me back in your boat, Bulldog."

"Me, jedge? Ah swum."

Judge Barringer put out a quick hand to Bulldog's leg. The big negro's clothes were dry. "You swam across? When?" he asked warily.

"Ah reckon it mus' 'a' been a couple hours befo' dinnertime," Bulldog answered. He knew from experience it was useless to try to lie to Judge Barringer. But the thought of dinnertime prompted him to add hopefully, "Yo' ain' got nuthin' to eat on yo', has yo', jedge, Yo' Honor?"

"Do you mean to tell me you broke away from the chain gang?"

"No, suh!" Bulldog answered hurriedly. "Ah didn' do nuthin' lak dat. It was this-away, jedge, Yo' Honor: Dat Washin'ton nigger die an' Ah cain' see no use in cravin' to hang by mah neck."

Judge Barringer was thoroughly aroused now. "Who told you that nigger died?"

"Chinkapin."

"Where?"

"He's on de chain gang."

"I don't believe it!"

"Befo' de Lawd, Ah wouldn' lie to yo', Jedge Barringer, an' yo' knows it!" Bulldog said fervently.

"I mean I don't believe that nigger died," the judge explained.

"If yo' believes it or don' believes it, jedge, Yo' Honor, dat don' save mah neck."

"Well, we'll see about that when we get back. In the meantime you can have my word for it, that nigger didn't die."

"Yas-suh, jedge, Yo' Honor. Ah'll take yo' word for it—on'y, we ain' goin' back," said Bulldog emphatically.

"Do you mean to say you aren't going to help me get out of here—that you'd go away and leave me?" Judge Barringer looked straight up into the face of the big negro.

"No, suh! Ah ain' goin' away an' leave yo', Jedge Barringer, but also Ah ain' goin' back wiv yo' an' git hung by de neck for no yaller Washin'ton nigger. . . . Ain' yo' even got a san'widge, jedge?"

Judge Barringer was rapidly, in his weakened state, becoming exasperated. "Now you listen to me, Bulldog, and don't be a fool. I don't want you to hang any more than you want to hang. Chinkapin never told the truth in his life. If he said that nigger died, he meant it as a joke, and you jumped to conclusions and ——"

"No, suh, jedge, Ah ain' jump to nuthing. Jes when Chinkapin say dat nigger die three flip-flop death-angel buzzards come flyin' right ovah mah haid. . . . If yo' ain' even got a san'widge, we goes hungry, both of us; but, jedge, we ain' gwine back fo' to git me hung." Bulldog was adamant on that point.

"If I had a gun, Bulldog, I'd shoot you!" Judge Barringer threatened.

"Yas-suh, jedge, Yo' Honor," Bulldog agreed solemnly. "But dat wouldn't be gittin' me hung by de neck. Ah saw oncet a lynch nigger an' his neck was stretch out as long as mah arm. No, suh, Jedge Barringer, when Ah dies Ah dies so dey can put me in de coffin beautiful."

"Can't you do something besides talk like a fool?" Judge Barringer felt that his strength was slipping away from him. The hope that had come with Bulldog's arrival was fast disappearing. His head sank resignedly to his chest. His brain was beginning to grow muddled again from sheer exhaustion, when he felt that Bulldog had taken him by the shoulder. From a long way off he could hear the big negro's voice.

"Judge Barringer, don' yo' go passin' out. Ah'll git you home someways. Gives me yo' arm an' I totes you to Ossabaw."

Ossabaw? That was an island at the mouth of the river fully fifteen miles distant. Now Judge Barringer, semiconscious as he was, knew that Bulldog was crazy. If he should be taken to Ossabaw, he would be farther away from help than ever. He would stay rather where he was. It was warm here, and quiet.

But when the black giant reached down and picked him up he made no protest. He was not even aware that he was being carried. Under his new burden, Bulldog found the going heavy in the swamp and made for the higher ground near the river bank. It was the wind coming up from the sea some two hours later that had a reviving effect on Judge Barringer. He opened his eyes to see a shadow a yard away.

"Is that you, Bulldog?" he asked.

"Yas-suh, jedge, dis is me."

"If you won't do anything, why do you stay here?" Judge Barringer said petulantly in his weakness.

"Shucks, jedge, we ain' heah no mo'; we's halfway to Ossabaw. Yo' weighs like ce-ment, jedge. When Ah gits me a li'l' res' we goes on."

"Halfway to Ossabaw?"

"Yas-suh, jedge."

Judge Barringer lapsed again. It was useless to try to argue with the crazy hyena. If Bulldog had made up his mind to take him to Ossabaw, he would have to go, being unable to resist. He saw a picture of himself as a fellow Crusoe, fugitive from justice with a chain-gang negro. But if that leg of his lost its soreness, if he ever was able to get around again, he swore that it would be much better for Bulldog to have hanged. A sudden jolt, a feeling that he was floating, and he knew that they were on their way.

When he opened his eyes again they were still on the go. His injured leg—it had been a flesh wound in the calf—was numb and did not pain him now. It occurred to him that he might even be able to walk. But the side-to-side sway, as he was carried along, seemed much easier; and besides, there was little weight to his body now; he felt as light as a feather. Years after, he was to look back at that moment and wonder what ever had put such a crazy notion in his head. He closed his eyes again.

"Jedge Barringer! . . . Jedge Barringer!" Bulldog was calling to him, but it was cold and he did not want to get up.

"Jedge Barringer!"

That was not Bulldog's voice. He roused himself with a great effort and sat up. A bent old negro was on his knees before him, his face a picture of despair. Suddenly it was wreathed in smiles of thankfulness.

"Jedge Barringer, yo' is alive, thank de Lawd! Ah been callin' yo' fo' de longes' time until Ah jes' 'bout reckon yo' was a corp' "

"Daddy Ike!" Judge Barringer gasped. "Where did you come from? Where's Bulldog?"

"Down on de plantation, jedge." The old negro's face looked puzzled. "How come yo' don' know Ah ain' nebber lef' Ossabaw, jedge?"

And then Judge Barringer remembered. Ossabaw Island was the seat of the old Depford plantation, now only a relic of the past, and Daddy Ike was the oldest negro in the section. He still lived in the old ramshackle slave quarters and eked out a living by fishing and raising truck. Everyone knew Daddy Ike, and yet Judge Barringer had forgotten until now. This was the reason they had come to Ossabaw. It was dawn. Bulldog had been carrying him all night. He owed his life to the big negro.

Daddy Ike misread the judge's thoughts. "Bulldog he gone," the old negro said quickly. "Yo' fergit all 'bout him, Jedge Barringer, while Ah helps yo' to mah boat."

"That crazy nigger's gone? Where?"

"Yas-suh, jedge, Bulldog's de craziest nigger in de worl'. Why fo' yo' an' me gib two goobers wheah dat fool nigger's gone? Us is gwine to git yo' home, jedge. How's yo' laig?" Daddy Ike changed the subject.

Judge Barringer smiled. "Daddy Ike, you old rascal, don't lie to me. Bulldog saved my life. Where is he?"

"Jedge Barringer, Ah don't know. De las' time Ah seed him he was sittin' in mah house eatin' hominy grits an' side meat an' yams an' black-eye peas; an' lissen to me, jedge, if Ah don't git yo' home and git back dat crazy nigger's gwine to eat me into de po'house. But Ah don' know wheah he is now."

"All right," Judge Barringer laughed. "We'll see about that later. Where's your boat, Daddy Ike? If you'll give me a hand I think I can hobble."

"Dat's right, jedge, lets us go. Heah's de boat. Bulldog he swum across to de island an' like to scairt me senseless, comin' up to mah do' in dem chain-gang clo's. Ah'd 'a' come across to yo' right away, jedge, but dat crazy Bulldog said Ah got to feed him fust. If we don' get yo' home he'll eat up all mah winter rations!"

With the old negro's help, Judge Barringer managed to bear his weight on the uninjured leg and hobble down the few feet of bank to the boat. Ossabaw Island lay like a black blob in the early morning mist a quarter of a mile away. But their way lay in the opposite direction, and Daddy Ike, for all his eighty-odd years, lost no time in pushing off. Bulldog had told him to bring back a pair of overalls and a shirt, and he wanted to get back as soon as possible before the ravenous giant ate him "into de po'house." Also he was genuinely alarmed for the escaped convict's sake and wanted him to get away before the law came after him.

"Yo' ain' gwine to say nuthin' 'bout Bulldog, is yo', jedge?" the old man asked presently. "Dat nigger's crazy, but fo' all he size, he's jes' lak a baby."

"I'll let you know later," Judge Barringer said absently. He was pondering the question of just what was to be done with Bulldog. He knew that the big negro would not go far. It was only a matter of time before he would be caught in some shanty or other, giving way to his appetite. But Judge Barringer was also convinced in his own mind that the story of the Washington negro's death had been a hoax—a hoax that had worked too well. And when they landed at one of the first river settlements where the judge could get a conveyance that would take him back to the city, the first thing he did was to get to a telephone and wait while he had his secretary at the other end give him a report from the hospital.

"Discharged yesterday, judge," the secretary reported. "It would be pretty hard to find him now. After his experience with Bulldog I guess he's left town."

"All right; didn't want him anyway," said the judge. "Tell Dr. Rafe Kirby to go out to the hospital and wait for me. I'll be there in about an hour, bringing an accident case."

Before the secretary could question him further, he hung up the receiver. Judge Barringer hated personal publicity unless it had to do with politics.

He turned to the storekeeper, whose telephone he had used. "Would you mind telling that old nigger out there I want to see him a moment?"

Daddy Ike came in with his hat in his hand. "What dey say, jedge?" he asked anxiously.

"That Washington nigger was let out of the hospital yesterday and by now he's halfway home."

"Praise de Lawd for dat!" breathed Daddy Ike.

"And tell Bulldog when he finishes eating that he is to come and report to me before he goes back to the chain gang," Judge Barringer said. The least he could do was

(Continued on Page 119)

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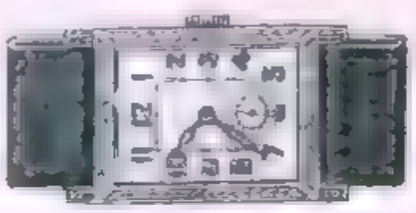

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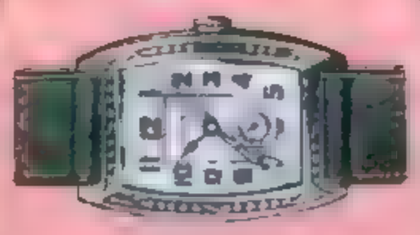

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suspend sentence, but if possible, he wanted to do something more substantial than that.

Thorough examination by Dr. Rafe Kirby showed that the gunshot wound was superficial. The hardship of crawling mile after mile through the swamp had caused most of the judge's suffering. He was promised that he would be around with the aid of a crutch in a day or two.

"But I thought you went after railbirds, judge," Doctor Kirby said with a grin when the patient's wound had been dressed.

"Rafe, if you-all don't want me to lose my reputation as a gentleman before this young lady nurse, get out of here quick," Judge Barringer bellowed.

It was the following Monday, still hobbling with the aid of a crutch, that Judge Barringer returned to the bench. There had been no word from Bulldog and he did not quite know what to make of it. When the first case was called, a small negro, whose head was almost completely shrouded in bandages, stood before him. Judge Barringer looked down compassionately.

"Well, what did you run into—a truck?" he asked.

There was a movement in the prisoners' pen. The Monday-morning crowd was being swayed by some unseen force. Then the force came into view in the shuffling, sheepish form of Bulldog.

"Yas-suh, jedge, Yo' Honor, heah Ah is!"

"Bulldog!"

Judge Barringer was accustomed to almost anything that might happen in his court, but for the moment he was nonplused. "Didn't Daddy Ike bring you my message?"

"Yas-suh, jedge, Yo' Honor, it was thisaway ——"

"Why didn't you come to me if you got my message?" Judge Barringer interrupted, his dismay turning to reproof.

"Yas-suh, jedge, Yo' Honor, Ah'm comin' to dat. It was thisaway," Bulldog pleaded apologetically: "If yo' was to take dem rags offen dat little half-size nigger, yo'd see it was Chinkapin hidin' behin' 'em."

"Chinkapin!"

"Yas-suh, jedge, de same what tol' me dat lie 'bout dat Washin'ton nigger dyin'. Dis heah Chinkapin cause all de trouble, jedge, Yo' Honor. If it wasn' fo' Chinkapin's lyin', jedge, Ah wouldn' 'a' bus' loose from de chain gang. If it wasn' fo' dat little han'ful lyin', I wouldn' hab tote' yo' all de way to Ossabaw. Don' blame me fo' totin' yo' to Ossabaw, jedge; blame Chinkapin; he done it. Dat Chinkapin nigger's to blame fo' ev'y las' bit ob de trouble. So's when Ah'm comin' from Ossabaw Sa'day night, comin' to see you, jedge, Ah bumps into dat Chinkapin an' Ah jes nachelly squeeze his lyin' haid fo' him and gib him a couple ob shakes and dat's all."

"Why did you wait until Saturday to come?" Judge Barringer asked.

"'Deed, jedge, Yo' Honor, how come Ah could come befo' Sa'day? Cap'n Jim didn' let Chinkapin loose offen de chain gang until Sa'day," said Bulldog honestly.

Judge Barringer did not smile this morning. The business before him was too personal. The little bandaged negro had lied to Bulldog. But in breaking away from the chain gang, Bulldog had been the means of saving the judge's life, for he might never have been found in the swamp. It had been his purpose to suspend sentence on the big negro, to take him under his wing and get him a job. Now that seemed impossible.

"What do you think I ought to do, Bulldog?" he asked the giant gravely.

"Who, me?" Bulldog looked incredulous. "Shucks, Jedge Barringer, Ah don' know what yo' ought to do, but Ah knows what yo' is gwine to do."

"What's that?"

Bulldog grew suddenly serious. He had heard enough tales of road gangs in the northern counties of the state, where it was cold in winter, where the prisoners were badly treated and the food was poor.

"Yo' ain' funnin' wiv me, jedge, Yo' Honor? Yo' ain' holdin' it agin me for totin' yo' all de way down to Ossabaw? 'Deed, Jedge Barringer"—and here pathos entered Bulldog's voice—"'deed if yo' sen' me anywheres besides to de Fahm, yo'll bus' Cap'n Jim's heart."

Judge Barringer sighed a sigh of relief. "All right, Bulldog, you win. Six months on the Fahm. And you, Chinkapin," he said, turning to the little negro—"you go with him."

"Yas-suh, jedge, Yo' Honor," Bulldog grinned. As long as he could be under the gentle tutelage of Captain Jim and Uncle Henry, the cook, he was happy.

"An' yo' kin trus' me, Jedge Barringer," he said solemnly. "Ah won' bus' loose no mo'."

THE BURNING BUSH

(Continued from Page 19)

cheerfully and effectively against obstacles that would make many another nation weep copiously, bearing up under taxes that are not all her own, and doing what any other young country must do—pioneering in more senses than one. The statement is simply made to corroborate what experienced Canadian foresters already know—that in proportion to her population, Canada's forest-fire losses are endangering her second most important industry and that something must be done regarding it.

What that something will be, no one seems exactly to know. Canada is in that position of darkness before dawn where a hundred and one agencies are asking what on earth to do, some clamoring for this, some for that, many apparently working at cross purposes, and yet all of them moving toward a common goal—the adoption of a permanent and sensible forest policy, with rigid restrictions rigidly enforced; the building of a forest division which will be able to cope with the problems of fire, of reforestation, of refractory lumbermen, and of education of the public to the need of spending even more money than seems wise that it may have its cake and eat it too.

A Threatening Ogre

This does not mean that the dominion must build from the bottom. Canada has its foundations, and exceedingly good ones. But the country is huge and the task likewise. Old ideas must be dispelled among a comparatively small population which must pay the bills; public apathy must be wiped out, and a land approximately the size of the United States must be protected without the wealth of the United States to furnish the financial backing. Equipment must be enlarged, personnel recruited and trained; almost revolutionary tactics must be employed in branches of forestry hitherto given little heed—systematic reforestation, for instance.

The largest systematic forester in Canada is not the Canadian Government, although tree planting has been a part of the government program for years, especially in the growing of natural shelters in the prairie provinces. But in the main the forest has been left to regrow itself, while to a private concern goes the credit for looking forward—a large pulp-and-paper mill of Quebec which today is planting the trees that will go to make the newsprint of a distant tomorrow. Yet Canada needs reforestation—nearly 1,500,000 acres of new growth is being burned annually—just as Canada needs vitally a centralization of authority in its fire-fighting power. And the hopeful thing about it all seems, to an observer, the fact that a state of mind is creating itself to make these things possible.

When one becomes mortally fearful of an enemy, one begins to fight—and a person has only to go into the north country of the forest districts of Canada to realize how great is the feeling of fear, almost of hatred, for that lurking thing, the bush, waiting ever, it seems, for the moment when it may rise, and, rising, destroy all that lies before it.

It is like an ogre, resting, black and impotent, that it may gather strength for its assault. One gets the feel of it as he rides across the burned-over country, while beyond the train window there is nothing, for mile after mile, tens and tens and scores of miles, but the gaunt monotony of branchless trunks, of grotesque shapes and tangled deadfall—the aftermath of fire. One has the haunting sense of it when he makes his way through the bush, either in the dry season of the spring, the worse one of the autumn, or during the sporadic spells of summer drouth; a cringing sensation as his feet strike the dried moss and it crinkles beneath his step, merely so much tinder, awaiting only the dropping of a cigarette that it may flare into instantaneously destructive action.

A Hundred Torch Bearers

The twigs, as brittle as though they had come from a kiln, crackle with every movement, or sound their signals with electrical sharpness as a moose moves from before one, spotting his course as he travels on, farther and farther, deeper and deeper into the bush. Sight may fail and sight will fail, within a few feet; but the telltale crackling remains to tell one where he has gone, long moments after his first surprise. Or one watches, almost with awe, the creeping line of slow fire, eating its way into the very ground when one makes the mistake of not seeking a bare rock upon which to build his camp fire; the sudden flare, like oily paper, as one tosses a bit of dried birch bark beneath the dinner pot, the spitting, like water upon white-hot metal, as the wind blows the needles from a dead spruce, and, a hundred individual bearers of potential flame, they strike the blaze and explode.

Constant Preparedness

One sees the haze in midsummer like the haze of an October day, drifting from perhaps 100 miles away, the sun, showing dully through it, displaying only a rounded, coppery ball which exudes no more brilliance than a dull moon. One scents the faint odor of pitchy smoke, coming from God knows where; one moistens his finger and holds it to the wind, waiting carefully for the feeling of evaporation which will tell its direction, and one gives thanks when the verdict shows a different direction from that far-away pall, for one learns what it means to fear the approach of an irresistible monster when one is in the bush and there's smoke in the air.

One learns even more of that viewpoint when he goes into a town, such as Rouyn, the new copper-gold camp of Quebec, there to observe the excitement attendant upon the hope of new money—and at the same time notice the almost pitiful efforts by which a pioneer people strive to insure themselves against the burning bush. There, night and day, the phonographs may screech, and bent men, their heads pressed hard against the tump lines of their pack sacks, come and go in their search for riches. Prospectors may prate of gold as though it were the only thing in the world, and the lights may gleam invitingly; but always, down there at the water's edge, where Lake Osisko stretches away from the clearing that now is Rouyn, there is the reminder of the uncertainty of the bush—the life rafts, standing in steady succession along the shore line in readiness for the moment which Rouyn hopes may never come.

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But they are there, nevertheless, like a skeleton at the feast. Other boom towns in different parts of the world may, in their first flush of civic pride, contribute to the buying of a bucket brigade or perhaps more pretentious fire equipment. Rouyn built life rafts; great, square affairs of logs, each capable of holding from forty to fifty persons. Should the bush take fire, and should that fire race from the tangled mass of the forest, leap the stumpage where a little town has sought to create a firebreak, and attack the jumbled collection of log cabins, deal buildings, shanties and shacks, there would at least be enough rafts to carry the women and children far out upon the lake, there to huddle beneath wet blankets to save their lungs from the suffocating effect of smoke and wait out the inferno.

Such things have happened more than once in the northern bush. For wherever the forest creeps close to a collection of human habitations, there is history to be told. The mining engineer, for instance, at Porcupine, talking dryly of schists and technically termed formations, puts a different emphasis into his voice and uses a different tone when he tells of the day in 1911 when the fire came out of the bush and rushed upon the town. There's a thrill to it as he describes the plunge of men, women and children into the water of the impoundment, there to remain hour after hour, submerged except for their nostrils, while the roaring of the flames blasted themselves from the buildings that once had been a town. There's real drama when he relates the story of the town's strong man who scorned the flames and stayed behind to fight, only that he might die; of the screams of those who had been caught, practically scorched to death in their tracks, for the toll of that fire was seventy-two human lives.

And when one winces at the death list, the tale-teller adds casually, "Oh, that wasn't so bad. Five years later the bush took fire in the same general region and killed off 224."

Somebody Else's Fire

"When the fire came"—one does not talk long to persons of the bush country before that statement is made. Indeed, once one has been in the bush, it takes little more than that to visualize the picture. One even can do it in the pretty little town of Haileybury, a few miles north of Cobalt, a place now of pretty lawns, of stanch buildings, of well-paved streets lined with homes that would do credit to a town of twice its size; of public buildings and commercial houses; the kind of town which one, at a glance, would picture as having been built by years of steady growth, and frugality and savings. Yet one is soon aided in an entirely different aspect. Near the center of town, beside the hollow, crumbling basements of what once formed a small business block, there lies a safe, shapeless in places where, on October 4, 1922, 1700 degrees of heat Fahrenheit melted that safe into the shapelessness which it now displays. That heat came from the bush.

"There hadn't been a drop of rain since the sixteenth of September," a survivor told me. "Every day we'd get out on the streets and look out to the west. There were a dozen bush fires burning; but somehow, when a person is in a town the size of this—we were 3700 then—he just can't imagine the place catching fire. Now can he? It seemed so impossible; besides, the bush ended away over on the other side of the railroad track. So we watched it every day, but we weren't worried. I guess that's been the trouble up in this country in the past—we always figured it was somebody else's fire.

"But about noon that day I walked out along the street and knew that something was about to happen. One of those October winds had risen, blowing seventy miles an hour. I could hardly stand up against it. The smoke was lying low now, sweeping through the town like it was coming from a million engine stacks, and on the breast of it we could hear the crackling of the bush, coming from how far away we did not know. The whole world was a-roar, the sun was gone; it reminded me of the stories I had read when I was a boy of the eruption of Mount Vesuvius. Shingles were flying in the wind; now and then something hot would brush against me and fall blazing to the ground—a branch of fiery bush, coming from a full quarter mile away."

A Canadian Phœnix

"Doors were opening, crowds were gathering on the corners; a few people were moving their possessions into their yards as though that would help. The air had become suffocatingly hot. The whole town had grown hazy now, as though it had been enveloped in a deep fog. I looked toward Lake Temiskaming and could not see it; although, as you know, it lies only at the foot of the hill. I looked up toward the railroad station, and as I did so the whole building seemed to burst into flames.

"Then the fire bell began to toll, ringing ominously from a tower that itself was soon to be blazing. The sound came as though at a great distance; there was the roar of the flames, the shriek of the winds, the rattling of boards being torn loose from their foundations. And with that, a veritable rain of fire seemed to shoot over the town. The fire had burned the shingles loose on the roof of the station; the wind had lifted them and carried them on.

"After that"—he smiled wanly—"everything is a bit confused in my memory. Automobiles rushing here and there, gathering up women and children to take them up to New Liskeard, along the shores of the lake, people running for the lake itself—about 500 who were caught away from means of transportation waded out as far as they could go and stayed there through the fire. Others took to boats, a few suffocated, others actually got lost in the smoky fog. Then there were people who tried to stay behind and fight that thing with lawn hoses—when the whole town was afire! But they stayed just the same.

"Did I say it was two o'clock when the fire bell began to toll? Well, at seven that night, five hours later, the town was gone. So were the towns of North Cobalt, two miles below; and Charlton, about thirty-five miles from here; and Earlton and Heaslip and Uno Park. They say that forty people died in the various places; I think sixteen died here. But I'm not sure of the figures. It's a big country, you know."

A country just big enough, incidentally, to match its physical stature with a like one of heroism. It was four years ago that Haileybury burned. That fire took away the homes of pioneers, people who had come into the North Country with the finding of silver at Cobalt in 1903. That pioneer spirit lived again with the cooling of the ashes. Pits, at least, were left, where there had been houses. They roofed them over, and there lived until the money came from insurance, from governmental and private loans, to rebuild. And today Haileybury is about the prettiest town in the North Country.

But it is a town with a watchful eye ever toward the bush, for the lesson has permeated there, as it is permeating throughout a great part of the forest districts of Canada, that there is no such thing as somebody else's fire.

"Li'ble to have to do some fire fighting," said the captain of a little Lac Seul packet as Jack Nankervis and I climbed aboard at Hudson in Northwestern Ontario one morning in August. Already two other launches had departed, towing behind them high-prowed fishing boats loaded with Indians. An airplane had risen out of the mists of dawn, swung over the town, then headed for the northwest. And as we breasted the waters of the sixty-mile-long lake that day, the eyes of everyone were toward the west, where, in a straight, sharp line, like a clean-sliced cloud, a curtain of black rose from the horizon in evidence of the fires which lay beyond.

Sea Planes in the Bush

Again, at noon, a hulky sea boat showed in the distance, thrummed overhead into invisibility, remained absent for an hour or so, then shot across the sky toward the wall of black. A second and a third—we knew the reason. Fire fighters of an advanced day, moving back to civilization for supplies and men that, more than 100 miles from a railroad, they might aid in the extinguishment of fires which in other times would have burned unmolested until Nature ended their reign.

Eerie things, these flying boats, passing over the deeply wooded districts of the bush country; but comforting things nevertheless, for they have done marvelous things in the brief space of time in which they have been in operation. The North Country is peculiarly situated. Bush and lakes, lakes and bush, each seeming to vie with the other as to which can occupy the most territory. Therefore, incongruous as they may appear to one in the fastnesses of a forest, these sea planes operate far more effectively than land planes could operate, even in prairie country. There is always a landing place for them adjacent to the point they desire to reach—so numerous are the bodies of water, even as far inland

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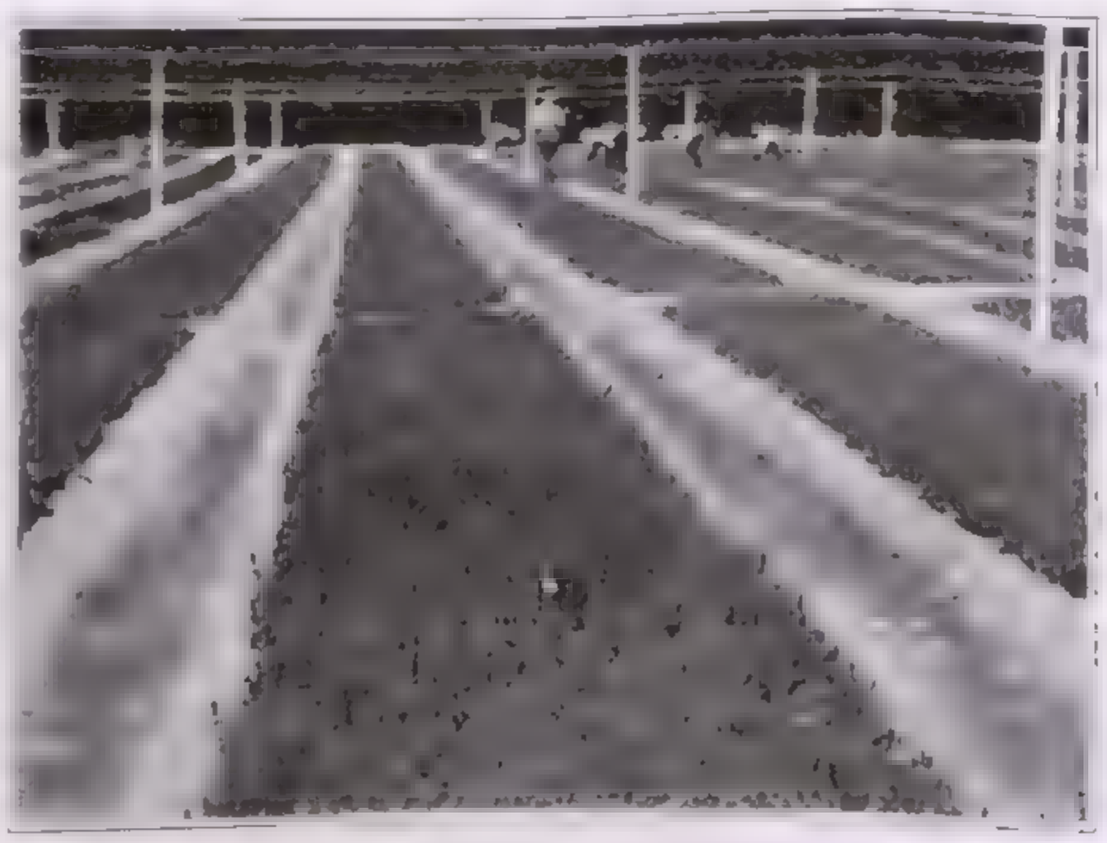
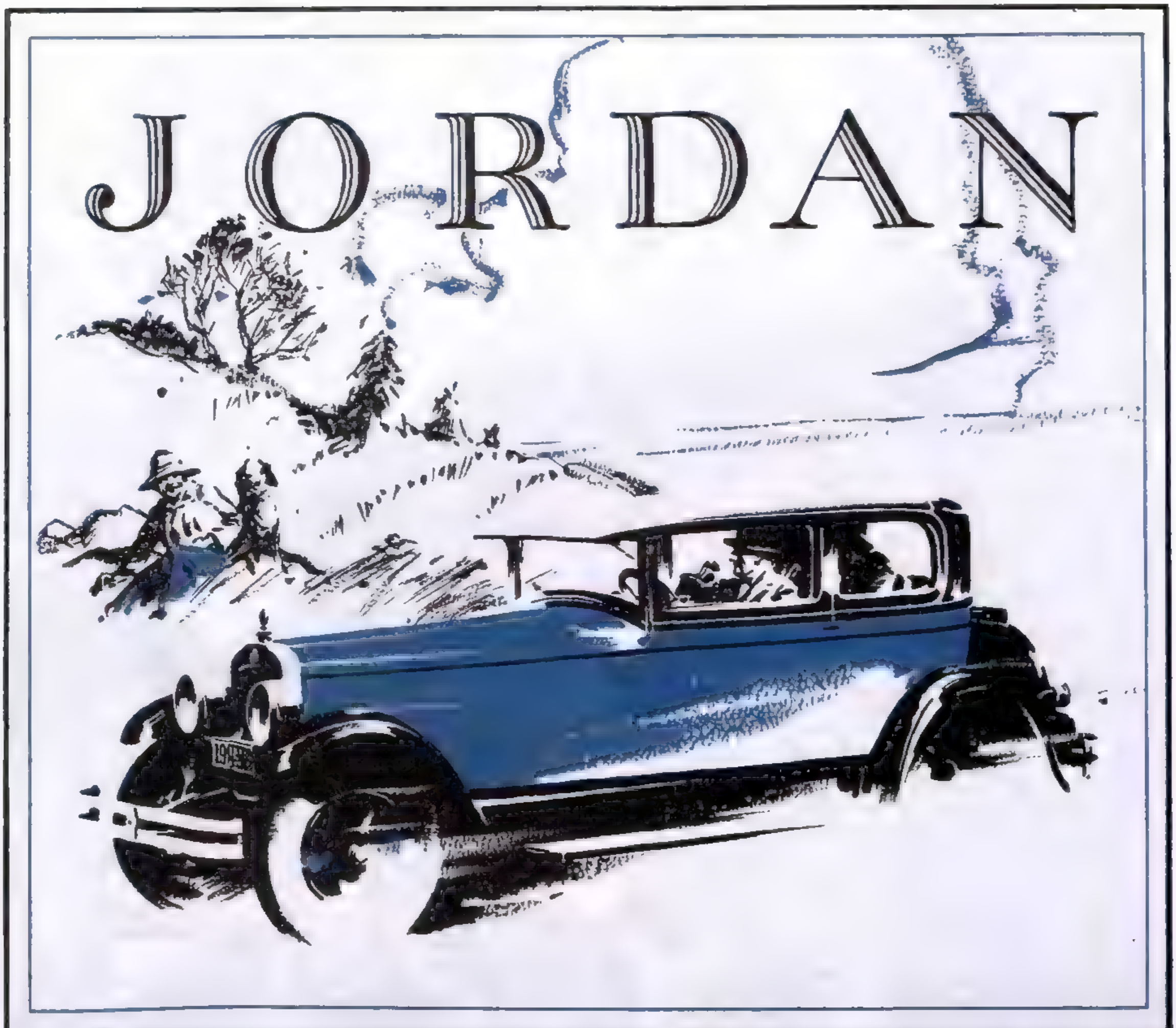


White Spruce Seedlings in a Canadian Nursery



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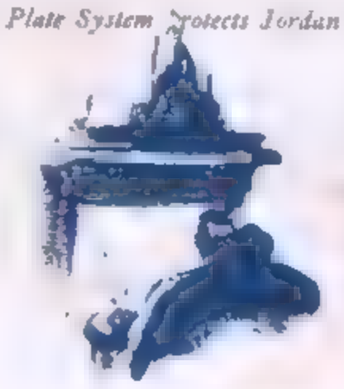

What is it about a pile of blazing logs that never fails to fascinate—that builds a golden dream for youth—and makes a chill autumn evening the threshold of a marvelous tomorrow!

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Every woman needs and will appreciate this ironing set. The 6-lb. Super-Iron with its comfortable Thumb-Rest for the heavier ironing. The 3-lb. Hotpoint Iron for her daintier things. This set packed in an attractive Christmas gift box, $9.95.

Dolly Madison Percolator, 6-cup size. Silver lined. Cut glass top. Satin Silver finish, $29.50; Polished Nickel, $25.50. Other models in wide variety from $10.00 to $36.50.

De Luxe Curling Iron Set. The famous Hotpoint curler with parallel opening shield, ivory white handle, in a silk-lined gray leatherette gift box. Ideal gift for the girl at school. Price $7.50. Other Hotpoint Curling Irons, $2.95 and $5.00.

De Luxe Toast-over Toaster. Beautifully designed and finished in highly-polished nickel. The toast turns automatically when the tray is opened. Price $8.00. Another model at $6.00.

Hotpoint Gifts

De Luxe Waffle Iron. Bakes beautifully brown, delicious waffles—both sides at once without turning. No grease, smoke or odor. Finished in beautiful polished nickel. Price $15.00. Another model, $10.50.

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(Continued from Page 120)

as the Manitoba line—with the result that both Quebec and Ontario, representing the bulk of the Eastern Canada bush country, have turned to them not only as the eyes of each respective province in the matter of fire patrols but for actual fire fighting as well.

True, they are expensive; but so are fires. True also that they never can take the place of a ground force. But they can do this: They can fill the place of 100 men per plane, and they can cover ground, especially in the tangled wilds of Northern Ontario and Quebec, in a matter of minutes, where fire fighters, depending upon slower methods of transportation, might fail entirely. And those who argue for the increase and building of this form of fire-fighting apparatus insist that the old rule of an ounce of prevention being worth a pound of cure still holds good.

In 1924, for instance, twelve planes were installed in Eastern and Western Ontario for the purpose of patrol and actual carrying of fire-fighting equipment. It was June before the squadron was complete, leaving about 100 flying days for the season. But in that time 600 fires were spotted from the air and reported upon immediately—fires which otherwise might have burned for days before discovery, to say nothing of the insurance of each day looking over a country which in the aggregate amounted to nearly 2,000,000,000 acres for the season.

One morning, for instance, a plane started forth from its base at Sioux Lookout, in Western Ontario, bound for its patrol duties of the day. Within a short time it was back again, its personnel shouting for equipment. Men and pumps were loaded into the cockpit, the engine roared and the machine was away again. That night a report was turned in that this machine had discovered a blaze upon an island, some twenty miles from its base, dropped to the lake, learned that Indians had set fire to the bush there that the burned-over ground might in later years yield blueberries, set those same Indians to work fighting the flames which they had caused, returned for equipment and men, loaded it, raced for the fire and had completely extinguished it, all within forty-five minutes!

A Welcome Sound

So, with the knowledge of this sort of efficiency, we looked gratefully to the sky whenever we heard the humming of those planes. We knew it meant more pumps, more axes, more men for that blaze in the distance. Late that night, in the little tent town of Pine Ridge, built on the road to the gold camp of Red Lake, the throngs gathered in the pathway that formed the main street, watched anxiously, wondered when they would be called, then turned expectantly as a great plane swooped lazily down to the lake and came to anchor. A canoe scooted across the water, bringing the pilot, who stretched as he reached the shore, then, tired from a day of fifteen flying hours, slouched to the peeled-log restaurant and gave the order for his evening meal.

"Guess you fellows can go about your business," he said. "The chief says we'll have 'er under control by tomorrow."

"Her" meant five fires within a radius of fifty miles, all blazing merrily as the result of dry lightning. Five fires and four airplanes to fight them, their pits crowded with men or equipment as they moved from their base with the first light of dawn, thundered above the bush and disappeared into the smoke of the distance, only to return for more men, more pumps. From the first streak of light the next morning until the last glimmer of day they roared and blustered upon their journeys, departing loaded to their limit, returning with only the pilot, at last to send forth the word: "Forced 'er into the muskeg. No more danger!"

That's a welcome sound to a little town 120 miles from a railroad and a like distance from supplies and medical aid. During the four days in which those fires had been fought, thousands of feet of hose had been carried to strategic spots, pumps had been set in place and canvas tanks lugged into the woods that, the end of a 2000-foot hose reached, a new one might become effective by the method of repumping. How long would those five fires have blazed had the planes not been there? The chief couldn't go into that when he made his report. He merely stated that one plane was out of commission from having crashed against a submerged rock of an inland lake, that the pilots were very tired—and that the fire was out.

Thus things grow better in the forest regions of Canada, just as they have grown better along the railroads, which today present the scars of the past in the burn-over along their right of way as a sort of reminder to themselves that there must be no scars of tomorrow.

Time was, for instance, in the history of Canadian railroading, when the Canadian National Railways, now owned by the government, were perhaps the worst offenders of the whole dominion in the cause of fires. One needs but few figures regarding this—all that is necessary is to look out a car window.

A Change of Mind

"Fact is we didn't care," said a railroad official to me. "Nobody cared. We had a saying in Canada in those days—and it wasn't more than twenty years ago, either—that wood was made to burn, so we burned it. It's a lot easier to start a fire, when a railroad is clearing a path for its right of way, than it is to send in a gang of woodchoppers. Of course that wasn't supposed to be done, but it happened just the same. Then, when the road got started, a little thing like spark arresters or road patrols didn't enter our minds. Until someone one day got busy on a lot of figures and found that since we ran through a bush country, lumber and timber ought to be one of our sources of revenue. The figures displayed just what a great source that was, and about that time we woke up. Wood isn't made to burn with us any more; it's made to conserve."

The result is that the Canadian National has become a Little Lord Fauntleroy as concerns fire protection. Out in the western end of the Ontario district one hears strange tales of Fire-Eating Napier, who not only is a superintendent but enough of an authority on fighting bush fires for his prowess to be celebrated over the entire system. One hears, too, of fool-proof reports, so devised that it is impossible for an operator to fail to detect from them exactly where a fire has been spotted and what is needed to extinguish it. One sees engines equipped with extra tanks, patrol cars following the passing of the transcontinental trains, fire-prevention meetings, fire-prevention placards—the whole road has been placed upon a basis whereby it can be turned from a traffic system into a tremendous organization for the fighting of bush fires almost upon the receipt of a telegram. A change of the state of mind has accomplished this, and it is for the change of a state of mind among others that persons interested in the longer life of the bush are working. Lumbermen, for instance.

One can hear many things in Canada regarding that question—the government with its side, the lumberman with his, the point of argument being a bone of contention known as slash. The governmental official will tell you that to the lumberman and his slash a great many fires are due; that while nine camps out of ten may be careful in its disposal, the tenth may be the one to start a fire and destroy all the good work that the other nine have done. While the lumberman —— But that's a later story.

Slash is the refuse of a tree—the limbs, the top, the cuttings in general, which are useless to the lumberman and, according to him, costly in disposal. The government says different, and there's a part of the argument. However, the contention is made that slash is handled carelessly; that it is allowed to accumulate in forests until the entire bush is impregnated with dried, tinderlike refuse, which at the drop of a cigarette may mean a disastrous conflagration.

"The lumberman wants everything he can get," said a forester, "hence he isn't going to spend a cent more on his timber than he is forced to. The result is that unless we have the money for far more rigid inspection than we possess at present, and the ability to force these men to destroy their slash in a systematic manner, the forests will continue to remain a fire menace and an increasingly dangerous one. To my mind, it's one of the big problems of conservation and it must be met."

As for the lumberman and his side of the story, I met a particularly frank one in Northern Ontario one day, quite willing to talk about slash and a number of other things. So frank, in fact, was he that the revelations rather left me gasping, and hoping that this condition was more of an individual thing which had happened to come under one man's observation than a statement of the whole.

"Now, I'll tell you all about this slash problem," he said, as he leaned back in his chair. "I'll grant that it is a fire menace. But suppose I told you that some lumbermen may look upon it as a pretty necessary one. I mean just that—necessary to their commercial lives to have a fire menace handy. Understand me? Then I'll put it in words of one syllable.

"Everybody knows that the crown owns 80 per cent of the forest lands. Everybody knows that a set price per thousand is put upon the stumpage. The common assumption is that if a lumberman wants to cut a certain township, we'll say, and that township is open, he can go in there, pay a certain set price for his stumpage and cut his timber, taking the difference for himself. That sounds nice, but it isn't true. That set price, we'll say for argument, is two dollars a thousand. Well, that's the starting point."

The Lumberman's View

"This country up here needs money. It has to have money. Timber stumpage is one of its big sources of revenue. So when the crown has cruised a piece of timber, estimated it and put an upset price on it, a call goes out for bids—beyond that upset price. In other words, that upset price is merely a starting point from which to bid. Well, we're all lumbermen. We want that timber. We start bidding, and first thing you know, one of us has bid more than the timber is worth, when all things are taken into consideration—cutting, cost of getting the timber out, the length of the drive and the various other things that enter into the cost of a stick of timber. Instead of being able to operate at a profit, that bid has gone so high that it represents a loss.

"Now understand, I'm not saying that the government should make us fool-proof or competition-proof. What I do say is that the government should make its own provision out of its proceeds to take care of that slash. Because, in the event of a bad contract, what's liable to happen?" He lighted a cigarette and smiled cynically through the smoke.

"Better than that, I'll tell you what has happened. A man finds he's got a bad job on his hands. The township that he has bought, say, at $22.50 a thousand feet on the stump, with a losing drive down the river to the mill, is going to cost him $5000. Does he lose it? Sometimes he does. And then again, sometimes—just sometimes, you understand," he added caustically, "about the time he has got the timber out of his own township and the wind is blowing in the right direction, a fire starts and the next township is burned in spite of everything that can be done to halt it.

"Who started the fire?" He grinned. "Don't ask me such silly questions. Somebody's going to get punished for it if he's found out? You're still silly. Listen—this

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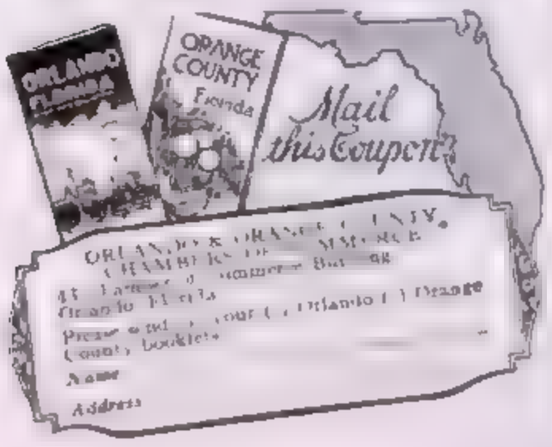

bush keeps its secrets. More than that, a fire can start in so many ways that there's no possible means of checking up on the individual or the manner. Of course, they can mark it down in their report that the cause was human carelessness; everybody knows that 90 per cent of our fires are man-caused. But whose? Nobody can tell. A cigarette? A match? To my knowledge, I've only started one bush fire in my life, and I did that at a distance of twenty feet. I'd shot a partridge, and on the way back from picking it up, I saw the flames shivering up through the bush. Of course I put the thing out, and found the cause of it to be the wadding out of my shotgun. That's just how inflammable the bush can be. And who's going to be able to nail the man who starts a fire in a place like that?

"So, as I say, a fire starts. It burns that next township. Quite luckily, since the wind was in the other direction, it hasn't harmed a bit of that man's equipment. Well, he's right on the ground, isn't he? For some other man to move in there and salvage that burned timber might require a long time and a good deal of expense. More than that, there might not be any bidders. So the government does the natural thing—it takes what it can get in order that the timber may be cut before the life is gone out of it and the bugs get to it; the lumberman moves his equipment over to the burned township, continues his operations and ends up a few thousand dollars winner instead of the loser that he was before that very providential fire started."

Free Admission Tickets

"That's one of my reasons for saying that the government should regard slash as its own problem and have a man on the job to see that it's properly disposed of and a refund given the lumberman. The other is that timber prices have gone so high through competitive bidding that the government, anxious to get every dollar that it can, has created enough hardship on the lumberman without forcing him to greater expense in disposing of every bit of slash that may be lying around a township when he's taken his timber out."

Of course, that is one man's story and one man's argument. But the fact that the arguments have begun gives at least hope of a future verdict. As the railroads—for the Canadian Pacific also lived through a time of fire to a time of fire fighting—changed a menace to a benefit simply through a state of mind, the problem of the lumberman might be met in the same manner. Likewise the groundwork is being laid for the meeting of other problems.

Until recently one could do about as one pleased in the forests of the north. But now, when one desires to go from one place to another through the bush of Quebec, which is the leader in an identification movement, one usually runs afoul of a fire ranger before his journey is completed. The ranger politely asks for the wanderer's traveling permit, and if he has none, issues him one without charge.

On the surface, it seems a rather useless procedure; under the surface, it is something entirely different. In making out that permit, the ranger has taken in duplicate the wanderer's name, home address, destination, purpose in the bush and other essential facts. If a fire starts in that locality, the names of all persons traversing that district are on file, making investigation easier, to say nothing of the moral effect that is placed upon a man when he knows that a fire ranger possesses his identification for reference in case of an infraction of forest rules.

Particularly is this true now when prospectors roam the bush, and when, in the dry season, there is the constant knowledge that the mere touch of a match in a land where even the soil, composed as it is of roots and rotted vegetation, will burn, thus clearing the land to the bare rock, will do in a few hours what could not be accomplished by days and days of work with a pick and shovel in the seeking of a vein. It is true also in a country which yearly has more settlers, for fire follows the human as surely as the sun rises in the morning.

Thus the lines are tightening, as Canada comes to a fuller realization of the worth of its forests and the danger of their depletion. Always frank, Canada is becoming franker each day regarding its future. Its officials not only realize but announce the fact that the present situation regarding forest fires is unsatisfactory.

Likewise, the matter of temporary staffs is coming in for its attention. Often one finds that the fire ranger he meets in the bush is not a fire ranger in the true sense of the word at all, but a college student, gaining a few extra dollars through the summer months by spending those months in the bush as an employe of the forestry department. Naturally, a man who works extra does not possess the efficiency of a regular member, with the enforced knowledge and ingenuity which permanency would give him.

For Canada's Future

One looks for long stretches at a time for the same kind of forest rangers that one finds in the United States, as able to build an automobile road as they are to throw a diamond hitch, as capable of taking command in an emergency as they are in swamping out a bad piece of trail. Willing, eager young men, these fill-ins of Canada, it is true. But, after all, they remain fill-ins, and the forest experts know it just as well as anyone else; just as the government knows and admits the need of a forest policy providing for centralization of authority, for more equipment, for the building of a system of education in the danger of fire among those who go but infrequently into the forests, for more watch towers, more airplanes, more personnel, and above all, more money. So much does it realize the fact that a government bulletin of last year made the following statement:

> Given these things, there is hope that the situation, serious though it is, can be met and overcome in time. Lacking them, I dare prophesy that persons now living will see the end, nationally speaking, of Canada's forest resources. As a nation, we are in the strong current, drifting rapidly towards the Niagara of total extinction of our forest resources which mean so much, and which, with proper care and forethought, may mean so much more to the permanent prosperity of the people of Canada.

That's a good deal for a government bulletin to say. But then Canada, which bats about 1000 per cent in this writer's estimation, is that kind of country. It has a far bigger job on its hands, with a few million persons to pay the bills, than the United States possesses, with all its roads and tourists and vacationists, and with 110,000,000 or more to foot the payments. But then Canada, in the main, is a young country—surprisingly, refreshingly young. The old often talk and talk—and talk. The young have a habit of mixing conversation with action, even though it hurts the pocketbook to do it.

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A LYING VISION

(Continued from Page 11)

"Hello, Dave," he said. "What you doing down here? Someone been robbing the bank?"

Inspector Howell turned and recognized him. "Hello," he retorted. "Had lunch?"

"Not yet. There's a good little place down the line."

They moved that way together, and Howell answered Tope's question. "Matter of fact, yes," he agreed. "Open and shut, but a big job, just the same. Cashier back there. You know him? Man named Grow."

"I know Peace," Tope replied. "Don't know Grow. What about him?"

"Peace notified the protective people," Howell explained, "and they sent me down to see him." They turned into the restaurant and found a table and ordered before he continued.

"He told me about it just now," he said, grinned a little. "It's the kind of job that gets by sometimes. A man just takes a handful of money and beats it. No books to fix, nothing. Long as he keeps out of sight he's safe enough. And this Grow's had ten days' start now. May be anywhere."

"What's the story?" Tope inquired, and Howell told him.

"You see, they handle a lot of small accounts down there," he explained. "A lot of the fishermen bank there. And they like to keep their money where they can get it, but they want interest too; so they buy Liberty Bonds and leave them in the safekeeping department of the bank. Saves them hiring boxes, you see. Mostly they buy the four-and-a-quarters. Peace said there'd be three or four hundred thousand in the box sometimes, what with collateral on loans and small amounts left there by the depositors, and so on; and he says they usually kept them in ten-thousand-dollar bonds, and a few ones and fives along with them. Coupons don't come due till October, and unless a man wanted them to sell some bonds for him, they don't have to bother much until then. But one of the tellers, fellow named Vane, went in there the other day to get two of the thousand-dollar bonds, and he opened the wrong envelope and found it full of paper instead of securities. Seems there's about twenty-four of the ten-thousand-dollar bonds gone. Vane notified Peace, and Peace kept it quiet and told Vane to keep still about it, and called the protective people and they called me. And it looks like this Grow must have taken them."

"And he's skipped?" Tope asked.

"He's away on his vacation," Howell replied. "Left the first of August."

"That's the day old Willow was killed," Tope commented. "Don't they know where Grow is supposed to be?"

Howell shook his head. "He's got into the habit, last two-three years, of going away without saying where," he explained. "Peace says he takes a car and starts out and just drives around. Last year he drove through to the coast and sold his car there and came back by train. They never know where he is till he gets back."

"What have you got on him?" Tope asked.

"Well," Howell said, "he was supposed to have left the last of July; but he came into the bank about closing time the first of August, before the vaults were closed, and he poked around some. Didn't have much to say to anybody, but he was always sort of dignified, keeping the rest of them from getting too casual with him. So they left him alone, didn't ask any questions. He was in where the bonds were kept, and he came out and left the bank and that's the last anyone's seen of him. He could figure there'd be a good chance they wouldn't find out about it till October, or till he didn't come back. The ten-thousand-dollar bonds were in separate envelopes from the little stuff that they'd be likely to sell. That would give him a good start. He's had better than ten days as it is."

He added thoughtfully: "Of course, he may be all right. Don't know what he'll say if we get him. Peace don't want any warrant out for him; he says Grow's a good man, valuable man; says there's probably someone else we don't know about. But as long as things are this way it's good enough for me to try to find Grow."

"Got a good description of him?" Tope asked, and Howell nodded.

"Yes," he said. And what he added caught Tope's attention, held it, lifted the beat of his thoughts to racing speed. "Yes," said Howell. "He's a little man, about five feet six, hundred and twenty pounds, blue eyes, wears spectacles when he works, brown hair and a beard."

"About five feet six, and he wears a beard!" Tope echoed after a moment.

Howell nodded. And Tope abruptly rose, and his eyes were mildly keen.

"Willow's stand was right next to the Fishermen's Trust," he said. "There might be something in this thing for me."

Howell looked his surprise. "You're not through your lunch," he protested.

Tope dropped a coin on the table. "That will fix it," he replied. "I want to go down and talk to Peace again."

The bank president seemed glad to see Inspector Tope; he gave the policeman a cigar. "What can I do for you?" he asked. "Anything new on poor old Willow?"

The inspector eyed his cigar. "There might be," he confessed. "I'm feeling around in the dark, trying anything. I heard about your trouble here. Any way the two things could be hooked up?"

Peace hesitated, laughed uncertainly. "Trouble here?" he parried.

"Grow," said Tope.

"Oh!" Peace commented. "I suppose you inspectors do confide in one another."

"What sort of man is he?" Tope asked.

"I was fond of Grow," Peace said after a moment's reluctance. "I've known him, brought him along for some years. An able young man."

"Young man?" Tope echoed. "I heard he wore a beard."

Peace smiled. "He's young, and he has the misfortune to look young," he explained. "I wished to make him cashier; but I was afraid there might be objections to his youth, so I suggested that he raise a beard, cultivate a certain aloof dignity; in short, play a part. Such things are justifiable, I suppose."

Tope watched him with that curious blank gaze which he was apt to wear when his thoughts were racing. Peace seemed unconscious of this scrutiny. He was one of those efficient, clean-shaven, clear-eyed men who are so often found in positions of responsibility; and there was a certain stalwart breadth across the shoulders that seemed to contradict the thickness about his waist. "Grow is small, too," he explained, when Tope remained silent. "An inch or so shorter than I am even."

"You—looked after him," Tope repeated.

"Yes," Peace agreed. "Of course, we weren't intimate, outside of the bank. I know nothing of his life except that I happen to know he wasn't married. Rather a high-strung man. That's why he liked to get clear out of touch with the bank on his vacations. Howell may have told you."

"Yes," Tope agreed.

"Young Vane knew him rather well," Peace suggested. "He may be able to help you." He smiled. "As a matter of fact," he said, "he and Grow look enough alike to be brothers. That's why I suggested to Grow to raise a beard, so our depositors wouldn't confuse them."

"Oh, they did confuse them?"

"Yes," Peace told him. "It happened now and then. Like to talk to Vane?"

"Don't want to bother him," Tope protested.

Peace shook his head. "Quite all right," he insisted, and pressed a button, sent a summons. While they waited he asked abruptly, "But what makes you think there might be any connection between our trouble and poor old Willow—what sort of connection?"

Tope seemed to hesitate. "Why, I don't know as I'd go that far," he confessed. "I'm just feeling around for what I can find, that's all. His stand was handy by, and he banked here and all. Funny the way things work sometimes."

Then Vane came in. Peace introduced them to each other, dismissed them both together. "Give Inspector Tope as much time as he wants, Vane," he directed. "You can take him into the board room." And to Tope: "Let me know if there's anything else you want."

"Why, I will," the inspector replied. "Yes, I'll let you know."

He and Vane went out together, and Vane led the inspector into an adjoining room, where they were secluded, a long table between them. Tope sat down at this table and he drummed upon it with the fingers of both hands, sitting in a fashion curiously alert and poised; but his eyes at first were idle, fixed upon nothing at all. Vane, across from him, waited patiently; he lighted a cigarette, he shifted his position, he stubbed out that cigarette and set a match to another one; and the inspector seemed at last to remember the other's presence, for he looked at the young man with some attention.

"You and Mr. Grow look alike, do you?" he asked casually.

Vane, who had been ill at ease, seemed at this surprised. "Why, no," he replied. "No, I never thought so. About the same size, perhaps."

"People ever mistake you for him, call you by his name?"

"No," Vane insisted.

And Inspector Tope said casually, "I'd heard they did."

Vane colored with something like indignation. "No, sir," he said positively.

"You see him in here that afternoon?" Tope asked. "Afternoon of the first of August?"

Vane shook his head. "I'd been away on my vacation," he replied. "Didn't get back till the next day. No, I didn't see him."

"Heard about his coming in, didn't you?"

"Oh, yes."

"Anybody talk to him?"

"Why, a word or two, possibly. He never had much to say."

The inspector studied the young man. "You and he pretty good friends, weren't you?" he asked, faint surprise in his voice.

"Well, yes," Vane admitted grudgingly. "Yes, we saw a lot of each other up to a couple of years ago. Then we drifted apart somehow. He began to put on dog."

"How's that?" Tope asked.

"Well, it was just when he was made cashier," Vane explained; "just before. He grew a beard on his vacation two years ago, and after he came back he was different. Discouraged any intimacy in the bank. Acted as though he was afraid someone would call him by his first name. Upstage."

"Upstage?" the inspector repeated.

"Yes; offish, conceited—sort of a snob."

Tope considered the young man. "You ever been on the stage?" he asked.

Vane looked surprised. "Why, amateur theatricals. Why?"

"I noticed that word you used—upstage."

"We have a show down here every year," Vane explained. "Everybody takes a hand in it. I directed last year's show." He smiled. "Played the female lead."

"Everybody in it, eh?" Tope asked. And at the other's nod he suddenly rose, and there was more than the usual alertness in his bearing. "Much obliged," he said. "I guess that's all. How do I get out of here?"

Vane was a little surprised at this abrupt departure. He showed Tope the way to the street and returned to his cage, the matter staying in his mind. He felt a vague uneasiness; there is bound to be, for a while, a certain tension in a bank which has been robbed.

But Tope was not thinking about the bank's loss. He had taken a taxicab across the city to the Institute for the Care of the Blind.

This occurred toward the middle of the week. When Inspector Tope reported at headquarters on the following Monday he found a peremptory summons from President Peace. He had seen the bank man once during the intervening days, going with Howell to urge upon him the advisability of making public the fact of the robbery and that Grow was being looked for. Peace had at length permitted himself to be convinced of the wisdom of this.

"I hate to do it," he protested. "I've always liked Grow; he's been almost like my son. I've done little things for him." He smiled. "Why, I even gave him a suit of clothes his last birthday. Intimate things like that. This hurts me."

Inspector Howell said logically, "If he's all right he'll see the papers and come back."

"Certainly," the other agreed. "But it will always stand against his reputation. A thing to explain." He added helplessly: "The whole affair is a hideous blow to me. But you must do as you think wise."

Since then Inspector Tope had not seen Peace, and he responded to this morning's summons as soon as it was possible to do so. He was delayed for a while by the necessity of placating three or four reporters. They came to complain about a story which had appeared in the Journal's Sunday editions the day before. It was signed by Person, a staff man and a friend of Tope's, and it had served to revive interest in the mystery of Willow's death. The burden of this story was that old Willow, sitting on his high stool in his shop by the water front, had been accustomed to keep a sort of diary. Few people understood, Person explained, that blind folk had a system of writing by perforating a sheet of paper in certain patterns and combinations; and Willow, he said, was an adept at this. He continued:

> Willow seems also to have used a sort of shorthand of his own in this diary, like Samuel Pepys of old, he was not content to rely for secrecy upon the mesh itself, but added to its complications by abbreviations, words from other languages, and what appear to be code words of his own devising.
>
> The blind man was a close observer, and his candy stand was so located that there was a constant flow of people past his window. He learned to know them. Unable to trust to the sense of sight, he developed, little by little, other faculties to such a point that he was able to recognize a passer by his step, by his voice when he spoke, and sometimes even by his odor.
>
> The right to publish Willow's diary has been acquired exclusively by the Journal, and installments will appear in later issues. The diary, begun some twenty years ago, is continued up to a few days before his death. Willow made his notes day by day in his shop, upon loose sheets, and he later had these sheets bound into large ledgerlike volumes, which have come into the hands of the police. The early passages present a curiously vivid picture of the life of the city as Willow sensed it from his high stool, and the interest becomes cumulative as the record approaches the present time.

The other reporters, berating Tope, complained that he had permitted Person access to information which had not been given them, but Tope put them off with the statement that Person had dug out this story for himself, deserved the preference. He escaped from them at last and hurried to respond to Peace's summons.

President Peace, it appeared, had also a complaint to make; he also objected to the publication in the Journal of the passages from Willow's memoirs. He seemed to attach a great deal of weight to the matter. "You must see," he protested, "that as the executor of Willow's estate I should have been notified that the police had taken these papers from his apartment."

(Continued on Page 133)

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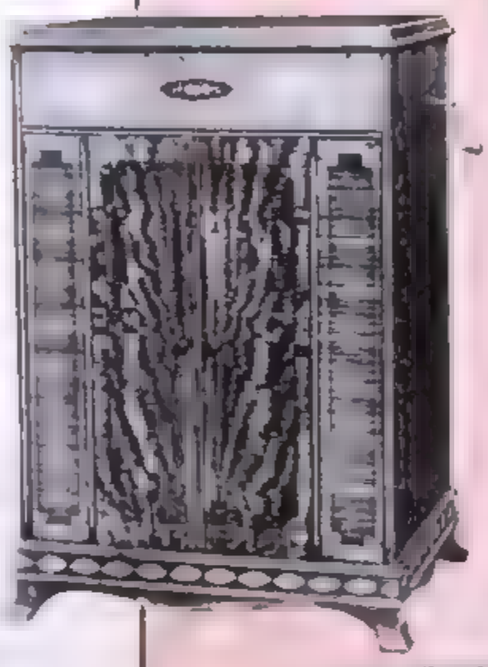

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(Continued from Page 128)

The inspector nodded almost humbly. "That's right," he assented. "I overlooked that. You see, we're trying to find something in the diary that will give us a lead on why he was killed. It will be turned over to you when we're done."

"But in the meantime," Peace pointed out, "it is being exploited in the press. Such a thing has some commercial value. In any case, its publication without my consent is irregular. The trustees of the museum will have a right to hold me accountable for it, and for any loss they suffer." And he added positively, "So I feel forced to insist that its publication be stopped and all this material handed over to me."

Tope said mildly, "I doubt if we can let it go till we've examined it all. There may be something there—something about his private life."

Peace displayed some irritation. "Absurd!" he protested. "The old man's death was just a crime of violence, the work of some drunken tough in the neighborhood, obviously, for the sake of the money in his pocket."

Tope rose. "I'll tell them what you say," he promised. "But it's up to headquarters."

"There ought not to be any difficulty," Peace insisted. "I am clearly within my rights."

"Well, there's another thing," said the inspector thoughtfully. "It looks to me as if maybe Willow had a sheet or two in his pocket when he was killed. He'd keep this diary every day. It runs right up to two days before he died. But it stops there. So it looks to me there was some of it in his pocket, and whoever killed him took it along."

Peace hesitated, studying the man.

"You've searched his apartment thoroughly?" he asked.

"Yes," said Tope. "You see, this was a business with him. He put down the name of every man he spoke to, some days. He had your name in it, right along, toward the end. He could tell you by the smell, Mr. Peace—some kind of a perfume you used."

Peace seemed to color, laughed uncertainly. "Shaving soap, probably," he suggested. "I don't use perfume."

"So it's safe to say," Tope continued, "that he kept this record right up to the time he started home that night. But I don't see where that last sheet is, unless the man that nailed him took it."

"You've worked out the last pages, have you?" Peace asked, and the inspector nodded.

"Yes. Don't seem to be anything there."

Peace hesitated, and his tone became curiously reluctant. "Isn't in the shop, is it?" he suggested.

"Guess not," Tope replied. "No desk there, or any place he'd be likely to leave it."

Peace nodded. "It's not likely to be there," he agreed. Then someone knocked on the door, and Peace called a summons and Vane came in—Vane, the teller, who looked like Grow. He had a sheaf of papers in his hand, and he waited while the president dismissed Tope.

"I'm going to insist that you hand this material over to me, inspector," Peace said. "And if you find the missing sheet I'll expect that too. Anything that belongs to old Willow is my responsibility."

"You didn't find anything in his box here?" Tope asked.

"No."

"I don't know where the last of it can be," the inspector said, half to himself, "unless he hid it in the shop somewhere. I'll take a look there first chance I get."

"I'll expect to hear from you," said Peace, and the inspector rose.

"I'll put it up to them," he agreed.

He spoke a word of recognition to Vane as he went out the door.

The little triangular shop in which Willow had spent so many years was a dark spot, even upon a sunny day; there was only the window in the front, and the glass-topped door; and these were shadowed by the structure of the Elevated. But at night the place was even darker; for the nearest street lamp was that upon the corner beyond the bank, and there was no direct illumination upon the front of the shop at all. Willow used to keep the window glass clean, but in the time since his death it had accumulated a certain grime that served to exclude what little light there might have been. So inside the shop was like a tight black pocket; and on such a night as this Wednesday night in the third week in August, it was very warm indeed. The two men crouching in the darkness there panted softly, and now and then they shifted their cramped positions, and one of them occasionally drew a handkerchief across his brow. This was the third night they had spent thus, and each one had been warmer than the last. But they were not particularly impatient. They huddled in the darkness with that stolid capacity for enduring discomfort which is the strength of an unimaginative man. He endures without the torment of anticipation.

It could hardly be said that they were hidden, save by the darkness in which they were enfolded. There was no place in the shop in which they might hide. The counter below the window stretched across the front of the place; the converging walls were lined with shelves on which Willow had been used to keep some of his wares; and the furniture consisted of Willow's high stool and the little stove and nothing more. Inspector Tope sat behind the stove. It was so small that even though he sat on the floor, he was able to look across the top of the stove to the door that opened into the street. His legs were spread apart, extended across the floor on either side of the stove; and he had laid his revolver across the stove in front of him. This not for the sake of readiness, but because in his pocket it made waiting the more uncomfortable.

Inspector Howell was on his left and rather nearer the door, half under the shelves against the wall. If the door should be opened, it would in swinging wide almost touch his feet; he needed only to rise to be able to reach the door with his hand.

These two had on each succeeding night used great precautions in entering the shop. Each time they waited till a telephone message to the box on the corner gave them the word; each time a huge moving van had paused for a moment in front of the place, blocking all view from across the way; and each time a screen of apparently casual pedestrians had prevented their being observed from one direction or the other. But each time their precautions and their vigil had been in vain. Tonight was half gone; they had made their way into the shop toward ten o'clock in the evening; it was now half after one. By a little past four the street would begin to gray with dawn. Yet their stolid patience still endured unmoved.

And this night at last, about a quarter before two o'clock in the morning, someone came. From their positions, low down near the floor, they could not see across the street outside; but they heard someone pass by on the farther sidewalk. And Inspector Tope touched his companion lightly with a warning hand. There was nothing in the footsteps themselves, but the street had been empty for so long. So they listened a little more tensely; and by and by they heard the steps, or other steps, approach and draw near; and someone passed just outside the door. They had a vague silhouette of cap, head, shoulders—the silhouette of the head of a small man—and waited minutes more. Tope wiped his brow with his hand.

Perhaps five minutes, perhaps ten. This time they heard nothing; but suddenly, against the glass upper half of the door, there was a man's head and shoulders. He seemed to stand with his back against the door, and he turned his head as though to look this way and that for a long time, or a time seeming long. And then, though he did not move, they heard a faint scratch of metal on metal. The man was unlocking the door, his hands busy behind his back. They heard the latch click and the door opened an inch or two, and the man stood still, turning his head again.

Then, very quickly, he was inside, and the door was shut behind him; and he was on his knees, peering out through the glass, and they could hear him breathing hard and stressfully.

Inspector Tope, behind the stove, sat still, in a calm and philosophic way; Howell, under the shelves, had risen on one knee and crouched there, two arm lengths away. And the newcomer waited, just within the door, his breath coming more slowly now, till it became at last inaudible. And then he began to move, to busy himself in some mysterious wise; they heard little sounds as though he were setting objects down upon the floor. Afterward he rose and began to take from the counter and the shelves packets of cigars and cigarettes and candy, and the like, breaking them open in the darkness there, tossing the contents aside, heaping the wrappers together in the corner between the counter and the wall. He worked rapidly; there was a fever of haste in his movements, something frantic in the silhouette he made as he rose now and then to his full height against the light outside.

By and by he had emptied the shelves on that farther wall, and he crossed back to those beneath which Inspector Howell was crouching. So in the end the matter was precipitated. Howell, beneath the shelves, pressed himself as close as might be against the wall; but the other's foot touched his; the other's knee encountered his arm; and instantly, before the inspector could move, the marauder sprang free and cried out, and an orange flame split the darkness deafeningly, and other flames, so that the little shop was full of the darting fires of an inferno.

A moment of this, all in a smothered silence, without word or cry; and then the little man sprang to the door and wrenched it wide.

Inspector Tope, still behind the stove, spoke sharply: "Stop!" A pistol lanced at him. "Stop or I'll shoot!" he cried.

The little man would have fled; he made a move to go. But Inspector Tope was not one to make empty threats. He was as good as his word. His steady finger drew the trigger home.

"I checked back on him," said Inspector Tope. He was comfortably relaxed in the hospital bed, with a patch of plaster on his temple and a bandage on his leg. "He did a lot of talking, and when I got started on him, I checked it back."

The man beside the bed was Person, the reporter. "Come clean," he urged, grinning. "I went through for you, did your faking without any questions at all. Now it's up to you."

The inspector smiled gently. "There was nothing much to bank on in the things I got," he confessed. "He'd said he came back from New York on the ten o'clock. I couldn't find that anybody saw him on that train, and there were some on the train that knew him.

"He'd given Grow a suit of clothes, and he got Grow to wear a beard, and he knew something about make-up. Enough to start with, allowing he'd practice by himself alone. I checked back on the suit. The tailor made him one from the same cloth he gave Grow.

"He looked bigger than Grow; broader, fatter. He had been, up to a year or two ago. Then he dieted; but he told the tailor to pad his shoulders and his vest so he'd look the same. Said a man in his job had to have an air of solid respectability.

"And his chauffeur lost a peen hammer about the first of the month. He's had to get a new one."

Person laughed. "A jury wouldn't think much of that."

"We don't need a jury now," Tope reminded him regretfully. "But that's what bothered me. I did some guessing."

He hesitated, thinking back. "I couldn't be sure," he confessed. "But if I was right,

(Continued on Page 135)

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(Continued from Page 133)

then I was sure of some things. I was sure that he'd be worried by hearing Willow had kept a diary. You helped out there. We made him think Willow did. And I knew if I'd guessed right that he'd be particularly worried about the last page of that diary. Willow might have named him in it. And I let him think it might be in the shop."

He added, fitting in the keystone: "If he came and tried to get it, that would make the other things count more. I never thought he might try to burn it up, the way he did. If he didn't come, there wasn't any harm; and if he did, that ended things."

Person nodded. "I can see all that," he agreed. "But what started you thinking about him in the first place?"

"He was the only friend Willow had," Tope explained. "Where there's a killing, I always take a look at the dead man's friends. Most murders come out of too much intimacy. So I was already wondering about him, even before Vane told me about the theatricals. And that fitted in with the beard."

"He'd have made a great actor," Person commented.

"Yes, sir," Tope agreed. "A dozen men saw him in the bank, and he was Grow to every one of them. None of them thought anything different. Yet they were as much used to seeing him as they were to seeing Grow.

"But the way you look don't mean anything to a blind man," he added. And he said thoughtfully: "It must have given Peace quite a shock, after he come out of the bank, everything done with so smooth, to have old Willow call him by name. Yes, sir, it must have hit him hard."

"Mighty hard," Person agreed, "to make him go kill Willow."

"Takes a big patch sometimes," said Tope, "to cover up a little hole."

ARTS OF HOAX

Continued from Page 21

dropping a palm over his hand on the wheel. Willie returned at once to the gray end of the party; he went to bed, and, sleeping far into the afternoon, reached New York for a very late dinner alone on a roof; his thoughts were a confusion of Rose Brincker, Eliza and very early furniture.

The subject of early Americana had commonly furnished him with a retreat from vexatious personal affairs; it had lulled his mind, filled it with pleasant speculations, plans and abstractions; but suddenly it appeared to have withdrawn its benefits from him. He thought, for example, of primitive pine and oak furniture with exasperation; the image of a court cupboard filled him with angry derision. His old doubts of glass came back, and he determined to sell at once what pieces he had kept hidden for himself. It was all artificial, preposterous. Unreasonably, he associated Rose not only with the three-back sofa, but with the whole affair of antiques, and dismissed them together from his head.

Instead, he thought of Eliza Grinling, not pretty, but engaging. Willie recalled now that she'd been a very appealing child. But it was probable all that would be lost; he saw her in imagination, reckless and hard and sterile, spending her years with stained fingers. The times were like that, fatal to old dignities and traditions and personal integrity. Linton Grinling, it was plain, hadn't been able to control her. He was too young. But, perhaps, something, or rather someone, would save her before it was too late.

The next day Govrosky came to see him. "I wanted you to know the news already," he proceeded; "we're moving out in the country. To Mintzel by Pennsylvania. It's easy a half hour from Lancaster. Mr. Gerald, those country dealers are getting all the money. It's a sin what they ask. People go crazy about prices in the country who wouldn't give a half in New York. It's all near a plant, but that they never seem to learn. They think they're finding a Stiegel plate now or a bottle nobody else has seen. And the auctions! Mr. Gerald, such a money for a blue-flint sugar bowl without a piece in the side, two fingers you could put through it. And the Jersey glass, it's hardly cool before it goes up. And the quilts for fifty and sixty dollars all nice and clean, and why shouldn't they be?"

It might be an excellent idea, Willie Gerald admitted. "I'd find it very convenient with you there, you could tell me so much. Govrosky, we could help those auctions, don't you think? I mean make their stock, as you'd call it, more interesting. At the same time we would have the advantage of these prices you are so indignant about. Yes, it's a splendid idea. I'll send out some things that you can find in farmhouses back of the hills. As a matter of fact, I have an open dresser now, in walnut, Govrosky, with scalloped ends and the side boards running down in stiles. Very early. But with a brushing of acid, a little alcohol, if it isn't smooth enough, it will be earlier. Do you need money?"

"Thank you, Mr. Gerald, I come up to see you about it. With three thousand dollars, for six months I would be easy. Sara—she says the country would no less than perish her is going to Europe for the study of her musics." That financial arrangement was quickly concluded. Govrosky, where actual indebtedness was concerned, was scrupulous. Willie had lent him even larger sums; they were promptly paid, although they were satisfied to let Govrosky's good will furnish the interest.

"You must have a great deal of old rusted iron," Willie Gerald instructed him; "farm bells and barn hinges, and some ox yokes. Rows of unimportant flasks, and a pile of indifferent hooked rugs and magazines of dresses like cabbages and turnips. You ought to have a lot of late Sandwich and a collection of old pistols; yes, and the early Currier prints—Norma in black ringlets and Adele with azure eyes. And then, but not in sight, always keep one or two really good small pieces. You will probably have to buy them in the city. When you think you have the right person in your place bring one out. You can either do it reluctantly, and insist, for a while, that it's not for sale; or you can like your customer, you can get confidential and, though you were saving whatever it happened to be, let him have it."

"Mr. Gerald," Govrosky announced solemnly, "if you would be my partner, Pierponts Morgan would be nothing with us. Look, Mr. Gerald, we could have a chain of antique stores from California to Maine. We'd run anyone from the business. Shops for repairs bigger as the railroads there'd be, and express trucks between Philadelphia to New York and Chicago."

What, Willie Gerald demanded, gave Govrosky even the shadow of an idea that he was interested in antique stores? "On the contrary, it makes me ill to think of them. Do I have to tell you again that I detest work?"

An uneasy smile passed over Govrosky's face. "You always have your joke at me," he protested. "You are the sharpest dealer in it all the antique dealings. And it does credit to the business, with you such a gentleman. I tell Mrs. Govrosky, he has suspenders with a silk we couldn't afford to make a dress from it. Suspenders! And with gold buckles already."

Willie Gerald nodded shortly. "Goodby. If you don't cure yourself of thinking I'm a dealer I'll furnish you with proof." When the runner was gone Willie thought with amusement of this family in the Pennsylvania Dutch countryside. Probably Govrosky had secured a small brick or stone house set back from a main road; a house with a porch on its side screened by a grape arbor; there would be a barn, certainly, that he would fill with the dusty ruins of collapsed and largely worthless antique furniture; and the Govrosky children would have the unique experience of seeing the cows from which milk came. They would be happy there, he decided; it would do them, in time, an immeasurable amount of good. He wondered, should the time be long enough, if it would transform the Govroskys completely. Would the soil take them back to itself and set stronger bodies, clearer eyes, on the future generations.

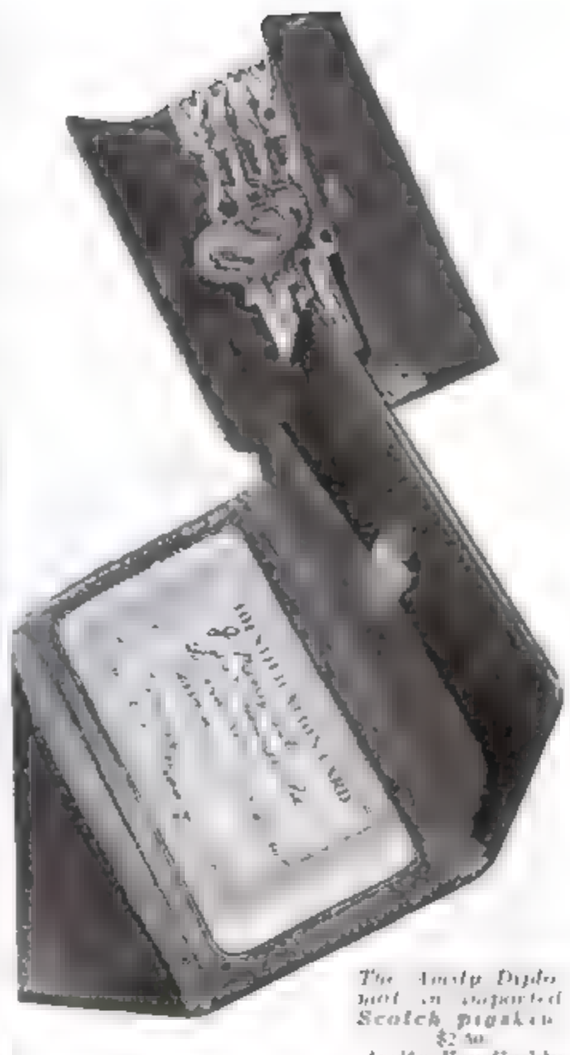
He was at a dinner and the highly ornamental woman on his left asked what had so deeply absorbed him. "I was thinking of giving up the city and living on a farm," he replied. "I'd marry a farmer's daughter, we'd have eleven children and get up at a quarter to four, standard time, every morning. I would be a liberal farmer and let my wife have all the money from the chickens and milk, and I wouldn't ask her and our eldest daughter to drag the plow." She turned a polished shoulder on him, and Willie heard her say to the man beyond that the Government was not half severe enough with the radicals who were bent on the destruction of its prosperity and society.

It was soon after that he saw John Price, Eliza's father, at the Racquet Club. "I get very bad reports of you," the elder said; "at riots on Long Island. But, in addition, Eliza said you were severe about her being there. So I suppose it's all right. I sent her down to South Carolina, with Isabella, in consequence. This will be a hard year for her, but that's no excuse for the Brimmerhofs. I did call Cheyney Grant up and say he must be crazy. Oh, yes, I nearly forgot—seeing you brought it back to me—Eliza said why don't you come and see them at Belrive. Isabella would like to have you, too, I'm certain. I've got ten thousand acres along the Ashley River and you specially will appreciate the house. But I warn you beforehand, the furniture is comfortable."

Willie Gerald thanked him. "If it can be managed, I'll go," he said at once. "I've been in New York too long and seen the same people too often. It would be splendid to get away from myself as well."

Nothing, he thought, in a compartment on a train South, could have been happier. He liked Isabella Price, in spite of her articulate desire to improve the condition of the negro, and Eliza, he added, had interested him extremely. She owned the desirable youth of Freda Renant and the background and resources, largely magnified, of Rose. Gerald enjoyed, as well, the painted iron chair and stationary washstand, the berths, of the Pullman car. Late Pittsburgh he called them, thankful to be away from more exploited periods. His new distaste for antiques, he found, had not diminished. He saw them, as it were, from the wrong side of the door, where all the lies and makeshifts and pretensions were visible. Such collecting had become fashionable and the inevitable hypocrisy followed. Willie Gerald smiled at the extraordinary competitive prices he'd had no small part in establishing. In the end, though, what was rare and beautiful would maintain its value. He finished a cigarette, decided instantly against reading and switched off the light, falling immediately to sleep.

He reached Charleston early in the morning and discovered that Isabella Price had sent a car for him, and he continued his journey into the country. The automobile turned into a road that led through reaches of oak; he saw a little old church with a low brick wall in a cleared grove; there were negro cabins, countless negroes; and he came on a gang of prisoners in stripes working on a bank under the bright birdlike eyes of two deputy sheriffs with magazine rifles across their knees. He couldn't



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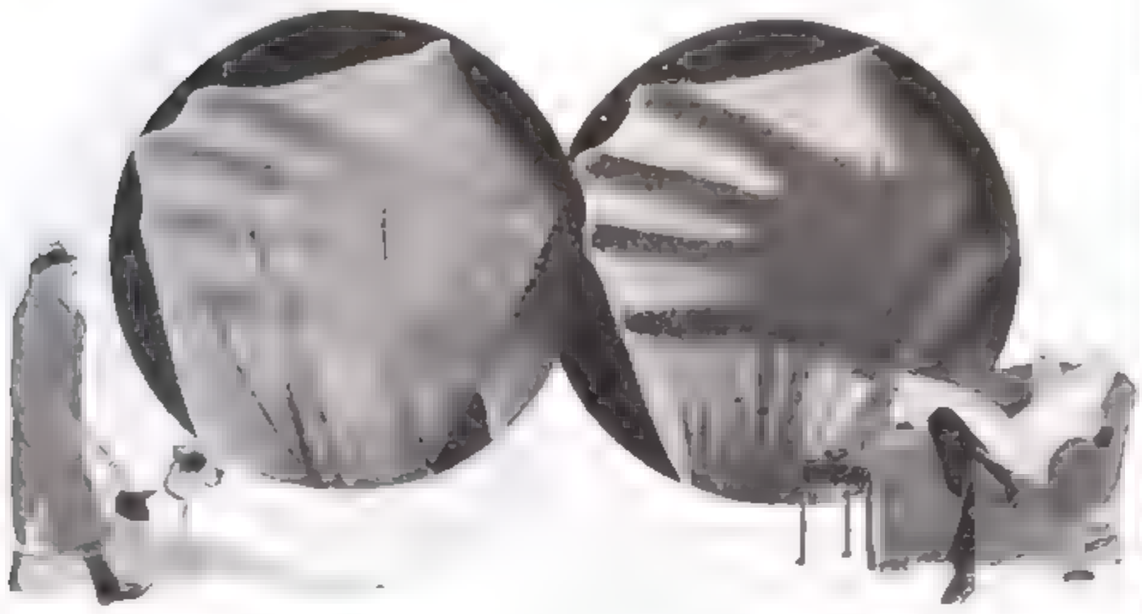

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remember a more dismal scene. But beyond he was driven into a long lane bordered with aged water oaks which, looped and trailing with Spanish moss, made a dark ceiling above. At the end he could see a white house set up on brick columns, with a narrow, long portico. There was a second-story porch, innumerable bright vines, vivid flowers, but almost no grass at all. The sandy ground was gray and bare. From somewhere came the incredibly brilliant and varied singing of a mocking bird.

It was, Willie Gerald felt, a different world from New York; the color was different; the very air was not the same. He was aware, without being able to define it, of a sharp and tragic beauty, a somber and threatening charm. The lane, the trees smothered in moss, the house, were strangely aloof. Gerald had the sensation of an impending thunderstorm.

Isabella Price rose up from a long chair on the portico. She said it was really heroic of Willie to have come so far. "Eliza will be delighted; she never for an instant thought you'd do it. If you actually want to rest, Belrive is the place. I hope you like batter bread and juleps made of brandy. Because if you don't you'll leave tomorrow. . . . There's Eliza."

"All I can say," Eliza announced, "is that New York must have been frightful. Or else you're hiding from the law." He recognized that already she was rested. "But now you are here you can row me up and down the Ashley River in a bateau. It's square at both ends and heavier than the Leviathan." At lunch she explained what they did. "We get up when we please and fish all day. Not what you're used to. Not at all. You have a line tied to the end of a bamboo pole and sleep beside the river. Now and then you'll catch a fish and, if it's over two inches, keep it. There's a boy with lunch you can't possibly wake up, so you get it out of the box yourself. And then you have dinner at five o'clock. It's a plantation custom." He asked when he got supper.

"At nine, sometimes. Whenever Isabella can tear us away from fishing we go to see her negroes in their nice industrial school. Father and I want her put under a spendthrift trust. We're afraid she'll give everything to the colored race."

Isabella Price was slightly annoyed. "My dear Willie," she proceeded, "where can you find a family that understands the importance of abstract social good? I mean in one of its members. I give you my word that anything except cold selfishness is looked on as a form of madness. I'll take you to the school myself and you can see what we are doing. When Eliza gets a camellia in her hair she thinks her duty to South Carolina is discharged. But John simply cannot go into a community and take up thousands of acres without some responsibility to his neighbors."

The following morning, accordingly, Mrs. John Price took Gerald to her endowed industrial school for negroes. He was, in consequence, impressed by the power, the potentialities, of virtually unlimited money. The school was more modern, generally better, than many widely advertised institutions for white children in the North. The three single-story buildings were both sightly and highly practical, the grounds were spacious, the truck gardens for the pupils admirably worked. Willie Gerald's appreciations were genuine, but in the carpenter shop he was absorbed.

"You see," Isabella ran on, "they are making what I call cabin furniture. It is plain and strong, perfect for the use it gets." Fascinated, Willie watched a densely black boy finishing a table almost identical with the stand Matthew Wilson had paid two hundred and ninety dollars for at a sale. It was, naturally, different in minor points; but the execution, the feeling, was the same. With its newness lost, its edges softened, it would be a perfect example of the earliest Colonial furniture. He went to another who was turning the oak legs for a chair, a rough sausage turning with a terminal ball. A third was laying half columns on an oak box covered with a rude carving of conventionalized daisies.

Here, he realized, primitive furniture was being fashioned by primitive minds, for a primitive use. "But this," he said to Isabella Price, "is miraculous. You can't know what is going on. Let me tell you ——" Then abruptly he stopped. Perhaps it would be as well not to explain his discovery to her. "I mean, this furniture is really well made," he continued. "It will last. You ought to have an exhibition North. No"—he decided against that—"it would end by making your school self-conscious. The first thing you know they'd have a chorus and be singing spirituals. Isabella, let me take some of this. I can sell it for you at a very pleasant profit and, perhaps, create a large demand for it. You can either let your negroes keep the money or turn it generally back into the school."

The river made a bend where Willie Gerald sat with Eliza fishing; the water, without a ripple, held the exact reflections of their long dipping poles; it was so still they could hear the cows cropping the grass in the meadow beyond the Ashley. They were under an oak tree and the limbs were so low that Eliza said she felt like a bird. She had on a blue cotton dress torn by blackberry thorns, and not much else. The boy who had carried the fishing poles and lunch was asleep and four very small fish were stiff in death in a tin can. It wasn't sport, Willie considered, but it was extremely soothing. Eliza was simpler than he'd have expected; she had managed to preserve many of the attractive manners, the frank curiosity, of a child. But, together with that, she had a sufficient sophistication.

He began idly to speculate about Eliza Grinling and marriage; for, of course, she would marry again. She had admitted that. Probably the man she chose next would be markedly older than herself, and the chance was that she'd only love him moderately, if, eventually, at all. It would be a marriage in the formal Continental sense. Well, that was a pity. In entirely different circumstances, he thought, he might have married her with great success; he'd have understood and kept alive her most charming qualities. He, too, liked to do such things as fish sleepily in the Ashley River. A plantation dinner at five, he had discovered, was a pleasant variation in his rigidly stereotyped existence.

"Your cork's been under for an age," Eliza observed. He replied that he didn't care if it never came up; Willie hoped both it and the fish were happy.

"But that isn't the way to do it," she protested, neatly landing a shiner. "You're a victim of the climate already. I didn't think you were so impressionable. I think I'll stay down here for Christmas." He begged her to ask him back, and she inquired lazily why he left. Privately he could think of no good reason. Literally there was nothing, no one, North that demanded his presence there. Now that Rose had discovered the truth about him. But it wasn't the truth, he added decidedly. Certainly she had behaved without any real consideration for him; in acting so dramatically about the three-back sofa she had even descended from the plane of good taste.

Willie Gerald thought a great deal about her; he turned his catastrophe with her over and over, reëxamining it from every possible angle. All left him uncomfortable. He began to wonder, too, why she had sent him no word. It was now a month since he had seen her. At least, they had known each other for so long that she owed him some expression of her feeling. He remembered how unsteady her voice had been, showing him the sofa.

"You haven't a scrap of bait."

"I hope I haven't."

"I'm sure, if everything were admitted, you've been asleep. Look, Willie, the cows are going down into the river." White cows were standing in the dark water;

(Continued on Page 138)

'THE SIX-90'
LANDAULET-SEDAN
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One of the five popular body styles mounted on the new Six-90 chassis.

A CAR THAT'S INDIVIDUAL

The New Six-90 Landaulet-Sedan

TOP back when you want to enjoy the open air! Top up when comfort demands a closed car!

That's the way this new Six-90 lends itself to your whims and your convenience.

And this beautiful Six-90 Landaulet-Sedan is individual in other respects.

Behind its wheel you sense a spirited action that stirs your enthusiasm.

You find an abundance of smooth, silent power that inspires absolute faith in your car—a freedom from vibration that only a motor *cushioned in live, buoyant rubber* could possibly possess.

And never have you driven a car more easily handled. Wheelbase of 120" means easy turning, easy parking.

Gears shift smoothly, noiselessly. Hydraulic 4-wheel brakes assure a quick safe stop.

If you know and love fine cars, drive the Six-90. Then you'll understand why the attention of car buyers everywhere is riveted on this new Peerless.

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Cleveland, Ohio

Manufacturers also of the 90° V-type Eight-69, the Powerful Six-72 and the Remarkable Six-80

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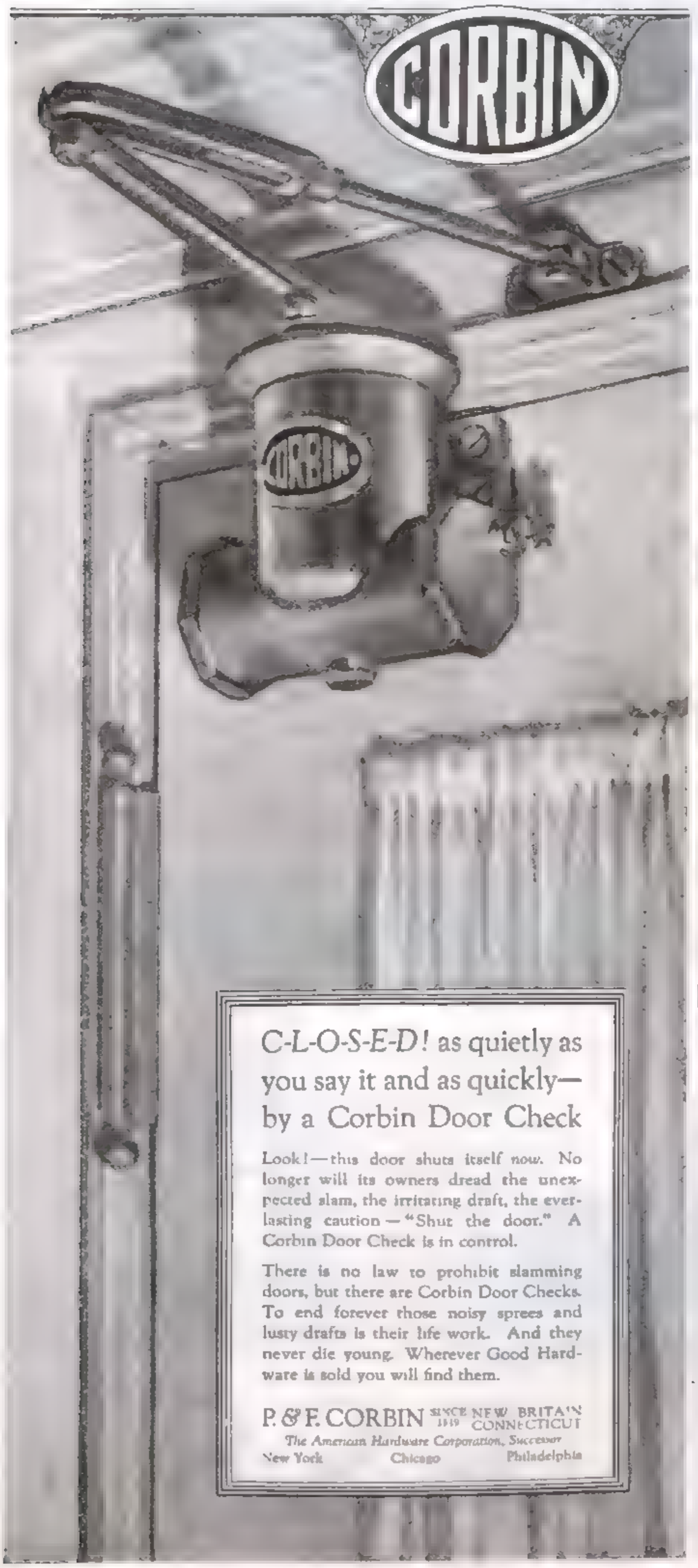
PEERLESS • HAS • ALWAYS • BEEN • A • GOOD • CAR

Good Buildings Deserve Good Hardware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C-L-O-S-E-D! as quietly as you say it and as quickly—by a Corbin Door Check
Look!—this door shuts itself now. No longer will its owners dread the unexpected slam, the irritating draft, the everlasting caution—"Shut the door." A Corbin Door Check is in control.
There is no law to prohibit slamming doors, but there are Corbin Door Checks. To end forever those noisy sprees and lusty drafts is their life work. And they never die young. Wherever Good Hardware is sold you will find them.
P. & F. CORBIN SINCE 1849 NEW BRITAIN CONNECTICUT
The American Hardware Corporation, Successor
New York Chicago Philadelphia

(Continued from Page 136)

above them the bank was green and dark. The river ran in cool folds about their legs.

"Do you reach across the Ashley?" he asked. "Are those your cows?" She told him that everything he saw was hers. "That is, everything I like." Gerald glanced swiftly at her, but she was intent on her line. More particularly, he speculated on what it would be like married to her. Pleasant in the extreme. If he were, for example, they would stay a great deal here at Belrive, in South Carolina. He might put a part of the plantation back in rice, since the best in the world had been grown in the flats around him. Louisiana and the problem of labor had made it locally unprofitable. But he'd like to try it.

Willie Gerald suddenly realized what a restful and entrancing existence that would make. It would exactly suit him. John, certainly, would give them a great part of the Belrive property.

"I know what you are thinking," Eliza said. "You're looking around as though it were all yours now."

His face grew slightly hot with embarrassment. "You are wrong," he assured her; "I had got no further than you." She told him somberly that he wouldn't like her. "You see, I was chipped, so they returned me to the store."

That, Willie answered, was an absurd way to talk. "Besides, it sounds like New York and we're—where are we, Eliza? It's so pastoral we might be in a poem."

She begged him not to become literary. "Willie, I hate people who try to put everything in words and end by making it perfectly obvious and unattractive. I never liked men who could talk well."

Silence, naturally, enveloped him; but he wholly approved of what she had said. The spectacle of the dark, shining river and cows, the sky that was remote space rather than color, laid their spell of tranquillity on him.

Willie rebaited his hook. "There are no more worms," he announced.

Eliza leaned back toward the sleeping negro. "Worms!" she cried. The boy started up, confused and startled. Willie Gerald again took up his pleasant thoughts: if he were married to Eliza—unlike his earlier dreams—they'd keep away from what was called society; yes, stay at Belrive and have a quiet place on the North Shore, near Manchester.

Of course, it was all fantastic; nothing could be actually further from his intentions; he was merely regarding marriage in an ideal and impossible state. He insisted that his fundamental ideas and needs were unchanged.

His mind shifted to the furniture made by the negroes in Isabella Price's school; there were some things he must show them about the pieces to be sent him; he'd have a molded face board instead of a cornice on a crude open dresser in process of construction. There must be a simple scrolling on the skirt of what really was quite a good hutch table. There was no reason why he shouldn't have some primitive candle stands with heavy cross feet. The problems of a receiving point and of selling were difficult. Gerald considered Matthew Wilson, but decided in the negative; it would be a shame to dispel so cynically Matthew's passion for what was earliest in Americana. He would be more valuable as an unconscious aid to Willie's purpose. He would, as well, leave Freda out of his present calculations. He wasn't anxious even to see her just now.

"Willie!" Eliza exclaimed. "I forgot all about dinner and it's six." She twisted her fishing pole around and around, winding the line on its end. The negro followed them home through a shadowed lane of grass. He imagined that they were married, going back together to their happy life in common. Mentally Gerald brought himself sharply up. It was, in view of all he had determined, a ridiculous train of thought. In the first place, there wasn't the slightest chance that Eliza could love him or would marry him; in the second, marriage was the precise thing he'd determined to avoid. His freedom was all-important. "For what?" he asked himself, putting on fresh white linen. Selling wood and china and silver and glass lies wasn't exactly an invaluable privilege. He wasn't as hard, as capable, as he had hoped; the misadventure with Rose proved that. What would she say if his engagement to Eliza were announced? He couldn't begin to think, but it would be interesting. It would show her that her opinion of him was not shared by others—except Fairman Lane—yes, and make a tremendous stir.

He continued, strangely, to consider any attention he paid Eliza directed at Rose Brincker. The attentions themselves Eliza was very nice about; the change and informality of the life at Belrive gave a fresh impetus and intimacy to their contact. Isabella, who scarcely stirred from the porch except to attend her school, apparently gave them no thought. He drove Eliza in a battered car along the river, on instable roads through the abandoned rice marshes; they went by ferry to sea islands and tried, with no success, to understand the Gulla of the negroes. The time came, however, when he must leave; necessity for his presence had developed North; he couldn't take it for granted that Isabella Price wanted him to stay indefinitely at Belrive. When he left Eliza kissed him frankly and regretfully, before her mother, the servants on the porch and the man in the car which was to convey him to Charleston and the train.

Eliza said: "If I do stay for Christmas, come down for Thanksgiving."

His visit had done him a great deal of good. Gerald was far more at ease than when he had left New York. He felt quite normal again, busy with plans. His interest in his dealings with a particular kind of Americana revived. Only a little change and rest and Eliza had done that. It was a pity he wasn't the type of man who should marry; the truth was that he had many qualifications for it. He imagined being with Eliza, married to her, and meeting Rose Brincker. Again Rose, of course, would show no sign of what was going on within her; but it would disturb her. He wanted to hurt Rose, to get -in a contemptible sense—square with her. Willie wished to pay her for his humiliation.

Instead of that, he drove into Pennsylvania to see Govrosky, and found him in just such a house as he had pictured. It was small and brick, with a low roof and vines, and already there was an accumulation of indifferent old furniture in the barn. The family, with the exception of Sara, absent in Europe in the interest of her musics, were unanimous in their approbation of their changed circumstances; two small Govroskys were enthusiastic to the point of being ordered into the house.

"It's the air," their father explained; "it works on them till they can't be quiet from a minute." When Willie Gerald left, after a long conversation with Govrosky at the fence gate, he arranged to come back when their present plan was in progress, and this occurred after three weeks:

Gerald found two other automobiles waiting outside, and Govrosky came anxiously forward. "It's Matthew Wilson and Steinmarx," he explained. "They didn't know was the other coming, and already they've had two arguments. Mr. Gerald, we've done grand with the oak and pine, but now we'll have to stop. I wouldn't care I should take it any further. I've sold thirty-three pieces and the market won't stand it for more. Not for five or six years again, maybe. You'll see the price will go down the next month. I have it all written down for you with where they went—there were seven boxes, with three on frames, two trundle, one was a trestle board and the Carver; nine candle stands, with two for Betty lamps; and that makes sixteen. Three baby chairs already, four mushroom and one wainscot makes twenty-four and three Brewster chairs it's twenty-seven.

(Continued on Page 140)

A home is as young as you keep it

BALD spots on the carpet—sandy grit under tramping feet has ground them out. Dingy furniture—smudgy soot has dimmed its freshness. A weary, cheerless living room—everyday dirt has aged it.

But—keep your home clean. And you can keep it fresh and young for years!

You *can* keep it clean—easily—if you use a Premier Duplex. Its double action gets *all* the dirt in half the time. The motor-driven brush sweeps up litter. It loosens cutting grit. And then strong suction bags litter—soot—grit—everything!

And the Premier Duplex needs no care. Ball bearings in both motor and brush relieve you of the task of oiling. And they keep the cleaner *young* in efficiency through long years of home-freshening!

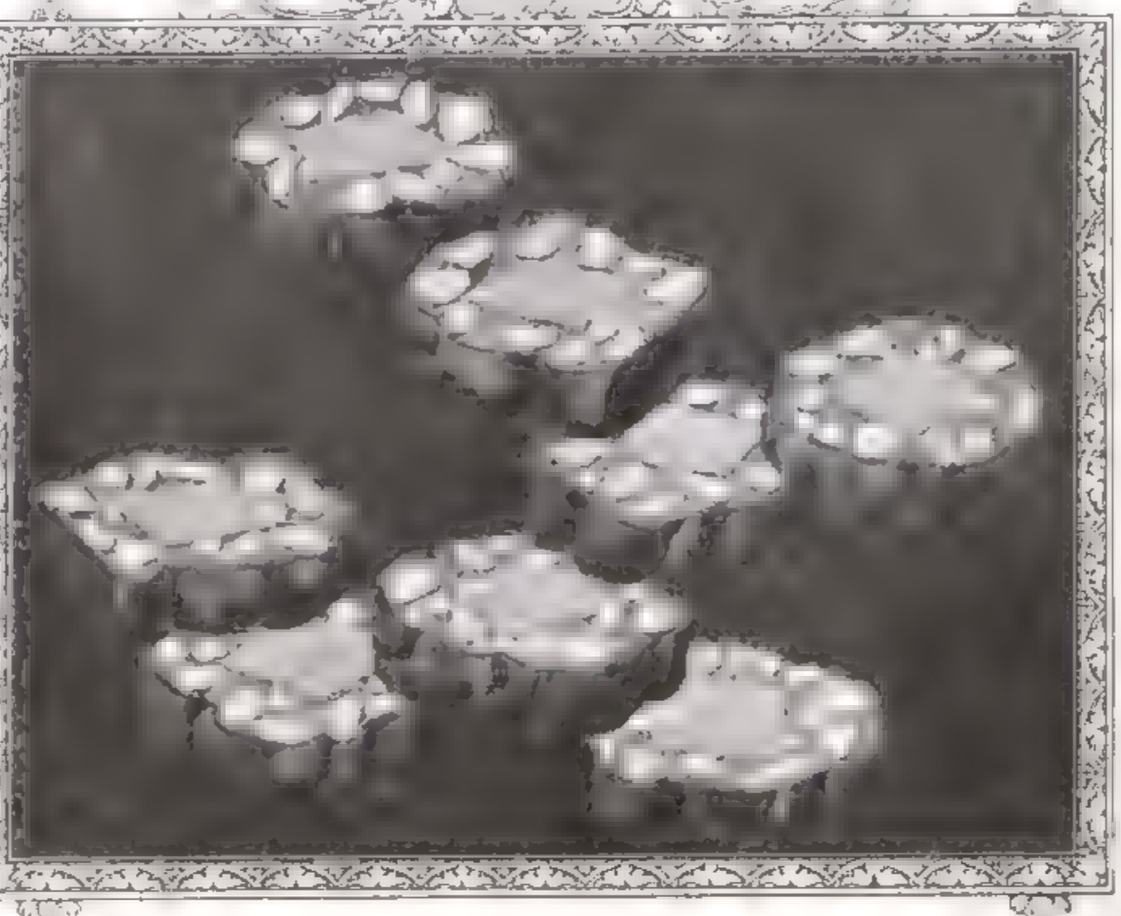
Premier Duplex

ELECTRIC VACUUM CLEANER CO., INC.
Dept. 511 Cleveland, Ohio

Manufactured and distributed in Canada by the Premier Vacuum Cleaner Co., Ltd., *General Offices, Toronto.*

Sold over the entire world, outside of the U. S. and Canada, by the International General Electric Co., Inc., Schenectady, N. Y.

EIGHT Delicious Chocolates in One!



Oh Henry! is not the usual candy bar . . . . . but *eight* delicious chocolates in one, to be sliced as you need them. A "special occasion" quality in a 10c size! But no $1.25 chocolates are finer in quality, or made with more infinite care.

When you slice into a bar . . . . . slice through that mellowest of milk chocolates, tender, crunchy nuts, golden, old-fashioned butter cream and luscious, lingering caramel . . . . . the milky fragrance of the chocolate, the way the candy cuts, its creamier consistency, its richer and more tempting color all unite to say that this is truly a fine candy.

The *bar* form of Oh Henry! is simply a convenience for people who want *good* candy during the day. A convenience, also, for hostesses who may always have a few bars in the pantry, and at a minute's notice have fine candy for teas, bridge games, after dinner and other occasions simply by slicing one, two or as many bars as are desired.

Serve Oh Henry! sliced at any time to any one. Millions know . . . . *and love it!*

Write for FREE copy of the new Oh Henry! Recipe Book:

60 delicious ways to serve Oh Henry!

WILLIAMSON CANDY COMPANY . . . Chicago, Illinois

Now made in Canada by Walter M. Lowney Co., Limited, Montreal

Continued from Page 138

There were six tables, assorted, and the pine table with one gate I kept, and this is already why:

"Mr. Lane was here looking at everything and asking the longest questions you wouldn't believe. When did I see you and where did that come from, and when he found the gate table he was more than an hour looking it over. Upside down and each way. With a glass, Mr. Gerald. Then there was nothing but he should buy it. The money was in his hand. I didn't never remember Mr. Lane wanting pine, and I judged it there must be something funny and I wouldn't sell it to him. I kept it until I should see you and hear what it was."

He was quite right, Willie Gerald told him. "I can't imagine why Fairman Lane would want that. I think we'd better be a little drastic with it, Govrosky, now it's been the object of such expert attention. Where is it?" Govrosky replied that he had it carefully hidden, and, as he was assuring Gerald of this, Matthew Wilson appeared from behind the house carrying a crudely made small table with one gate and a three-cornered dropped leaf. Immediately behind him was Steinmarx.

"Govrosky," Wilson shouted, "I found this upstairs in the barn and I want to buy it from you!"

That, Steinmarx loudly declared, was false. "I saw it first, Mr. Govrosky, and I carried it down, but when I was brushing off my coat Mr. Wilson went away with it."

"You're a liar!" Wilson said bluntly. "Hullow, Mr. Gerald; what do you think of this herring trying to drag a table out of my hands? Govrosky, what's your best price on it? And mind, I won't be held up, because you know I've been getting a lot of early Colonial furniture."

Steinmarx laid a persuasive hand on Govrosky's shoulder. "It's nice he should call us names," he proceeded, bonding themselves against the enemy. "You can believe it from me, I saw it first. My sacred word, Govrosky."

Matthew Wilson said: "Your sacred pants! I didn't call Govrosky names and you know it. Anyhow, I have the table, and it's for sale. Govrosky's business card says that 'Every Antique Article on Our Premises is For Sale. We Keep Nothing on Account of Our Old Grandmother.' And that's right, Govrosky."

Steinmarx turned and got his hands on the table. "It should be mine," he declared hysterically. "A fair man would see I got it."

Matthew Wilson abruptly pushed him away. "Get off that table. It's broken enough as it is. The next thing you'll meet a smack in the eye."

The other implored Gerald and Govrosky to hear that. "A smack already in the eye he promises me. You heard it and it's an assault. And if you did, Mr. Wilson, why wouldn't I in your eye too? And twice."

Govrosky turned to Willie Gerald. "What should I do?" he demanded. "They're making a fight such as I don't know who has it. My card is printed as Mr. Wilson says, and why didn't I put a red sold ticket on it?"

Gerald moved forward. "That's a rare table, Matthew," he said. "I didn't know Govrosky had anything like it." He examined it carefully.

"Now, Mr. Gerald," Wilson protested, "you might just as well leave the table sit. We all know what you think of antiques like this. You've said it often enough and had your fun with me."

Willie Gerald gravely replied that it wasn't impossible for his tastes to widen. "A table like that could do it. How much is it, Govrosky?"

"Three hundred dollars," the dealer replied; "and it ought to be six. But a quick profit is better than a big one."

Gerald continued: "You had better sell it to me. You'll simply get into trouble with either Wilson or Steinmarx if you don't. It won't matter so much if they are annoyed with me . . . Matthew, put your money out of sight. It will make Steinmarx dizzy."

Wilson asserted that Willie Gerald was beyond anything he ever saw. "Mr. Gerald, I'll get it from you later." The commotion subsided; there were the sounds of two cars started on the road.

When they had faded from sight and hearing Willie said: "Now, if you'll get me an ax Mrs. Govrosky can have some kindling wood. There will be no more wars over this. And I agree with you—we won't find another. It isn't, really, our field." He repeated his inexcusable essay at humor, "We must look somewhere else for our arts of hoax."

Editor's Note—This is the eighth of a series of articles by Mr. Hergesheimer. The next will appear in an early issue

Overhanging Crags at Chimney Rock, N. C.

Romping children like the looks and comfort of these shoes—Parents welcome the long wear they give and the money they save

"Be particular when buying shoes to learn who makes them. For it is the manufacturer who is responsible for the quality in them. Whenever his name is on the shoes his reputation and success are at stake. Endicott-Johnson shoes are made by 17,000 workers, each of whom has a direct interest—a partner's pride—in every pair he helps to make. You can be sure there's good leather, good workmanship and honest to goodness value in them."—George F. Johnson, President, Endicott Johnson Corporation

BUYING shoes for modern boys and girls is a many-sided task: Juvenile whims to be satisfied. Growing feet to be thought about. Sensible dress-up to be considered. *And the family shoe budget to be kept within reasonable limits.*

Haven't you often hoped that some day you might be able to buy children's shoes really made with all these things in mind? . . . Shoes in which good looks, correct design, long wear and money-saving price are combined. Try Endicott-Johnson shoes. Then watch your shoe bills come down.

Endicott-Johnson specialize in children's shoes. We make more than *fifteen million* pairs a year—one pair out of every seven worn by American boys and girls.

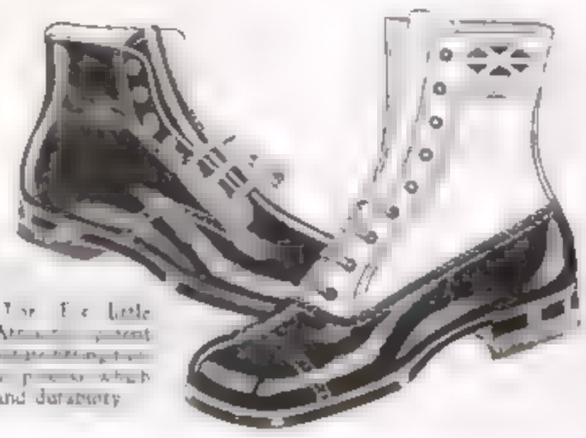
They're tested shoes—based on intimate study of what happens to shoes on the feet of active youngsters. They're made from specially tanned leather; and put together with particular thought of what they're going to be up against.

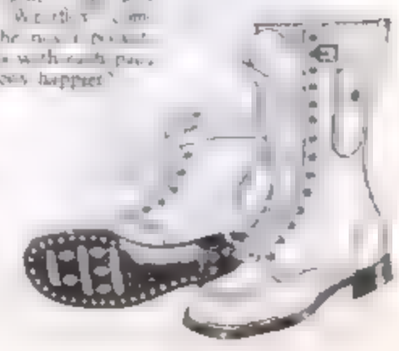
And with good wear you also get fine style, comfortable lasts (designed for growing feet), beautiful finishes—shoes you'll be proud to have your children wear.

See the splendid new styles—for men and women as well as for boys and girls. Leading stores everywhere sell Endicott-Johnson shoes. Boys' and girls' shoes $3, $4, $5. Smaller sizes proportionately less. Write for "The World at Play," an interesting free booklet for boys and girls—and grown-ups. Endicott-Johnson, Endicott, N. Y.; New York City; St. Louis, Mo. Largest manufacturers of boys' and girls' shoes in the world.

ENDICOTT-JOHNSON

Better shoes for less money





"Never mind, MANDY....

Drāno *will open that drain in a jiffy"*

WASHDAY! A mountain of clothes waiting to be washed! A laundry tub that "simply would not drain"—and no amount of prodding and poking would open it!

But Drāno came to the rescue and started the drain gurgling merrily again—the plumber wasn't needed.

There's nothing like Drāno for opening clogged drains and keeping them open. Drāno goes right to the seat of the trouble—boiling, scouring, scrubbing—purifying—down in the drain where a scrub brush won't reach. It *dissolves* grease, hair, lint, and soapy refuse—drives them from the drain.

A Household Necessity

Use Drāno regularly in kitchen, bathroom, and laundry drains to keep them free-flowing. Pour Drāno in the refrigerator drain-pipe to keep it clean and sanitary. Drāno removes grease and oil drippings from garage floors—brightens grease-encrusted iron pots and glass ovenware in a jiffy—cleans down-spouts, too.

And Drāno *positively will not harm porcelain, enamel, or plumbing.*

Buy a can today at your grocery, drug, or hardware store. Or send 25c for a full-sized can. Express charges additional outside of the United States and Canada. The Drackett Chemical Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Keeps Garbage Cans Sanitary

Sprinkle Drāno in garbage cans—it cleans, disinfects, and deodorizes.

Drāno

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Cleans and Opens Drains 25¢

35 Cents in Canada

CIVILIZATION AND THE WATER TAP

(Continued from Page 7)

Their original site was ideal for settlement and development, but when the Eternal City grew to a great center of an empire, with a vast population, the work on the aqueducts began.

The first authenticated instance of water being conveyed to Rome was the construction of the Appia Claudia Aqueduct. This led to the necessity for others and progressive changes in manner of living; frequent bathing became one of the popular practices and amusements. This in turn required the construction of many public and private baths.

It is a curious fact that, in the homes of the wealthy, baths were attached to the dining rooms, since it was customary to bathe before eating. In these baths arrangements were made for regulating the temperature of the water—either hot or cold. This was accomplished by large brick stoves and elaborate hot-water systems like those in the Baths of Caracalla.

After the first Roman aqueduct was built, it was followed by others, perhaps one of the most famous being Aqua Marcia. This aqueduct was something over thirty-eight miles in length, wound along a circuitous route from its source, through a tunnel and over a series of nearly 7000 arcades at an elevation in some places of seventy feet. The watercourse was on the top of the aqueduct and was usually covered. It was famous for the purity of its water Pliny eulogized it. He said: "Among the blessings conferred upon the city by the bounty of the gods is the water of Marcia; the clearest of all the waters in the world and distinguished for coolness and salubrity."

Rivers Beneath the Streets

The aqueducts were constructed of either brick or stone-block masonry laid in mortar; in some cases the watercourses on the tops of the structures were lined with lead sheets to prevent leakage. They followed along the natural contours where possible, and were built on a slight down grade to provide a gravity supply to the city of Rome. The aqueducts were provided with settling basins for purposes of filtration along their routes and emptied into reservoirs.

Pliny states that the aqueducts of Rome of this period gave importance to and made possible the embellishment of Rome. In some cases one aqueduct conveyed the waters from several sources, one built upon the other, showing indications of being built in different periods. The development of water supply in Rome may be judged when it is stated that in one year Agrippa actually founded 70 pools, 105 fountains and 130 reservoirs. Sextus Julius Frontinus wrote that at one time more than twenty aqueducts provided water for the city of Rome; it was said that whole rivers flowed under the streets.

The water of the Marcia Aqueduct is now used in Rome, having been brought into the city again in 1870, after thirteen centuries. The size of the aqueducts varied. The Claudia Aqueduct was the highest mark in development of Roman skill in hydraulics. It was 3.3 feet wide and 6.6 feet high. Pliny says it cost $3,000,000, or apparently six dollars a foot to build.

As part of the construction of this aqueduct a tunnel three miles long was necessary. This tunnel was three feet wide by seven feet high. It was just about room enough for one man to work in. Much of the tunnel's length was built through rock, and when it is realized that no black powder had been invented at this time, that no means of ventilation were known, that pumps were unknown, some idea of the magnitude of the work is grasped.

The actual tunneling through rock was apparently accomplished by chisels about one inch wide, as evidenced by the markings on the sides of the rock found today. In some cases rock was removed by building a fire against it and throwing water on the heated rock. Shafts of various depths and close proximity were necessary to build tunnels of this size, which in turn increased the magnitude of the work. Today the tunnel from Gilboa Dam to New York will almost take a railroad express train.

A Hand-Carved Tunnel

In the distribution of water by the Romans they used lead pipe just as we do. It was made from sheet lead of varying thickness, depending upon the pressure it was to be subjected to. Lead pipe has been found up to twenty-seven inches in diameter; and also shears, similar to tinsmiths' shears, have been found which were used to cut the sheet lead.

The pigs of lead of the ancients, some of which have been unearthed, do not differ from the modern pig lead in size, shape or method of marking. Some of them at Ostia bear the trade-mark of British dealers when Britain was a Roman colony. Incidentally, it is evident from the marking on lead pipes that in Rome there were women plumbers. It has been estimated that when the main aqueducts of Rome were in service—and there were in all nine main aqueducts fed by many others—about 97 A.D., 84,198,000 gallons a day were delivered into ancient Rome for about 1,000,000 people. Accounting for leakage, the daily consumption of water per person in Rome was thirty-eight gallons.

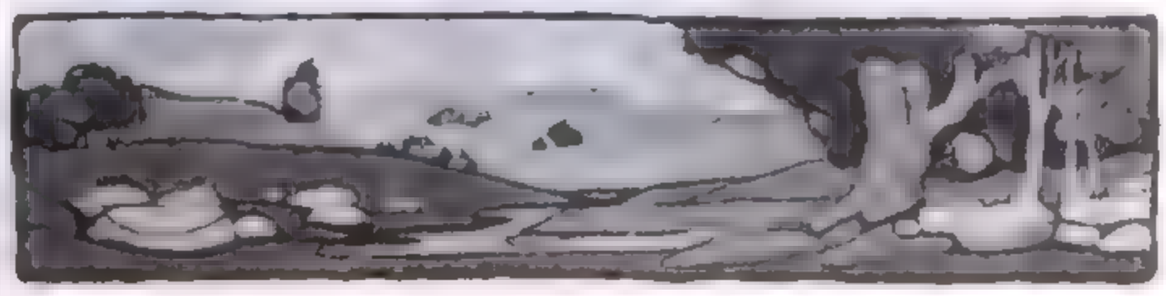
After the Goths and other marauders from the north had cut the Roman aqueducts, the water flowed year after year into the Campagna. The forests about Rome died and marshes took their place—marshes filled with the malaria which brought a great imperial center to its lowest extremity.

During the Middle Ages there was little development in water systems. Paris still used an aqueduct built by the Roman Emperor Julian in 360 A.D. It was not until 1235 that lead pipes were used extensively in London. In 1609 the New River Company began an artificial channel of some thirty-odd miles for a gravity and filtered water supply to England's capital, and this company is still operating.

In London at the present time some forty-two gallons per person every day are consumed as compared with thirty-eight gallons in the heyday of the Romans; but a part of the London supply, as in all modern cities, goes for industrial use. Paris now uses 53 gallons, Rome 264, Berlin 18, Vienna 20. In America the range of water consumption in a group of our larger cities is from 300 gallons per day per person in Buffalo, down to about 130 in New York City.

We forget readily enough that our own water-supply systems in the United States are comparatively modern. In 1800 there were only seventeen water-supply systems

(Continued on Page 145)



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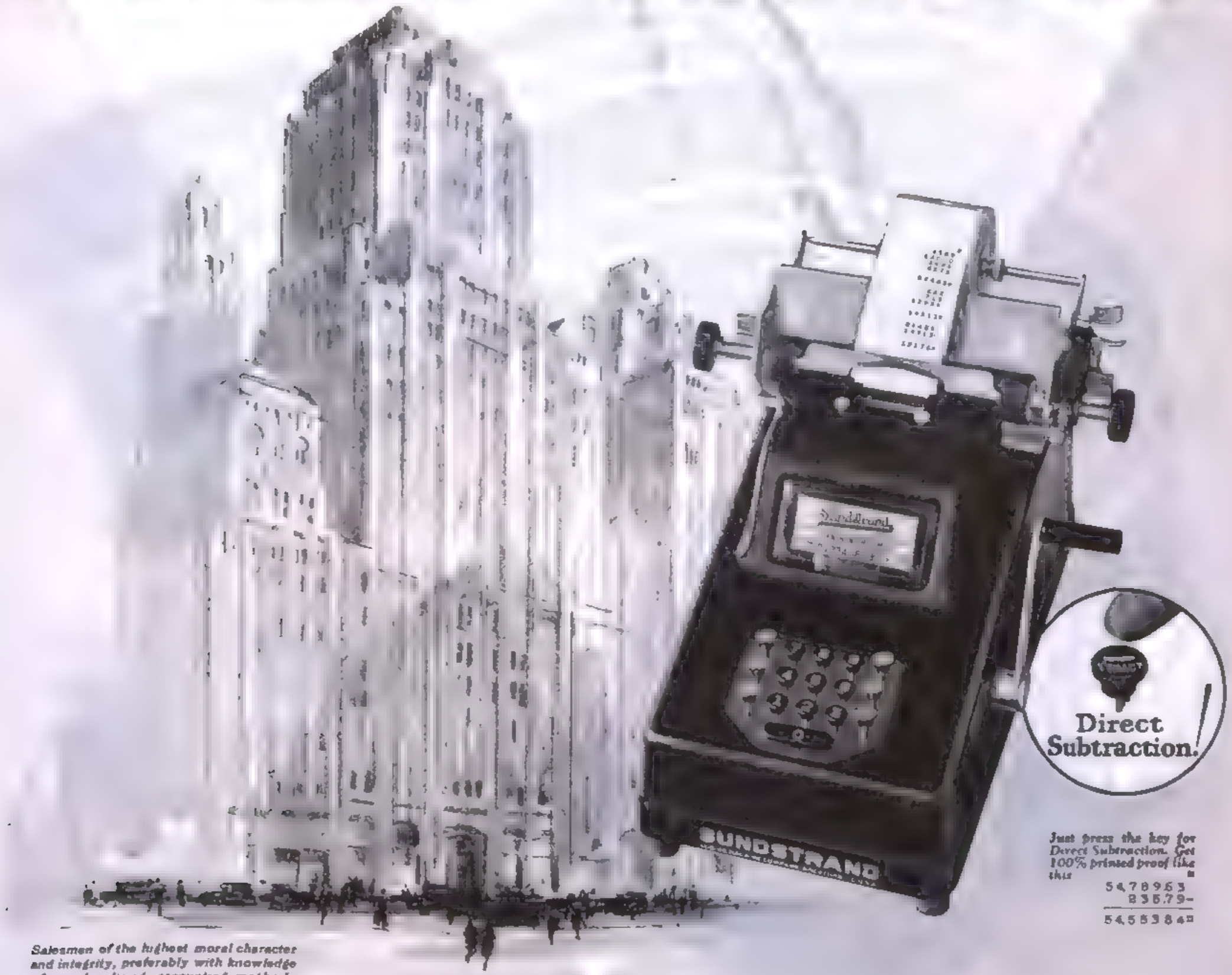

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the rapidly growing preference for SUNDSTRAND machines is a tribute to their superior quality in design, material, workmanship and performance. Moreover, SUNDSTRAND machines have speedy 10-key addition, direct subtraction and automatic-shift multiplication. THERE IS NO LONGER ANY REASON FOR BEING SATISFIED WITH A MACHINE WHICH ONLY ADDS.

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BOOKKEEPING, ADDING, CALCULATING MACHINES

COMFORT

It's great to have your hose smooth and your garters so comfortable that you don't know they're on. That's the sort of satisfaction you get from PARIS. *Count the moment well spent when you ask for PARIS.*

Super Quality $1

Other outstanding values at 25¢-35¢-50¢-75¢

Time for a fresh pair?

PARIS

GARTERS

NO METAL CAN TOUCH YOU

(Continued from Page 142)

in the United States; now there are nearly 10,000.

The introduction of public water supplies has had, as it always has had, a marked and vital effect upon the standard of living. Among other things, it has made possible the sanitary sewer, which abolished the cesspool and privy and made safer the water supply itself. The figures showing the decrease in devastating typhoid fever in this country are a tribute to public water-supply systems. Not only does the modern system bring health into a city; it takes disease out. Fifty years ago running water in the house was a luxury; today the laborer and clerk have better equipment, more sanitary service, than the most affluent families in 1870.

Waste and Leakage

And yet there are few consumers who ever look behind their faucets to see the facts about the vast water-supply business as it is today. Few of them know that in the United States 85 to 90 per cent of the people are now served by municipally owned works. The investment in public water works is mounting to $2,000,000,000. Health departments of forty-three states have now divisions of sanitary engineering watching water supply. The growth in population of 20 to 30 per cent a decade requires radical extensions and betterments to water supplies every twelve to fifteen years. The average water consumption of about 100 gallons per day per person in American cities is about three times that shown in European cities.

One of the outstanding faults with public water supplies today is the tremendous loss from leakage. Statistics show that on the average 25 per cent of water entering the mains is lost. When the great city of New York consumes as high as 1,000,000,000 gallons of water a day, as it sometimes does, the loss is very apparent to the lay mind.

Generally speaking, large cities use more water than small cities per capita, and this is due to the larger number of industries. In large cities the mere domestic consumption of water is about thirty to thirty-five gallons per capita per day; but this varies, of course, with the type of the community. In some cities industrial use of water consumes one-half the supply, as, for instance, in Bridgeport, Connecticut; but although nearly half the income from the sale of water in New York City comes from industrial and commercial use, only about 25 per cent of the water itself is so consumed.

Few know that the metering of water is rarely accepted by the public with any good grace. Men and women are so used to consider water in the United States as being almost as free as air that they resent its measurement at first. The chief saving of waste in metering probably comes from the increased care taken by the consumer to reduce leaks to the minimum. The savings in actual use of water, when measured by the meter, at first seems worthwhile to the householder; but the experience of many cities tends to show that this initial care disappears and that the consumer no longer confines himself to a six-inch bath or hesitates to let the water run until it is cold.

Vital as water is to the very existence of city life—or, indeed, to any life—the engineers of the marvelous modern systems of storage, aqueducts and distribution have made it sensationally inexpensive.

In New York City the rates for household water have not changed since 1857. It costs an average person, then, for his own individual use of water, about $1.60 a year.

When the average city dweller in the United States goes home he may buy a package of twenty cigarettes; one of these cigarettes probably costs more than his total expenditure on water for that day.

When the head of the family buys his morning and evening newspaper he may thank American skill in turning Nature to the uses of man, because his two papers have probably cost him more than his whole family's consumption of this precious fluid, water, delivered every minute into his home—an actual flowing ribbon of necessity.

The constancy of delivery, the purity of quality and the cheapness of the supply of water in the United States have behind them one of the wonders of the modern world—and the average man and woman never give the details of that wonder a moment's thought from one end of the year to the other. But let one moment come when the tap fails to produce its water and a well-founded panic seizes the emotions.

The distribution system in the modern city of America is buried in walls and ground. Its network of service tentacles is the guaranty of life itself. But in New York not one person in thousands ever thinks of the force of more than 2000 workers who keep the distribution system going. Does the householder know that the plumbing in his house and that of the buildings of New York probably has in it more than 50,000 miles of pipe? Does he know that there are nearly 4000 miles of aqueduct and mains under his feet?

The stroller along Fifth Avenue marvels at the height of new skyscrapers, raising their roofs to the clouds; but fails to realize, as he crosses one street, that beneath him, deeper than the height of these buildings—more than 200 feet—has been bored eighteen miles of a tunnel large enough to hold a motorbus so that the Catskill water from the Ashokan and the new Gilboa reservoirs may be distributed under gravity pressure through solid rock. Sometimes this tunnel descends to depths greater—even 750 feet as it goes under the East River. Few know the insatiable demand for increase in the supply of water. New York, which increases not only its population but also the number of its daily commuters and visitors, who probably number together more than 1,000,000 persons, increased its demand from 684,000,000 gallons in 1921 to 800,000,000 four years later, in 1925.

Conquering a Menace

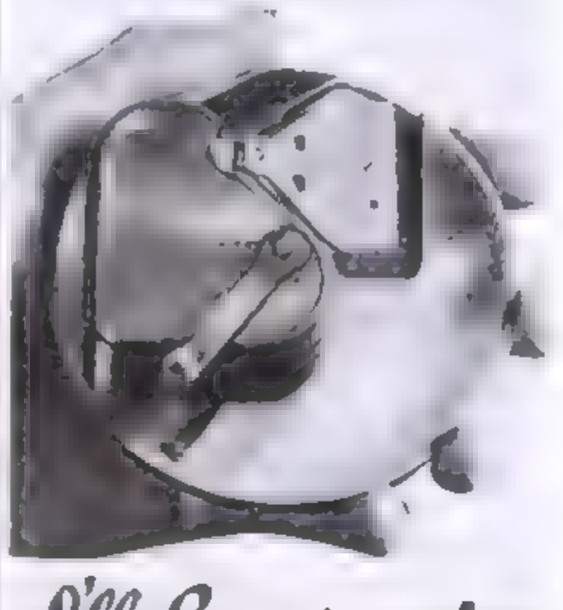
The man who holds a glass under his faucet probably knows nothing of the pains taken to maintain the purity and even the taste of the flow. Before the great stream starts on its journey toward a city from a distance, often more than 100 miles, the water is usually tossed into sunlight and air through spouting, spraying aerator. Twice, if good care is taken, a city's supply is subjected to chlorine treatment lest some drop of water containing a germ might have escaped, by one chance in a million, the first treatment. Every day, under the practice of New York, for instance, numerous tests of the water are made; in one year more than 16,000 samples of water are analyzed. This analysis is not only to detect germs but to discover the presence of such living organisms as the microscopic synura, doing no harm, but giving out essential oils and creating an unpleasant

(Continued on Page 148)

When the Water Supply at Ashokan Reservoir, New York, Is Normal the Entire Foreground of This Picture Is From 20 to 30 Feet Under Water. The Storage Lakes are So Dry That Only Rigid Economy Can Prevent a Water Famine

Your Last Chance

—OFFER EXPIRES MIDNIGHT DEC. 31



I'll Guarantee To Keep You in Razor Blades for Life

THINK of it! 365 keen, cool shaves a year from the same blade. That's what KRISS-KROSS is doing for American shavers everywhere!

This amazing invention marks such a radical advance in shaving comfort and economy that it deserves to be called much more than a stropper. Rather it is a blade rejuvenator. Makes hundreds of keen, quick shaves blossom where only one grew before.

KRISS-KROSS strops your blade (any make) on the diagonal just like a master barber. Pressure decreases automatically. Nickel jig flies up to notify you when your blade is ready, with the keenest cutting edge that steel can take.

And now for my amashing offer. To introduce KRISS-KROSS stropper, I will give you an amazing new kind of razor free. Really three razors in one. Can be made straight or T-shape in a jiffy. Comes with 5 special blades.

Use these blades and keep renewing them with KRISS-KROSS super-stropper. If any one goes back on you I'll recondition or replace them free! This sweeping written guarantee solves your blade problem for all time. I mean every word when I say "I'll keep you in Razor Blades For Life."

AGENTS!

Make big money as a KRISS KROSS REPRESENTATIVE. $5-$20 a week. J. C. Kemp made $200 in 7 days. H. King earned $66 in one day. We show you how.

Spare time workers, office and factory men make $5-$10 extra a day just showing KRISS-KROSS to friends. Check bottom of coupon and mail at once!

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This astonishing offer is limited. Guarantee will be withdrawn Dec. 31st and *never* offered again. So act quickly! Send for information on amazing KRISS-KROSS inventions today. They are never sold in stores and are even more remarkable than I can tell you in this short space. Clip the coupon today. No obligation.

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Please send me without obligation, details of KRISS-KROSS stropper guarantee and FREE razor offer.

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In the companies which constitute General Motors there are 1141 automotive engineers. The chiefs come in from the various plants for conference at the Proving Ground, about forty miles from Detroit.

Every phase of specialized experience is represented. The engineers in every plant have the advantage of the united thinking

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PRODUCTS OF GENERAL MOTORS
"A car for every purse and purpose"
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General Motors passenger cars, Delco-Light electric plants and Frigidaire electric refrigerators may be purchased on the G M A C Payment Plan.

of their associates throughout the whole General Motors family.

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All this means that you have a triple satisfaction in selecting a General Motors car.

It represents the accumulated engineering skill of the strong company which builds it, *plus* the thinking of the engineers of many other strong companies, *plus* a testing process which knows no favoritism and is concerned only with the facts.

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"Don't take our word for this!"

Varsity

"Sturdi-chex"

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But don't take our word for it! Compare "Sturdi-Chex" with any $1 union suit in your dealer's store. Note the fineness and finish of the fabric. Note the excellence of the tailoring—for Varsity Underwear is tailored—not merely made.

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Varsity

UNDERWEAR CO.

BALTIMORE, MD.

(Continued from Page 145)

taste which, to some sensitive palates, makes itself known even before laboratory methods can discover it.

More important, however, than distribution is supply; and the stories of the struggles of some American cities to obtain enough water to keep up with increasing population is the story of American ingenuity, resourcefulness and engineering daring and persistence.

Chicago has driven tunnels four miles out under Lake Michigan to get pure water, and even then has had to spend in addition $70,000,000 on a drainage canal to keep its supply pure.

Los Angeles, as another example, has engaged in a brilliant engineering operation to bring water 250 miles, across deserts, wildernesses, mountains and plains, to a swiftly increasing population. This was after the city had looked with some fear at the menace of a real water shortage; the daily consumption had begun to exceed the inflow into the old reservoirs by 4,000,000 gallons. To build the aqueduct to the Owens River meant crossing 150 miles of waterless desert and providing temporary water for the construction camps. It was necessary to provide 215 miles of road, 230 miles of pipe line, 218 miles of electric-power transmission and 377 miles of telegraph and telephone connections, so that the work on the permanent aqueduct might be done.

And what was the complexity of the project? It meant open canals through a long valley, with thirty-seven miles lined with concrete. It meant a reservoir on the way of a capacity of some 20,000,000,000 gallons; endless miles then of lined and covered aqueduct and siphons, and a tunnel nearly 27,000 feet long, burrowing under the hills through rock, this tunnel being one of almost fifty miles of tunnels on the route to the city.

Boston has begun on a vast project in the middle of the commonwealth to impound a sufficient supply of water for the future.

The vast Hetch-Hetchy project, combining water supply and power development, was undertaken in large measure to provide San Francisco with sufficient water for its growing needs. The Tuolumne River was caught in the high Sierra Nevada Mountains, its water made to drop time after time for the generation of electric power and then led across the San Joaquin Valley to the faucets of the city.

The Coöperation of States

These are undertakings probably impossible in the future for any private companies. They involve too great a taking from other communities of land and water rights. As cities reach farther and farther for water the enterprise even becomes interstate in scope. As in the case of the Delaware River development, which probably will follow the Catskill and Gilboa Dam development as the next step in the New York City supply, interstate commissions and the action of several legislatures may be required. It is another example of necessity for interstate coöperation, which is the only way to untangle situations where neither the Federal Government nor any one state sovereignty—neither this United States nor these United States—can act constitutionally or efficiently unless interstate cooperation is invoked.

The whole business behind your water tap has become of a size, proportion and scope unrealized by the complacent water user of this country, who fails to know when he puts his hand on his faucet that he is touching the very symbol of existence and civilization. Nothing in the history of man in his dealing with water has equaled the unnoticed or forgotten achievements of American water-supply engineering.

No better example of the Cyclopean concepts now involved can be found than that of J. Waldo Smith, now consulting engineer for the Board of Water Supply of New York City. More than a quarter of a century ago there was required a foresight necessary to save New York from ultimate water starvation, and from this foresight came the Catskill development. It furnishes an excellent citation, because with its second development—the Gilboa Dam—it has just been completed, and also because it is an excellent example of the power of modern engineering to throw distance and mountains to the winds, to make water behave, change the courses of rivers, snatch hills away, bury towns below lakes and push tunnels through rock and under river regardless.

Some 100 or 150 miles north of New York there were two rivers. One was the Esopus, the other the Schoharie. One ran south, the other north. Each drained its own watershed, for they were separated by a long ridge. Today the city of New York has caught them both, has made each of them fill reservoirs which will store 160,000,000,000 gallons of water in two connected catch basins twelve and five miles long. It cost the city nearly $200,000,000, but the price of water to the taxpayer-consumer still remains the same as it was half a century ago. And New York is safe again for at least ten years.

The Submerged Village

Of the total cost, about $30,000,000, only $7,750,000 went into the Gilboa Dam development; but as one stands on top of the completed dam today, the vastness of the Pyramids and the impression of the Panama Canal almost fade away. The great bowl of the valley reservoir behind the dam has not filled up yet; but when it does, there will be enough water there to cover the whole island of Manhattan with five feet of inundation. Down below this dam, high as a city skyscraper building, and faced with stone blocks so that it looks like a super city hall, the Schoharie Valley stretches far away, and the water is just beginning to cover the old foundations of Gilboa—a village which seven years ago had its church spire, and its main street lined with maple trees.

At the base of the dam, 160 feet below, the foreman of a little gang of workmen—mere fleas, they appear—stands looking up at the face of the dam. He swings his vision across from the great earth dike the size of a pasture hill to the other side of the valley, where the dam is locked into the rock, and this one eye sweep has covered nearly half a mile. He sees what appears to be a toy locomotive puffing along the fifteen-foot dam top. He is an old hand in construction work, and he has been seven years in this particular exciting wrestle with Nature, but he is not unmoved by what he has helped to do with his old employers.

An engineer would cock an eye at this dam, and if he had the figures on his cuff he would probably say something like this:

"That dam is composed of two parts; this first one is a masonry section of Cyclopean concrete, faced with natural stone masonry on both the up and down stream sides. It's a gravity section of the overflow stepped-weir type, built up in a series of seven steps, depending upon its own weight to stand the pressure it withholds, even in periods of flood; then the water will overflow the top of the masonry section, down over the steps of the face of the dam and waste off down the spillway into the old river bed. This portion of the dam is 1300 feet long and 160 feet wide at the base. It narrows in by the series of steps, so that on the top of the masonry section it is fifteen feet in width. There are seven steps approximately twenty feet high and thirteen feet to eighteen feet wide. The top of the dam is 1130 feet above sea level. But over there is the second part. It is an earth dike and concrete core wall 700 feet long, I'd say.

"Anyhow the two parts of the dam form one massive structure capable of withholding the 22,000,000,000 gallons of water stored in the reservoir basin. The overflow from that reservoir may take place twice a year.

"And they tell me that the necessity for the two types of dam construction which comprise the Gilboa Dam came from a preglacial gorge located on the west side of the dam. The masonry section is built on rock foundation, but on the westerly end of the masonry dam, as the builders discovered, to everyone's dismay, the rock dropped off suddenly into a gorge ninety-five feet deep. That was the original bed of the Schoharie Creek, which was filled up by the action of the glaciers at a period in geological history. To have built a solid masonry dam on ledge rock through this preglacial gorge would have been prohibitive in cost, so the core wall section in a trench twenty feet wide was sunk to ledge rock at a depth of ninety-five feet, and extended above the surface of the ground to the top of the dam. The dike of earth was then formed on either side of this core wall, forming the present earth dam."

In constructing the Gilboa Dam it was necessary to excavate, handle and transport more than 1,700,000 cubic yards of materials, whose weight aggregated some 2,800,000 tons.

The concrete masonry placed in this work involved more than 450,000 cubic yards and the handling and transporting of 900,000 tons. Some 2,000,000 bags of cement were used to complete the work. This represented 200,000,000 pounds of weight, which required 2230 freight cars to haul. If placed in one train, this number of cars would extend more than twenty-one miles.

The facing of natural stone required the quarrying, cutting, transporting and laying of 648,000 cubic feet of stone, covering almost nine acres.

The Symbol of Life

But the old foreman turns away from these figures and statistics. He has learned that the slide rule and plotted curve and data sheets are somewhat dead. What is living to him, as it is to other human beings, as he said to the observer, is the romance of the job. He has seen a pre-Revolutionary village burned, seven cemeteries moved, a hillside turned into a lake bottom. He has seen a new construction town arise in the midst of a remote, isolated spot where there was no railroad. He has seen locomotives, a hundred cars, horses, trucks, an army of men who talk all the tongues of Babel, come trooping over those hill slopes. He has seen an aerial cable nearly a quarter of a mile long between two vast towers carry a steam roller as if it were a paper doll and set it down into the depth of the valley. He has seen channelers and steam shovels go down for a foundation exactly as if they were preparing a grave to bury a few hundred city buildings; and at the bottom of channels which went down looking for seams in the rock, he has seen the diamond drills go still deeper to pick out a forty-five foot core.

He has laughed because the creamy cement forced down into these holes reminded him of the process by which a dentist takes pains to fill every crevice or cranny of the nerve canal of a tooth. He waits now until the engineer has walked away.

Oh, yes, he remembers these seven years! The boss died. The strain was too great on him. The old superintendent died. The strain was too great on him. How the work hummed along at night. If anything went wrong you would wake up as if the slightest interruption to that hum of construction had come and shouted in your ear. And the boss' sons had taken the boss' place and carried out his plans. They wouldn't see the work fail—not while they could stick it out.

And they did stick it out! Yes, that's the Gilboa Dam. She's all done. She'll stand there till kingdom come!

And then he turns toward the south. One hundred and some odd miles away there are 7,000,000 people. They must have water—they must have it. It will be so always.

The commonplace old faucet is the symbol of life.

From Alice to Ali Baba

The wonderful tales of childhood throw their magic gleam over the *Wonderbox*.

These picture packages tell twelve different wonder stories holding the child with double charm, of appetite and imagination.

Striving to please every candy taste, Whitman's have not forgotten the most important of all—the children. So in the Wonderbox are the candies children love and parents approve—clear barley sugar shapes and sticks, and sweet chocolate molded into shapes of birds, animals and butterflies.

Whitman's Wonderbox

The child's own package of candy

Packed in cartons containing twelve boxes with different story subjects. A favorite gift at children's parties where each little guest may have a Wonderbox with a different story and design. Sold by Whitman agencies everywhere.

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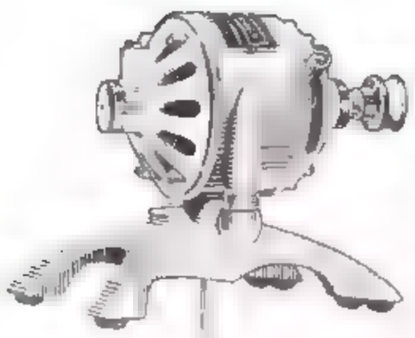


Mother, this Motor made my machine an Electric *for* $18.50

"This is why I get so much sewing done so quickly and easily and without ever getting tired. It's a joy to sew when this little motor does all the work.

"I simply place the motor against the hand wheel and my toe on foot control pedal. No screws—no nuts—no bolts either. Then I sew as fast or slow as I wish, at a cost of less than one cent an hour. Both hands are free to guide the work. I never break threads.

"This *same* motor with attachments mixes my cake batter, whips cream, beats eggs, mixes and beats dressings, sharpens knives and tools, and polishes and buffs silver."

Sold by reliable Dealers everywhere. Write for interesting booklet.

Hamilton Beach Mfg. Co., Racine, Wis.

Mixes Cake Sharpens Polishes

Hamilton Beach *Home Motor*

THE WATCHED POT

(Continued from Page 23)

That was true enough. Yet Jule could not keep her mind off Violet's affairs. There was a careless ignoring of too many cardinal principles in the Brubaker household, if it could be called a household. Jule asked Violet one day how she was going to manage the care of two children in an apartment which had been crowded with one. Violet said that she hadn't thought much about it yet, but that if one baby was so adorable, two must be even more wonderful.

"I suppose we ought to find a house now, though," she said. "John's been saying that lately he keeps falling over the baby's tub in the bathroom. So I said to go ahead and get one if he liked."

Jule looked at her almost with pity. Did she fancy houses grew on bushes for young lawyers to pick? "Isn't that rather a venture?" she suggested.

"I suppose. But he really wants a house, and I think it would be more comfortable now."

"Much more," said Jule. "Why don't you begin to think of building a house, Violet? There's so much to learn. You've no idea."

"But there are so many houses already built," Violet objected. "Isn't it easier to get one of those?"

"It depends. If you can get what you want at what you can pay for it."

"We'd have to pay what we could," said Violet vaguely.

John came home just then. He came in with the same expression he had worn on looking at Violet for some eighteen months, the look of a man in sight of rest and delight.

"Hello, darling," he said, and the words were as fresh as if he had never said them before. "Hello, Jule. Say, what do you suppose? I found us a house."

"I knew you would," said Violet, "if you stumbled over that tub once more. You used such fine ripe oaths this morning."

He laughed with her. "No, but listen. This is hot stuff. Mr. Stetson called me in this morning and asked me if we wouldn't like to take their house this winter. They're going to Europe for six or eight months. His wife's not so well."

"I know she isn't," said Violet. "She told me when she was here the other day."

Jule listened with amazement. In the first place, she hadn't known that Violet and Mrs. Stetson were on such terms that the older woman would call on Violet. To know Mrs. Stetson well was a sign of established social position, and for them to offer their house to the Brubakers was amazing.

"But won't it cost an awful lot to keep up?" she couldn't help saying.

"Oh, they leave a houseman there, and it's loaded with coal. But they said they'd be glad to have it open."

"I think it will be wonderful," said Violet. "You're too smart, John."

"Go on! It's just because Mrs. Stetson's so crazy about you," answered John. He turned to Jule for corroboration, never having guessed at Jule's point of view toward his wife. "Everybody's crazy about Violet," he said, "and it makes it easy picking for her spouse."

It seemed so preposterous for him even to think that. But what made Jule more restless was the atmosphere of the Brubakers' satisfaction. They were so serene, so delighted with each other in spite of the fact of the waste and extravagance that surrounded them. Jule knew it was only a bit of luck, that Stetson house. It didn't do more than put off the evil day when they were going to wake up and find out that they had saved nothing and had been exceedingly slipshod. But still she had a kind of jealousy as she thought of what it would mean to live in a place like the Stetson house, which was half city mansion and half estate, and a still more envious vision as she realized how beautifully Violet would suit her background. When she went home her own house seemed to have shrunk. She sat down at her pretty desk and figured how long it would be before they could afford the kind of house they really wanted. Stephen came in quietly a little later, but, seeing her absorbed in figures, he didn't disturb her. He was very tired of figures.

It was autumn when the Brubakers went to live in loaned luxury at the Stetson house, and two months later a sharp epidemic of influenza, dragging pneumonia in its wake, shot violently across the city. It frightened everyone. Jule promptly had inoculations for the baby and herself and for Stephen, and guarded their hours of sleep and food and took infinite precautions. She was so busy looking after her own household that she did not pay much attention to what was happening outside it. It was Stephen who brought home the news that John Brubaker had pneumonia and was very ill.

Jule was immeasurably distressed. She forgot her criticisms of Violet except for one quick wonder as to whether Violet had taken any care as to the weight of John's underclothes or whether she had seen that he wore overshoes. She pointed a moral to Stephen before she set out for the Stetson house, prepared to do everything she could.

Even at such a time she could not help but be impressed by the fact that the Brubakers were living there. It was a beautiful house, furnished with none of the cluttering of the past generation or the starkness of the present one, but had a kind of taste and grace throughout its charming rooms. "This is the kind of house," thought Jule, as she went upstairs, "that Steve and I are going to have some day." Then she saw Violet.

Violet was suffering. She had shocking circles under her eyes and her pallor was frightening. But there was nothing obvious about her pain except as her face showed it. Her manner was as it always was, cool in its meeting with little or great destiny. She was standing outside John's slightly open door, watching him and his dreadful difficult breathing.

"How is he?" asked Jule softly.

"He's very sick, Jule."

Jule tried common comfort. "He's going to come through it all right."

Violet turned to her. "You think so?" she asked. "I don't know. I just stand here and wait and try to let him know I'm here by just thinking about him and what we've had. We've had so much—almost too much."

Her voice faltered and Jule hardly knew what to say. She had a vague sense of being in the presence of a great emotion, and even in that hour it again pricked her with jealousy.

Violet's second child was born that night, while her husband was still very ill, and the doctors fought to save both husband and wife at the same time. There was something in the situation which appealed to people's imagination, something in that joint helplessness that made the Brubakers much discussed, and affectionately so. John came back first to health, intensely apologetic for having made Violet suffer so much at a time when she should have been indulged and guarded. And Violet had a long and languorous convalescence, with two nurses and many flowers and people coming in to see her, romanticizing her and petting her. When John's wife was well out of danger, Jule Gillespie found time to wonder just how the bills were piling up on John. But Steve reassured her on that point when she mentioned it. He informed her that John had been taken into partnership in his law firm, which meant something very substantial in both salary and extra profits. It was news that should have been welcomed. But it stabbed her instead.

"How did he manage that?" asked Jule sharply.

"John's a good man. He knows his law. I shouldn't be surprised if he'd be making big money one of these days."

"It's wonderful, and John's had to do it all by himself. Violet's nothing but a drag. She's a perfect example of a parasite woman."

Steve lowered his paper and seemed about to say something. Then he put it up again and some thought passed silently into oblivion. Perhaps he should not have let it pass. It might have been a deterrent to that growing impatience of Jule's. There was a trace of dissatisfaction in her which was increasing. It began with the house and her clothes and worked around naturally enough to her husband.

"I should think you could make them do better by you in the firm," she said to Stephen. "If we're ever going to get ahead, you simply must."

"There isn't much business," he said.

"There seems to be plenty of business for John Brubaker."

"His firm is bigger. It has the most important connections in this part of the country."

"Then I should think you'd get connected with a firm like that."

"No chance," said Steve. "I'll stay where I am. They brought me up. They may be running me for district judge one of these days. I'd like that."

"There isn't any money in it," answered Jule; "six thousand is less than you make as it is."

"That's true enough."

"I don't think we could possibly do what we want to do on the salary of a district judge."

"All right, dear," said Steve. He did not think it necessary to tell her that he had already been approached as a prospective candidate any more than he bothered to tell her when he refused to run. He was sore about it anyway. But John Brubaker got the news and told his wife about it with great disappointment.

"It's a shame," he told Violet. "Steve is just the kind of fellow who'd make a good judge. He's a young fellow, but they want a little young blood on the bench. And he's got the scholarly kind of mind that would suit the place. He's that kind of a lawyer. I know he had ambitions and this is the year for him to run. There's a real chance. I can't see why he turned it down."

"Probably his wife," said Violet.

"Jule?" asked John, who was still carrying around a faded ideal of his friend's wife which Violet had never bothered to destroy. "You're all wrong there, Violet. She's just helped him along every inch of the way. She's been a wonderful manager."

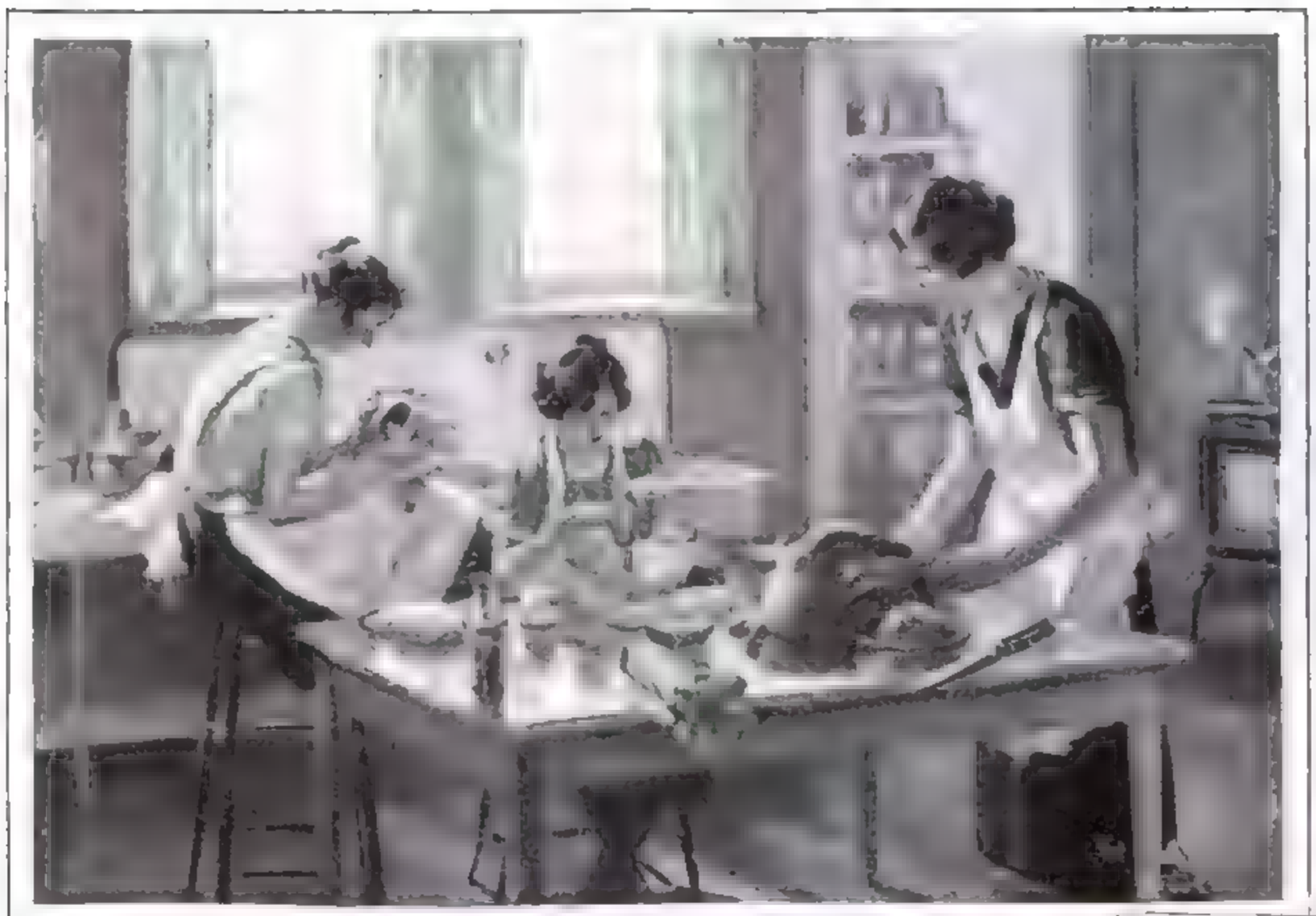
"For all that, he looks to me like a tired man," commented Violet, and dropped the subject.

She was still convalescing, with an expensive trained nurse looking after her and the new baby, and so happy with John and both babies that she never thought to ask where they were going to live next. Fate arranged that in a sudden fashion. For Mrs. Stetson, who had gone to Europe to regain her failing health, lost the last of it there and never came back to her gracious house. Her husband returned, but with no desire to live again in a place which distressed him with memories. He went into John's office one day and made him an offer on the house and nearly all the furniture which was so generous that it was nearly embarrassing.

"That's all right," said Stetson. "I know you say you can't afford it. But you can take your time about paying for it. You're coming on, John, and you've got a family and may have more. Mrs. Stetson admired your wife, and I know she would be glad to have her in the house. I've no use for all that stuff. You and Mrs. Brubaker would actually be doing me a service if you stay

(Continued on Page 155)

To protect food is to protect life.



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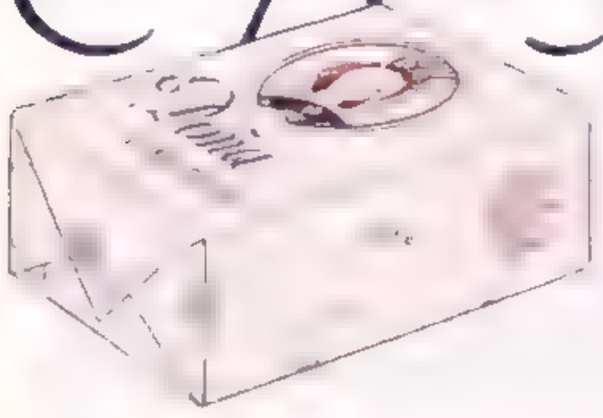

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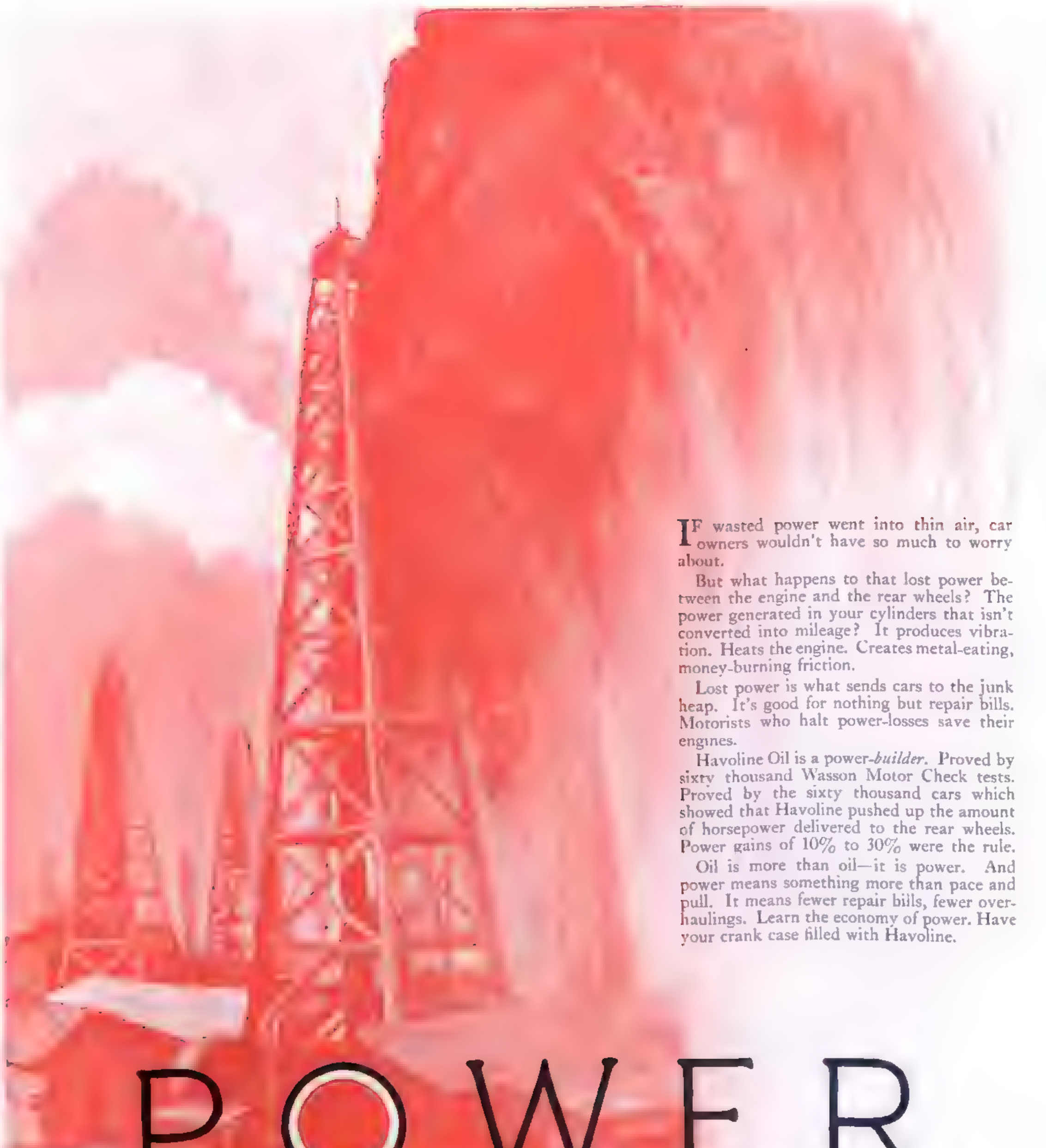

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Oil is more than oil — it is power

(Continued from Page 150)

where you are and take the house off my hands."

Violet said she was very glad when John told her about it. "I like the house. I like every place we've ever lived in, John, even for a minute, and every place we may ever live in." That was the way they were after two and a half years of marriage.

But Jule was not glad. She did not even pretend to be. A horrid tight feeling came in her throat. "You mean to say the Brubakers have bought the Stetson house?"

"It's in the paper tonight. As a matter of fact, John told me the other day."

"What did they buy it with, for heaven's sake?"

"Oh, Stetson was generous with his terms, and John's hustling pretty fast."

"That lovely house—the furniture, too?"

"Lock, stock and barrel, I guess. Stetson wanted to get rid of it. I guess he's none too well himself."

"It seems so unfair that Violet Brubaker should have things fall into her lap like that."

"Oh, come, dear, Violet's had her troubles. She didn't have any easy row to hoe when John was sick last winter."

"She's always been coddled," said Jule sharply; "that kind of woman always is. She just makes men get things for her. She doesn't coöperate at all."

Steve noticed a tight line around his wife's mouth which he had never seen before. He was aware of something deeper, an antagonism which was crowding up between them. It worried him somewhat, but there was nothing to do but work a little harder and try to please her. So, in his own unspectacular fashion, he kept at it and regretted the judgeship he had not gone after and was thoroughly coöperative with Jule in her rearrangement of their budget as she tried to stretch it farther. But times were hard for most lawyers except in the big firms, and money came with difficulty. The Gillespies went along neatly, but without great advances. It seemed as if Stephen had reached his level and would rise no higher. That was what made the notable Brubaker success so bitter. Jule caught glimpses of them at the theater, in a new car, and sometimes, as she passed the house they had so astonishingly acquired, her face grew narrow and hard.

"I suppose they're head over heels in debt," she said to Steve.

But, even to comfort her, Steve could not promise that. John's credit was increasingly good and his friend knew it. He himself often felt more than a little jaded. It was hard at the end of the day to come home to the cold comfort of Jule's bright, firm ambitions for him. Even the baby was a matter of ambition. Jule was always reminding her husband of the education the baby must have and the necessary provision for it. Steve began to grow silent and to read the newspapers and magazines in the evenings. He was conscious of a rut rising up around him; but, since his chance of being a judge had gone, he didn't mind the rut very much, just so he was left alone in it.

They were in their living room one evening, Steve buried in the papers and Jule going over grocery bills, when the Brubakers came in. They rarely did that unless John had a sudden drive of feeling and felt that he was not seeing enough of his old friends.

He was looking very happy and very prosperous, and somehow much younger than Stephen, though the men were the same age. As for Violet, she was as handsome as ever, her bright hair against a soft green hat and a gray fur jacket looking like the velvet for a jewel. Jule felt on the defensive on the defensive for her furniture, which was a little shabby; for her dress, which was not becoming; and, most of all, for Stephen, who didn't seem to have any life in him.

She spoke to John about that. "Steve's simply getting lazy. He hasn't any drive in him." Steve grinned, trying to make a joke of it.

"You should have run for judge, Steve," said John. "That was a big compliment the boys paid you, coming to you like that. I guess Jule's right. You're getting plain lazy. What was the matter? Afraid of a little campaign?"

"No money in it," said Steve shortly.

Violet looked at him. "But if it was the thing you wanted to do," she said, in her curiously direct way, "I don't see why you didn't do it. I should think you'd be a wonderful judge."

It was a long time since Stephen had been so openly admired. He flushed like a schoolboy and his eyes met Violet's in admiration. He moved his chair closer to hers.

"What's next on your program?" he asked.

"They're sending John to Europe for three months," said Violet. "I'm going over to buy me shoes—nothing else—just shoes."

"Listen to her!" exclaimed John, and both men laughed as if it were very pleasant to think of buying shoes or anything else for Violet.

Jule had a violent desire to say something devastating. But she did not. She let the thought of that European trip, which was so recedingly distant in her own life and so immediate in Violet's, corrode her, and she watched both the men tease Violet and enjoy it. It was after they had left, and Steve turned away from the door with a faint smile still on his lips, that she spoke her mind.

"I wish you wouldn't be so fatuous over that girl. Is it necessary to flatter her in that perfectly maudlin fashion?"

Steve straightened up, the smile washed out. "I rather enjoyed it," he said, in a very level voice.

"How you can, I don't see. You know she's a foolish spendthrift, and that John has simply succeeded in spite of her. I should think it would put some ambition into you when you see what he can do with a wife like that."

"Yes, but I haven't a wife like that."

"I should hope not." There was something queer in Steve's glance. "I should hope not," she repeated.

He would not answer, and beneath his silence lay something that worried Jule. She pulled at it. "Would you like a wife like Violet Brubaker?"

"Immensely," said Steve, without altering the tone of his voice.

She became shrill. "You mean you're in love with her?"

"Oh, no; that wasn't what you asked me. I merely said it would be pleasant to have such a wife."

"You've lost your head over her common prettiness."

"I never even think of that," Steve said slowly. "I was just thinking how utterly pleasant it must be for John to have someone care for him like that." And he made domestic gestures toward picking up newspapers and turning out lights.

It dripped into Jule's brain slowly, that remark, burning its way in like acid. She wasn't quite sure of what it meant. She only felt it consuming her patience, eating into her belief in justice.

"Look what he does for her!" she exclaimed angrily. "Look what he gives her!"

"I have an idea it's independent of that," Steve answered, still in that quiet, indifferent, impregnable way. "She was like that in the apartment when they had very little, of course. Don't forget that."

"And she spent all he had then."

"Spending?" repeated Steve. "You think more of spending than most extravagant women, Jule. You've long since forgotten me in your scheme of spending. I'm just a means to an end. I think we might have gone farther if you'd been more like Violet, just cared for me and let me go my own gait. I wouldn't have made money like John, but I'd have been a pretty good judge instead of a dead-and-alive lawyer. And I might have been in the supreme court some day. That might suit you."

He saw the slapped look in her face and was instantly regretful, for he was a kind person.

"I didn't mean to be so solemn," he said apologetically, "or upset you. But I can't help feeling that John and Violet have something we haven't, and would hang onto it no matter what happened to him or her. You and I have talked a lot about making marriage a success. Well, they've got it, and it isn't because they have money or a pretty house. They've had it all along, while they were waiting for their pot to boil. They didn't watch their success the way we did—until they forgot each other."

Jule's mind, loosened, trembling, shot queerly back to Violet outside her sick husband's door, not knowing whether he was going to live or die, or whether she was going to live or die, and saying, "We've had so much."

She turned to leave the room and came back again. "Why don't you run for judge, then, if you want to so much? I don't care. Please yourself."

"It's too late. The filings had to be in a month ago, and in six years, when the chance comes around again, I may not be so likely a candidate."

The bitterness was back in his voice now. Jule had not known he could sound like that.

"Why," she said breathlessly, "I've made a mess of everything, haven't I? A terrible mess of our marriage. And all the time I've gone around bragging about it!"

The hard line had gone from her mouth and her eyes were like those of a child waking and haunted by a nightmare. Stephen remembered how she had once looked like that when ——

"Don't, Jule! I didn't mean any of that rubbish. I was talking through my hat. It didn't mean a thing."

She felt his arms around her with a comfort, a passion in them that she had forgotten. "But you wanted to be judge."

"Not specially. I'll horn in anyway one of these days if you want me to."

"I do. I want you to be happy, Steve. Steve ——"

"Yes, darling—don't cry like that."

"They haven't anything more than we have—John and Violet—they haven't as much, have they?"

"Sure they haven't. As long as you've faith in me, Jule, and love me ——"

Quietly and unobserved, the pot boiled over.

Customs Change

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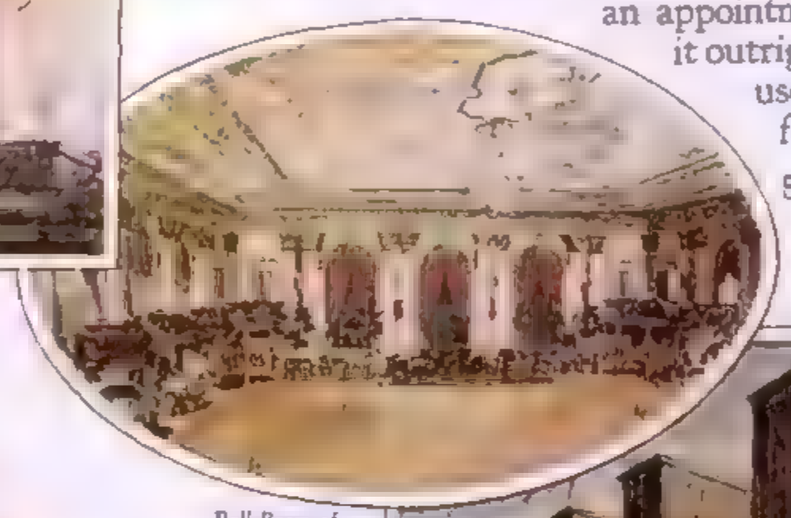

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THE HARVEST OF THE YEARS

(Continued from Page 35)

innumerable phases or branches of the fundamental principles of life, but I should much rather be thought of, as I always think of myself, as a naturalist.

A true naturalist must be scientific, but it does not at all follow that a scientist is either a lover or a student of Nature. All those sciences that deal with organs, functions, classifications, measurements, indexes, names, details, formulas, analyses and minutiæ may be carried on in a world of dead things; the naturalist deals with the living, and largely deals with it in terms of life. He is a humanist; he wants to find out what relation there is between his branch of Nature and his fellow man; his primary interest is in the application of the laws he reads; his object is to interpret Nature to man. Emerson was a naturalist; Thoreau and Agassiz and Dana and Hudson and Fabre were naturalists; there is a long list of them, and they have helped to breathe the breath of life and interest and meaning into the dry bodies of the sciences. They, like Lamarck and Darwin, went to the fountainhead of all knowledge for their conceptions of life, and that is what I have always wanted to do and that is what I have done through my seventy-year course in Nature's great school.

The Health of Men and Plants

As a very young man I saw the fundamental laws behind all life and development—the laws I have discussed in previous papers. I had in me a mixed heredity of inclinations and abilities that made me versatile. I could draw a little, paint a little, sing a little, invent a little, turn my hand to almost any of the mechanical or manual arts and do a day's work I was not ashamed of at carpentering, lathing, shingling, brickmaking, teaming, operating machinery of almost any kind, or could do steam fitting and plumbing, glazing and house painting, or running a forge or a lathe with some facility. Any one of these inborn capacities might well have been developed into something to give me a life work; it was not until I had been some time in Nature's university that I discovered I could go pretty nearly as far as I liked with all of them because I had added theoretical knowledge to practical bent.

Let me illustrate what I mean. I had studied medicine for a part of two years, in my early twenties, but had given up the idea of following the profession when I found that I couldn't escape being a plant breeder; after a few years I discovered that I was bringing my sketchy knowledge of medicine to the test of Nature's laws and learning more about the profession in a few months at my own work than I had been able to learn in two years poring over books or listening to lectures. Nature taught me the element of life and growth and health—the fundamentals governing everything pertaining to the body of the plant or the animal or the human being. She did not teach me everything, understand; she taught me the fundamentals behind everything.

Presently I was my own doctor and doctor to my men and to half the neighborhood. I saw in the plant that proper food and air and the right amount of moisture were vital necessities, but that elimination was equally important to remove waste and used-up materials. I applied the law to human beings and made myself conversant with that essential of health. I found I could cure sick plants, if they were worth curing, and the laws that applied in their cases were analogous to those that apply to humans. Clogged passages, closed pores, bruised roots or leaves, disordered circulatory systems in plants were all disastrous; the same was true of people or dogs or horses or house flies. So I began to watch my own pores and lungs and nasal passages, and I invented a mixture that clogged the passages of the fly until he became a scarce commodity around my ranch.

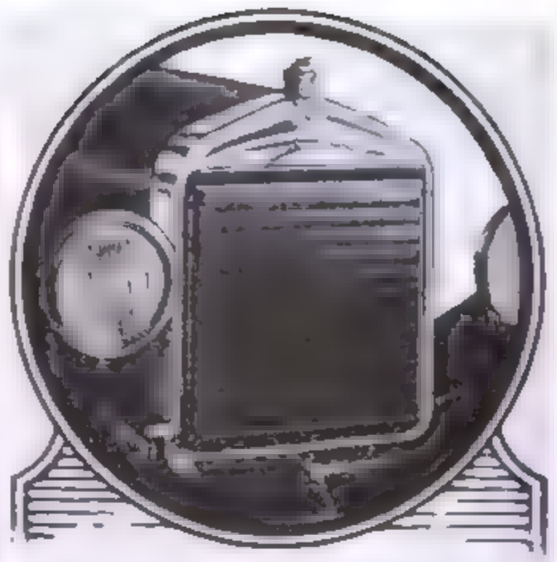
This conviction that the basic laws were the same for both plants and animals, generally speaking, led me, of course, to a renewed curiosity about disease, health, obesity, lung troubles, exercise and play, sleep and work, stomach troubles and diet—all the ramifications of the science of being well and fit—and I began to read books and magazine articles and pamphlets on the subjects. As a layman I might have read libraries and made little progress; now, an active and interested student in the university of Nature, I found myself able to grasp subjects and assimilate information at one reading of the books. I met knotty points, of course, and encountered problems that were too much for me, but in the main I was able to stand on the solid ground a naturalist must occupy, and could understand and digest just about everything that came under my eye. In short I had found in Nature the fundamentals, thoroughly mastered them, made them a part of myself, and then, turning to medicine and its discoveries, was enabled to dovetail the joints, bridge the gaps, and construct for myself a pretty substantial structure of knowledge about the science of health and disease.

If I seem to be over-impressed with my own ability I am misstating the facts. I want merely to say that the diligent student of Nature has a tremendous start over the man who is satisfied with, or can only get, a general education from books or lectures. With Nature's laws as a foundation, an intelligent man or woman can master subjects otherwise only to be learned by starting at the bottom and going right through to the end of the subject, consuming years of time. Because in that case you are learning Nature's universal code only in part, and then only as it is segregated or interpreted or partitioned up to provide a groundwork for the particular branch of learning you are pursuing.

New Chemical Compounds

It is as though a sailor were only taught to reef the mainsail. Later he might be taken off that task and sent overside to paint the hull, and presently he would learn something about that. But suppose he were taught thorough seamanship from the beginning, including every branch and department of navigation, and not only that, but the fundamentals underlying the whole art and business of sailing a ship. With those fundamentals impressed on him he would learn handily to tie a knot, or reef

Mr. Burbank and Some of His Friends Photographed at a School Picnic



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a sail, or make one, or stow one, or to paint or keep watch or read the compass or steer the vessel: because he would know why these things were done and what was accomplished by doing them and what would happen if or when they weren't done, and presently you would have an able seaman, on his way up to be a mate, where the other sailor would be reefing mainsails and painting hulls till he died in his hammock in the forecastle of old age.

My study of botany was thorough and covered a number of years, but it was not until I came to plant breeding in the university of Nature that I began to go back of botany into what we call paleontology—the science of reading the story of the earth as written in fossils and remains and prints and indications that are found in the various rock formations of the ball on which we live. All too few people know how much of our knowledge of the past has been already gleaned from the rocks; there could be no more interesting theme, even for the layman. Because deductions from what fossil remains show us an amazingly exact basis from which to reconstruct the history of life on this planet long before man's appearance on it—what someone has beautifully called "the manuscript of God."

Paleobotany is the study of ancient botanical forms, habits and dispersions; the prehistoric parents of your garden flowers have some of them been found, and the slow upward progress of plant life from simpler to more complex grades has already been partly traced. If I were going to know about plants it was early evident to me that I had to know about their origins, and this led me to study paleobotany, and paleobotany being a story written in the rocks led me to study the rocks themselves, and this brought me to a study of geology. Here, very soon, I found myself on familiar ground, because the fundamental laws of Nature were the same for crystals and conglomerates, for granites and marbles, for sandstone and shale, as for my plants; the book of the rocks was opened for me and plain for me to read, and again I was introduced to a fascinating and absorbing subject and was able to add it to my course of studies.

Domestic-Science Chemists

As a boy I had owned a great curiosity about chemistry and I had once acquired some test tubes, a broken retort and a few chemicals and had performed simple experiments, greatly to the distress of my family, who were divided between anxiety lest I blow myself to bits and extreme irritation at the smells that arose from my makeshift laboratory. I was not long a plant breeder when I found it necessary to know a good deal concerning the chemical agencies which bring about growth, color, fragrance and seed making, and here once more I discovered that my university had grounded me soundly, so that chemistry was a simple thing for me to understand.

It has been said that no man could actually change the characteristics of flower or fruit, but could only add to or accentuate, or on the other hand, diminish or neutralize, tendencies already inherent in the plant. But I have proved over and over again that I could put fragrance into a flower, or remove an objectionable or disagreeable odor; that I could give a fruit the color I wanted, the texture I wanted and the flavor I wanted. This was not done by the exercise of magic. It was done in every case by a careful study of the plant or tree concerned, and of its chemical constituents; a knowledge of what new principles would effect a change, and a careful, logical, persistent program for introducing the new essentials into the life and body of the variety.

Air and sunshine and soil furnish the plant with all its raw materials; the heredity of the plant furnishes the habit of working up those materials, and environment supplies the varying influences that will cause the plant to reach for new things in the old raw materials and to alter or adapt its methods of manufacture within itself. In precisely the same way we humans are learning that foods have a great deal to do with our ability to perform certain work or follow certain activities, and in the last few years we have developed domestic science to the point where the cook must be something of a chemist—science has entered the kitchen to stay. Infant mortality has been decreased by the same method that plant mortality has—by studying the chemistry of foods and giving the infant what it requires, which may be, often, something quite different from the usual food or the foods of other children of the same age or even of the same family. Chemistry is one of our great, growingly useful sciences; if it weren't for its rather formidable look, thanks to the signs chemists use to denominate various properties and elements, I suspect more people would delve into it.

I have taken a long course in my university in biology—the general science of life, of which botany is only one division. It is in the field of biology that most of the fierce battles of science are fought.

In this connection I am reminded to say something I have wanted for a long time to say to a larger audience than the one that occasionally gathers in my home or the very dear one that sits with me around the table day by day, and that is that intolerance and bigotry are not the sole possessions of any class of men, but are very common weaknesses and faults in a large number of classes.

Intolerance is a closed mind. Bigotry is an exaltation of authorities. Narrowness is ignorance unwilling to be taught. And one of the outstanding truths I have learned in my university is that the moment you reach a final conclusion on anything, set that conclusion up as a fact to which nothing can be added and from which nothing can be taken away, and refuse to listen to any new evidence, you have reached an intellectual dead center and nothing will start the engine again short of a charge of dynamite. Radicals, originators, daring thinkers and free minds are the ones who explode these charges of dynamite into the machinery. I have set off a few myself, and have experienced a good deal of satisfaction at the resultant movement of thought, to say nothing of the fun I have had in hearing the noise, watching the smoke, and admiring the fireworks.

Seaside Biology

Ossified knowledge is a dead weight to the world, and it does not matter in what realm of man's intellectual activities it is found. I would swap a whole cartload of precedents any time for a brand-new idea. You can trace the progress of man right straight along through the centuries by setting down the inspirations of unfettered minds. Eve began it by craving the apple; Moses gave up an easy position to organize the first back-to-Palestine movement; the common people of England spelled out liberty when they violated all the old customs and scrapped all the hoary precedents by forcing King John to sign Magna Charta; Columbus shocked the mossbacks of his time by asserting that the world was round and then demoralized them by proving it; our forefathers appalled the Houses of Parliament by proclaiming that government properly belonged to the governed; and Lincoln didn't open a book on the rights of man when he was writing the Emancipation Proclamation.

The Landscape Painted by Mr. Burbank When He Was Sixteen

My work with plants was, of course, the work with land plants, but it opened to me another branch of the learning offered everyone by the university of Nature, and that was the branch that concerns itself with water plants and the marvelous life that abounds in the sea. How often I have dropped my cares and duties and gone to the ocean for rest and recuperation and there wandered, with little Betty Jane, my ward, or with the other Betty, my wife and companion, or sometimes alone, absorbed in the beauties and wonders of the seashore.

You will find the beaches of America generally used for one of two interests—jumping the waves or acquiring a coat of tan on the sand. How few people know the wonders of the life, so abundant and so interesting, that can be seen along the shore and among the rocks! Life in myriad forms sways or swims or idles there, from the tiniest organism clinging to a shell or a bit of moss, to the fishes that dart and race hither and yonder in pursuit of food or at play; from the dainty, delicate plants to the ponderous seaweeds; from the miniature shell life, more beautiful than jewels, to the great starfish or the giant abalone, withdrawn and with its trap open to catch a passing meal. And on the shore itself shells, brilliantly colored bits of seaweed, luminous rocks, even the individual grains of sand, especially when examined under a microscope, are an inexhaustible source of delight and inspiration.

(Continued on Page 163)

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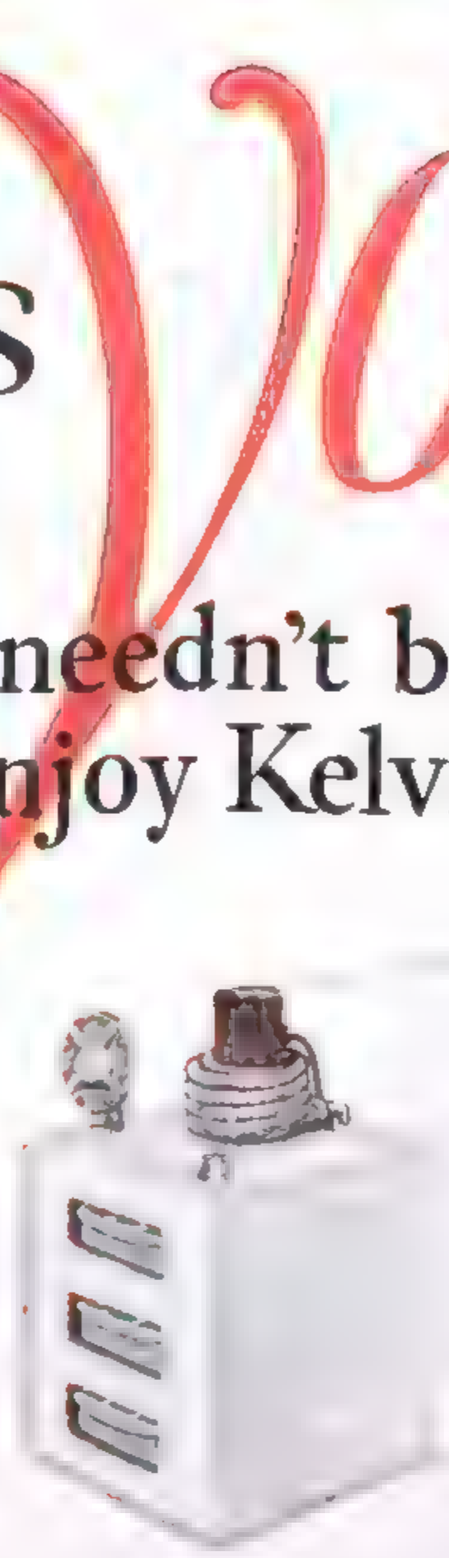

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AMERICA'S FINEST HOMES

The radio chosen by America's Aristocracy
Freed-Eisemann—now at prices everyone can afford

IN THE SPLENDID RESIDENCES of the leaders in finance, society and the arts—in the homes of the first families of each community—wherever the standards of social prestige are being set—there you will find the Freed-Eisemann.

Until this season many who desired Freed-Eisemann performance found the cost prohibitive. From every corner of the country came the request: "Give us your quality unchanged—but bring down the cost."

We are proud to announce that we have done it! Two years of planning and experiment and a vast new plant were necessary—but we now offer the superb Freed-Eisemann *quality unchanged*

$60 *and up for table sets* $95 *and up for console sets*

Prices slightly higher in Canada and West of the Rockies

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—the same devotion to high technical ideals
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And in addition, this year the Freed-Eisemann embodies revolutionary radio improvements (Read about these new features on the opposite page.)

So intense has been the interest of the radio public in these new sets that *one week* after the new models were announced, our great new plant had to swing into full production in order to meet the overwhelming demand.

You cannot judge this year's radio values until you have seen and heard the new Freed-Eisemann sets. Visit our nearest authorized dealer.

You may have a demonstration in your home without obligation. Convenient terms if desired.

Model 850, *illustrated above.* Loop set. No antenna nor ground wires. 8 tubes. Four stages tuned radio-frequency. Single control. For the first time Hazeltine Neutrodyne and Latour inventions combined in one superlative set. $650. In table model, same set, $385

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MODEL 50* MODEL 40*

Model 40*, *illustrated at left.* 6-tube, shielded, single-control receiver. Pressed steel chassis. $85. Also in beautiful console, $150

Model 50*, *illustrated at left.* 7-tube, shielded, single-control receiver. Pressed steel chassis. "A" battery voltmeter on panel. Interstage shielding. $175. Special cabinet with loud-speaker unit, $60 extra

*Licensed under a group of Latour patents.

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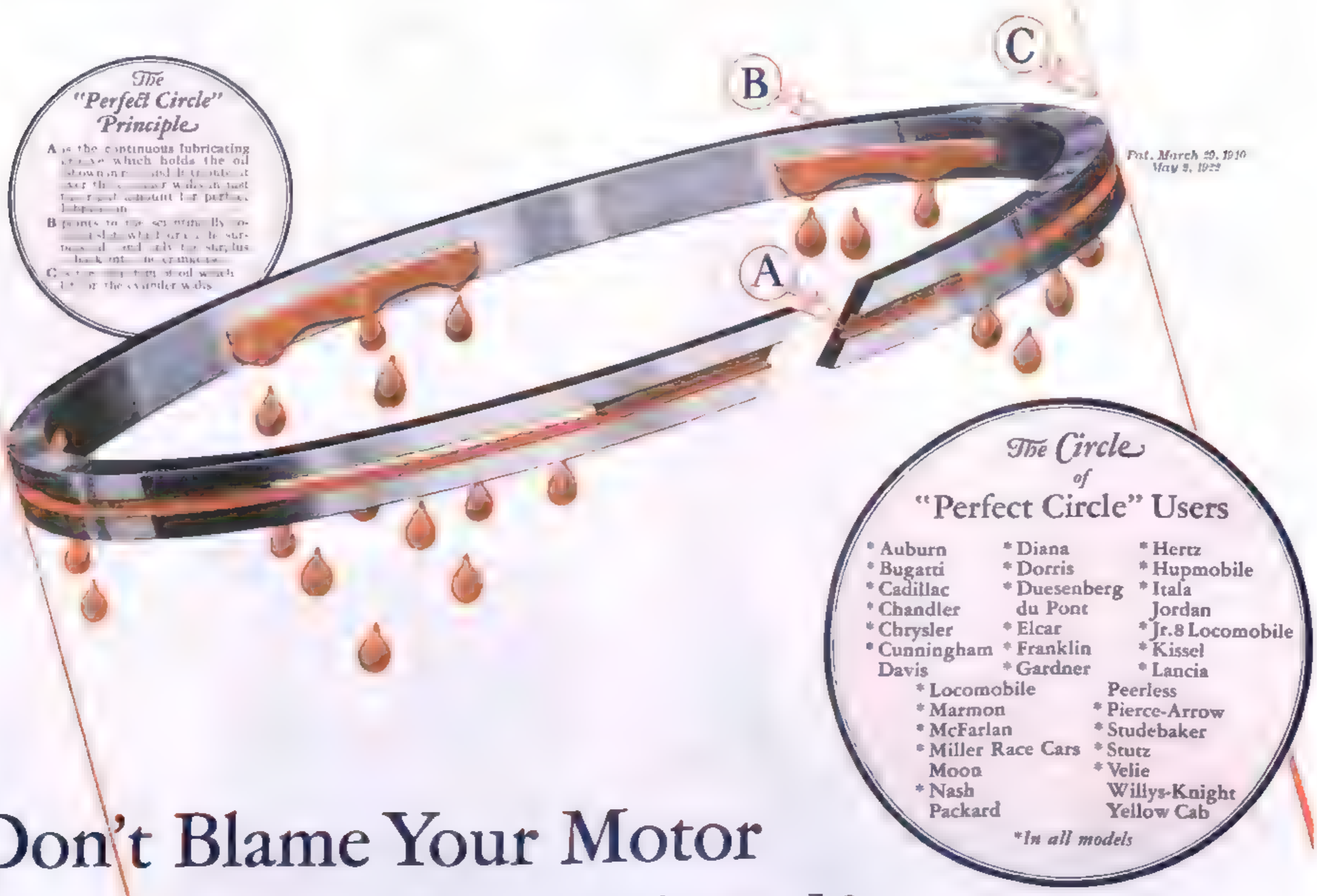

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WHEN your plugs and valves are fouling, and your motor's pumping oil, don't blame your motor—blame yourself! Take the same interest in your piston rings that you do in the oil and gasoline you buy, and you'll never have these troubles.

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The red shows the path of the oil—up the cylinder wall and into the continuous lubricating groove on the face of the ring, through the oil-draining slots in the ring, and then back into the crankcase, through holes drilled in the piston behind the ring.

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(Continued from Page 158)

Ichthyology—the study of fishes—and algology—the study of sea plants—are less familiar to us than most of the other branches of science, and yet they are equally interesting, equally fundamental and equally comprehensible to the student, even a beginner, in the university of Nature. The laws are the same, but it is perhaps even more wonderful to contemplate the struggle for existence and the quest for a suitable environment in sea things than in land animals and plants. To be sure, sea life was always aided by currents, and changes in the water were probably less abrupt than changes on land, so that life had a better opportunity to move on or to readjust itself and readapt itself to new environmental conditions. But when you consider the unbelievable variety of life in the seas of this planet, and when you realize that each must have certain conditions to make life possible and that each must find its own food and its own place in which to grow, you cannot help but be impressed with the titanic nature of the struggle that has gone on through the ages from which have emerged these successful forms.

Job of the Sea

Remembering that the sun is the source of all energy and that plant life must utilize the power of the sun to transform its raw materials into living cells, you will perhaps wonder how these sea plants can thrive without sun. The answer is that they cannot and do not—the universal law is found to be true here. Direct rays of the sun do not fall on any sea plants except those that float on the surface, but rays of light from the sun do, and therefore you will learn that no sea-plant life exists at ocean depths where complete darkness reigns. And this will lead you, perhaps, to take a further step and note the differences in color in the leaves of these sea plants. In earlier papers I dwelt on the importance of the chlorophyll granules—the green-colored cells—that you find in the leaves of all land plants. It will appear to you that there is some mistake here again, for these leaves are brown or reddish or even red. Nevertheless, the same law applies; the fact is that the sea plant's leaves have actually in them the same chlorophyll granules as the rose or the pine or the geranium, and that there is only a different combination of pigments, some of them abundant enough to deceive you and to make you think there is no green there. It is there because green is the color of those granules which, alone in all the marvelous laboratory of Nature, are capable of transmuting sunlight, oxygen, hydrogen and the other essential properties into the starch and sugar necessary to the continued life of the plant.

Shells and pebbles and the sand are all equally interesting, and equally they are the results of the same forces in life and subject to the same laws. The shellfish is a great example of indomitable patience, for it cannot hunt or adventure very far, and most of the shells—all those that cling to rocks or piles—are pretty well fixed in their places and have to wait for food to come to them. The result is that they keep open day and night for business; the unwary customer is accommodated whenever he happens to come by, unless the manager has drawn the blinds and locked the door while he is consuming the last visitor.

Here are a few suggestions of the fascinating world that lies all about us in Nature. I have not attempted to cover the whole ground; the field of science is illimitable and everyone can find in it something to interest him and something from which he can learn valuable lessons for his own employment and good use. Once started in the university of Nature, the humblest beginner, no matter whether he matriculates with honors from some lower school or just slips in the back way without any certificates or diplomas whatever, can soon find himself, and in no time at all he will begin to correlate what he learns, will begin to commit to memory some of the simpler laws, and will begin to be impressed with what I have been writing about in these papers—the interdependence of all the children of Nature and the close parallel there is between her laws for man and those for plants or animals, fishes or insects or stars.

There is another aspect of this universal education which is free to all in Nature's university that I have not touched on—the fact that it is the magic key that unlocks the door for you to an understanding of and a sympathy with all the great minds of your time. I do not suppose any man of these days has had visits from more people, or from people of more widely distributed sorts and professions and interests than I; and yet I have been able to converse with all of them and to understand what they were saying, even about some highly specialized work of their own, and to be interested in them and find them interested in me.

I have surprised physicians and surgeons by talking with them about the human body and human ailments, and by being more or less up to date in their chosen field. Partly this was, of course, because I studied medicine at twenty, but mainly it was because I was inquisitive and because my observations were based on immutable laws that no school or branch or variety of doctoring could escape. There are a good many quacks in the medical profession, just as there are some in the law, some in the clergy, some among business men, and probably one or two in the plant-breeding line. But I have never had much patience with the effort of the older medical schools to arrogate to themselves all the authority as regards sickness and health.

I do not believe in permitting every barber or organ player who wants to hang out a shingle to practice medicine or attempt cures, but I do believe that there is room for those who believe in stretching the muscles or readjusting the backbone or giving internal baths or in proper diet or the use of water in ill health as well as there is for those who rely on drugs and pellets and pills and serums. I have been treated by allopaths, naturopaths, hydropaths and osteopaths in my time, and I have found that the best man is the one who best aids Nature to a readjustment of your body—that it is Nature herself who does the heavy work. Give her a chance, boost her over the rough places, provide her with a certain amount of raw materials, and don't hamper her with your obstinacy or hamstring her with your own bad habits, and presently she will be running the job at the old stand, and doing it pretty efficiently too.

Treasure of the Ages

I have expressed myself about education on various occasions, and have had something to say that educators with open minds would listen to, because the training of the human plant is very closely related to the training of the garden plant or the tree. People have scolded me and abused me and scoffed at me, but I find them coming closer and closer all the time to a rational, natural method of education, which is the only thing for which I ever contended. It has been objected that I have no children and therefore have no right to discuss this sacred subject of schooling for the young, but I observe that a very large per cent of all our teachers, from the bottom up, are spinsters or bachelors, and I can't see how I can be made out any more of an amateur than they.

Did you ever think what is the most pliable and the most precious product of all the ages? Not pigs, mules, books, locomotives, cotton or corn, but children. Children respond to ten thousand subtle influences which would leave no more impression on a plant or on most grown-ups than they would on a sphinx; children are the greatest individualists we know—they are all different and all sensitive and easily molded and led. This is part of Nature's scheme to get variations; the different temperaments, inclinations, strengths and weaknesses of your little ones ought to be encouraged, capitalized on and developed. Instead we pour them all into one mold, like steel wire fed through a pin-making machine, and when they are standardized so that you can hardly tell their minds apart, we expect them to go out into the world and make something of themselves. If they do, it is in spite of their education instead of because of it.

Man has by no means reached the ultimate goal toward which he is traveling, and the growing children are the ones who must take the forward steps, as they come to manhood. If we have made them into a copy of ourselves, progress is impossible and Nature's aim by so much defeated. Let them drink in all that is pure and sweet. Don't stuff platitudes, sentimentalism or dogma down their throats, and whatever you do, don't frighten them either of dark corners in the house or of dark corners in life. Let Nature teach them the lessons of good and proper living; put them in touch with the best contacts you know, let them absorb truth and beauty and human brotherhood as the plant does sunshine and dew, and those children will grow to be the best men and women.

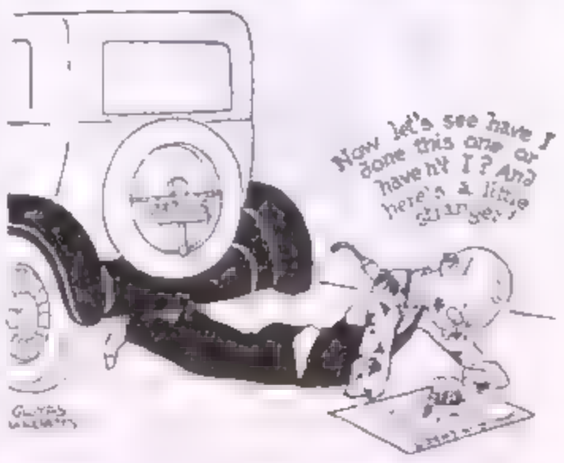
The Psychic Age

Closely related to education nowadays, as well as to an increasingly wide field of other human activities, is the science of psychology, and here my education in Nature's university has enabled me to understand formulated laws and formulate a few premises of my own. Among my visitors have been several of the soundest psychologists of our time, and I have been intensely interested in them and in their points of view. We have had a working knowledge of psychology much longer than we have had a name for the science. I have found able psychologists among callers from East India, where they have thought for centuries along lines that we commonly consider metaphysical. But the basis for much of their teaching was the influence of our subconscious minds on the things we thought and did and said, and no matter what they called that influence, they have long been able to get results through application of the same principles that are taught in schools of salesmanship, practiced in psychoanalysis, or used as a basis for the examination of the minds and intellectual capacities of men and women or boys and girls today.

I believe that we have, perhaps, just about reached the end of this age of mechanical and chemical progress which has been so astounding as to change the whole face of things even in my own lifetime. I think it not unlikely that there will come later an age when science will concentrate on the wonders of the mind of man and on the subjects that we now consider mystical and psychic. We have five senses, but all around us we see evidences that there may be a sixth sense, or some additional power of getting impressions and knowledge from without by other means than smelling, tasting, seeing, hearing or feeling. Undoubtedly, here we have a great field to work in—a field now almost untouched. We may some day find psychology only the first of a great body of sciences concerning themselves with what is now only hinted at in the present stage of this department of knowledge.

A world to which many of my inclinations call me is the world of art. From my earliest days I wanted to express myself and my thoughts and what I saw through some medium other than speech, and I wrote news notes for our local papers, tried my hand at an essay or two, sketched with pencil, and finally painted a few small pictures. One of them, viewed now with the kindly, prejudiced eye of a man past seventy, especially kindly and prejudiced when that man was the boy of sixteen who painted it, seems quite good; it hangs on my bedroom wall, and once in a while I am tempted to get a brush and some color and see if there is any way I can improve the

Some Job!



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Edward Wesley and Co., Cincinnati, O.

cows standing in the stream in the foreground. I do not suppose I would have made a great artist, but I had a love for the work and only a few years ago, when I was tired and needed relaxation, I copied a picture that pleased me, and did it in oil

What I am leading up to is that I have always had a sense of color, and this sense has been sharpened and refined by my long association with the canvases Nature paints Artists have said that I had an astonishing understanding of color; if I have, it is not only because of my predilection that way but because in Nature's university the art course is by no means the least important or valuable one. Nature has taught man all he knows about art—or Art, if that is the way you prefer to write it—and you will observe that, when painters become too academic and get too far away from fundamentals, some young genius appears who has gone straight to Nature herself for his source of inspiration, and there is a great swing back to a simple, natural, direct painting, without any bungling or frills that come only from the schools.

My writing I have kept up from boyhood; there has never been a time when I have been too busy to set down some of my experiences or observations or thoughts on paper, and I doubt whether many men have written more voluminously than I have. When I needed to eke out my small income with outside revenue I could always sell a series of articles or a paper or two to some newspaper or magazine; in addition to this I have accumulated a vast store of manuscripts on various subjects, enough to make a five-foot shelf of books, I suppose, that I have never published. Not only have I been urged to write by the importance of what I had to say about my work, but my innate impulse to express myself was always active in me, and finally, Nature's university fairly pushes a man to his desk and a pen and a pad of paper because there are so many things observed that cry out to be written down.

All these varied and ranging interests of mine—of a naturalist living close to the things of Nature and impressed and inspired and enthused by them—have made me what I suppose you would be able only to call a cosmopolite—a dweller in all the world—even though I have not gone outside the immediate neighborhood of my home in Santa Rosa more than a score of times in my life. I have been in touch with the world—my interests have never been local. I have had the world brought to me by visitors from every land, and from every walk of life, and I have kept abreast of things through the common interest I had with all—my interest in Nature and her ways.

Precious friendships have come to me in this fashion. To meet and know really great minds has been one of the keenest satisfactions of my life; none of my friendships have been measured by any other standard save the standard of true fineness and sterling character. Without exception the men who have come to me and with whom I have built up friendships have been fellow students of mine in the university of Nature; because it was in the language of that school that I spoke, and it was only users of that tongue who could understand me or speak to me. The great-souled humanist, Thomas Edison, whose whole life has been spent in my university, and whom very few people know as he is, was my friend long before we met; his work, at first glance so entirely different from mine, was the same as mine, for where I worked with plants he worked with forces and elements, but both of us to the one end that Nature's laws might be codified, interpreted and set to work for the betterment of mankind. Edison has chained the lightning and trained the illimitable energies of the earth to lessen man's burden; approaching the subject from an entirely different angle, he came to fundamentals as surely and as straightly as I did, because both of us were nothing except as we sat at Nature's feet and learned her lessons and applied them under her laws.

There is no other door to knowledge than the door Nature opens; there is no truth except the truths we discover in Nature. We pride ourselves on our unmatched commercial and mechanical progress, but behind all business, all industry, all wealth, are natural laws. The pity is that so few men take time to go back to original sources for interest and information, but that they are content to skim the surface, take their learning secondhand, and ignore the beauty and sublimity and serenity that are to be absorbed from the infinite expressions of life as Nature unfolds them before us, if we will look and listen and attend. In every man, no matter how ignorant or how hurried or how driven or how successful in other lines, there is a dormant love of Nature; it would take very little of the time you crowd so full of everything else for you to breathe in some of the incense of gardens, to feast your eyes on the calm and changeless beauty of the hills, to rest your bodies on the quiet and healing breast of the earth, and to refresh your souls in the perfect serenity of some unbroken wilderness.

Well, I can only write, as well as I am able, a prospectus of the institution for you; if you are looking for an education I can only recommend my own and tell my own experience. I can only say to you, as I am trying to say in these papers, that what I have had you may have, that what I have enjoyed you may enjoy, that what I have learned you may learn, and that it is all free, all open, all generously bestowed on man—that, whatever your preparation, whatever your age, whatever your early training or present occupation, you are welcome now or at any time in the future to enter on a new and incredible adventure by matriculating, without money and without price, in the university of Nature.

Editor's Note—This is the seventh of a series of articles by Mr. Burbank and Mr. Hall. The next will appear in an early issue.

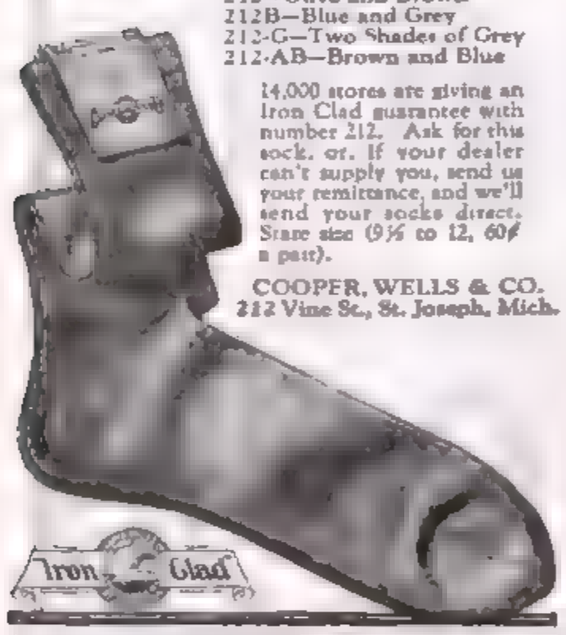
For Men who have COLD FEET

COLD WEATHER is coming! There's a certain man you know who simply *hates* cold feet.

Can you think of a single thing that would make him feel more grateful than a supply of snug, fleecy socks that will *really* keep his feet warm on the biting winter days!

There's a luxurious Iron Clad sock—number 212—made specially for the man who hates cold feet—but who has an eye for style and beauty. A soft, snuggly mixture of the purest mercerized cotton and worsted yarns woven in the most attractive two-color combinations. Not bulky and thick, but *powerfully strong*. A sock that will wear—and wear—and wear.

212—Olive and Brown
212B—Blue and Grey
212-G—Two Shades of Grey
212-AB—Brown and Blue



14,000 stores are giving an Iron Clad guarantee with number 212. Ask for this sock, or, if your dealer can't supply you, send us your remittance, and we'll send your socks direct. State size (9½ to 12, 60¢ a pair).

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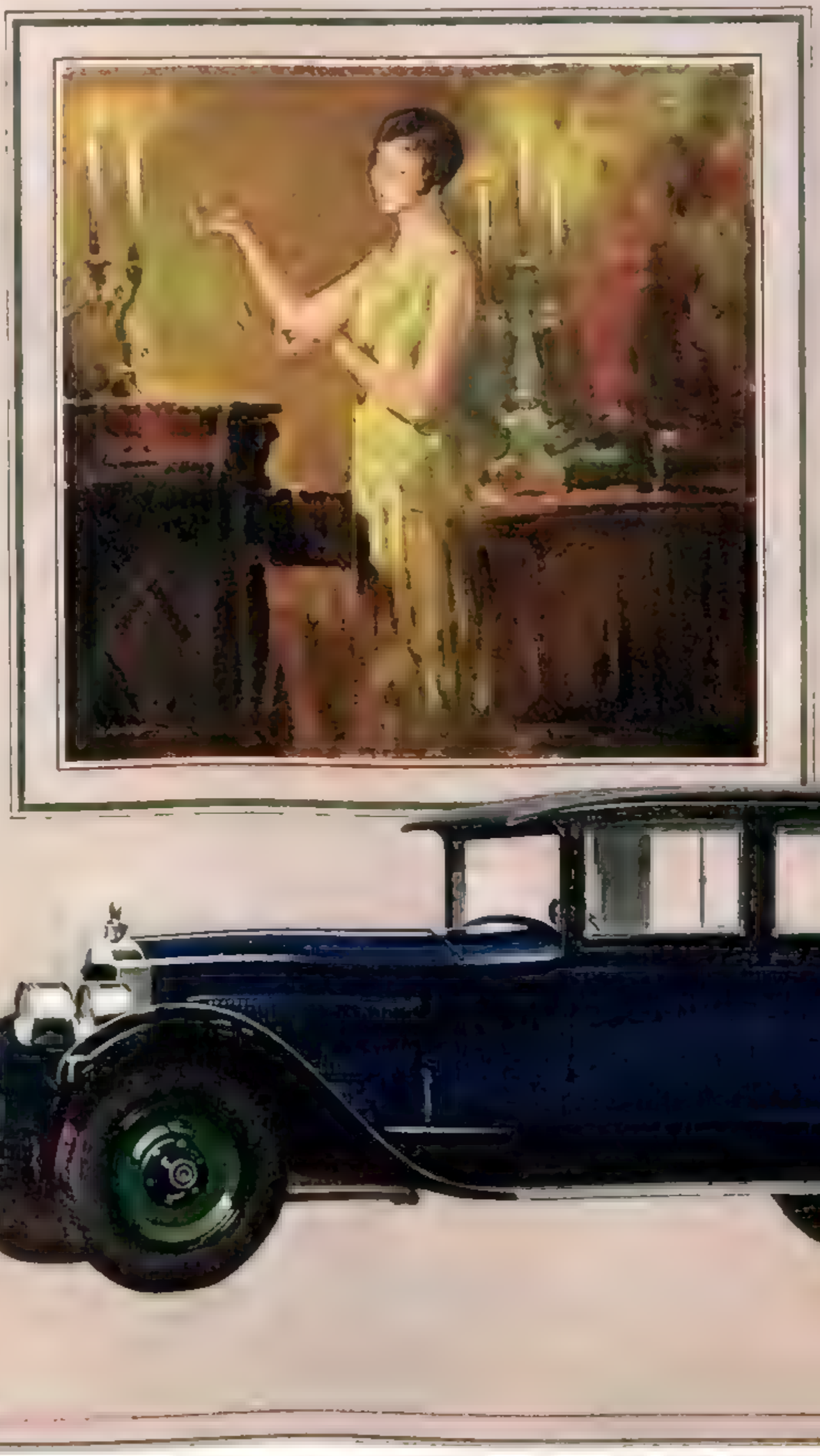


"The supreme combination of all that is fine in motor cars."

A S K T H E M A N W H O O W N S O N E

Pride of Possession • There are those who understand the subtle pleasure, the inner satisfaction, gained from the ownership of things which the whole world approves and acknowledges to be fine and genuine. • • • •

A gown by Poiret; an etching by Whistler; an authentic Chippendale; a blooded hunter; a service of Sèvres porcelain—such possessions mean far more to those of taste and discrimination than the sums they cost. • • • •

Is it strange that such people turn instinctively to Packard for their motor cars—that they count their Packards among their most prized possessions? • • • • •

Packard, for a generation, has built its cars for such a clientele.

PACKARD

THE RESTFUL CAR

THE RED, RED TREE

(Continued from Page 29

"And not altogether with his money," answered her friend.

"In his old age he comes upon a gold mine, poor man!" added one of the French husbands, with an appreciative stare at the woman and a commiserating glance at her gray-headed escort.

The stranger was restless; when his companion was tired with moving about he would sometimes continue to walk alone. He had an odd mannerism, but seemed totally unconscious of it, or perhaps he was supremely indifferent to the attention it attracted. He would place his extended forefinger on the rail every three steps with an odd precision, as if he were keeping an account of his paces. Occasionally he stopped, apparently to add up the distance he had traveled. These were naturally moments of absorption, but in spite of his concentration he continued to stand magnificently erect and his face retained an illumined look of satisfaction with life as he was living it and with the world as it was. When he struck a match to light a cigarette Catron arose and stepped to his side.

"May I share that light?"

"Certainly."

His voice matched the rest of him. It had a resonance under control, a readiness which stopped just short of affability.

"My name is Catron—meaning a loafer at large."

"Mine is Chesley—Alexander Chesley. I'm not a loafer any more than you are. Nasty word—'loafer.' I'm an architect on a holiday. That's it—a holiday."

The man had a way of seizing conversation by the throat which had a peculiar fascination. One knew instantly that he did not employ words fatuously any more than he would have taken up the tools of his profession idly.

"Perhaps I should have said I'm a searcher then," admitted Catron with a smile. "I'm on the trail of that insidious peace which somehow seems to breed only under a hot sun."

"Ah, that's better," said Chesley quickly, his eyes lighting up but continuing to stare impersonally into the distance. "I can meet you there—perhaps I might even help. Has it ever struck you that all the modern theoretic philosophies have sprung out of severe climates? There seems to be an allegiance between cold reason and snow. Kant, Hegel and Comte; Ibsen, if you'll admit him as a philosopher. Bergson and even William James—they are all precisionists. They lead you in the end to a sort of frigid finalism. You can think with them, but you can't live by them except through the suspension of cold storage."

"No," said Catron, "I had never thought of pure reason as inevitably linked to winter, but ——"

"—— but where does that get us, eh?" said Chesley, filling in Catron's puzzled pause. "It brings us south on the trail of that insidious peace you mentioned as breeding only under a hot sun. We Northerners have jeered at it since the Year One, without ever stopping to think that the millions we despise for their indolence live what we read. We've been given laborious wheat, the staff of life, to lean on; but they can club existence with heavy tubers, breadfruit and bananas—stuff that mocks at weeds, rust and disease. They can clothe themselves in warmth alone, fill a pipe for next to nothing and lean back to a timeless contemplation of time. If that isn't the essence and the goal of all philosophy, what is? Eh?"

Catron laughed and Chesley laughed with him—a low, lilting laugh. But almost immediately his face sobered again. It was a fine face, well-proportioned except for the boldness of the nose, and with that clean smoothness which denotes lifelong care of the skin.

"It boils down to this," he added: "There can be no peace without detachment between man and his fate." He nodded thoughtfully, then turned abruptly and started down the deck, resuming his count on the rail as if it had not been interrupted.

Catron had no opportunity to renew the conversation that day, but on the following morning he caught Chesley's eye as he walked by and waved an informal greeting. It was ignored. Thinking there had been some mistake, he arose, put himself directly in Chesley's path and grinned a reminder of their acquaintance. Chesley came at him as if to run him down, stopped suddenly, muttered an apology and pushed by. Catron had seldom in his life been successfully snubbed, but on this occasion he had to admit the cut direct and complete. He sat down seething with rage which was presently to turn to wonder, for on his next round Chesley's face lit up at catching a bit of the French chatter. He stopped and beamed on the vivacious group with unmistakable good humor.

"Ah!" cried one of the women. "Monsieur understands!"

"How could I fail to understand?" said Chesley promptly in the clipped French of the École des Beaux-Arts. "Is not music a universal language?"

The women clapped their hands in delight and their husbands cried, "Bravo!" That he should speak unhesitating French was a gratification, that he should prove witty was enchantment. They did not bother to tell him how well he spoke—a compliment reserved only for bashful beginners—for he knew as well as they. Instead they admitted him whole-heartedly to their battledore and shuttlecock of talk and found him an adept player of the game. Finally one of the women remembered politeness.

"Madame does not walk with you this morning."

"No," said Chesley, "the heat is a bit too much for her just now. Perhaps in the evening ——"

None had watched him and his companion with more brazen interest than the French group. It had not only commented good-naturedly on the youthfulness of the wife in comparison with his own age, but had noted with explosive exclamations all those small gestures of solicitation and regard exchanged between two people who are engrossed in each other without a thought as to the magnifying power in the eyes of onlookers.

"But she is charming, your wife," said the younger of the Frenchwomen. "She has an air."

Chesley's face grew blank for an instant. He half turned away and then back again. He stood with his feet slightly straddled, but more erect than ever.

"It is not my wife, madame," he explained frankly. "It is my nurse, Miss Benton."

There was a little gasp at the news, for it came as a genuine surprise. Before anyone recovered sufficiently to think of something appropriate to say, Chesley had started down the rail, measuring it off with his extended forefinger, one touch to every three paces. He seemed oblivious of the murmur which swept down the deck so swiftly that it actually passed him.

"It's a nurse that he has, not a wife," exploded the younger Frenchwoman to her nearest English-speaking neighbor. "It is droll to have a nurse when one can walk like that, hein?"

The French group joked about the matter with an easy leniency. They still found Chesley's lady charming and would have been glad to meet her. But Catron could see a congealing wave pass down the length of the deck, galvanizing all those who a moment before had been steeped in heat and lassitude. The reaction was manifold. Some of the faces hardened into dead masks with live eyes. Others sagged to loose thoughts. Still others—a very few—softened into pity and cast glances of mingled reproof and commiseration at Miss Benton, who chose that instant to step out from the companionway to join her patient.

Catron felt a sense of outrage. Why should these people accept at once a besmirching interpretation of a veiled condition? He had spent much of his life in travel and had seen many nurses in intimate attendance on patients without ever having their reputation as to conduct put in jeopardy. There were fixed rules for that sort of thing—a scale of distance, as it were, increasing as the patient progressed to convalescence. In spite of appearances, it boiled down to the question: Was this man convalescent or, in the face of his jaunty air, was he subject to fits of depression which had to be watched?

"Appearances" was the weak word in that conclusion, and he was forced to recognize the fact as the foundation for the unhesitating attitude of the passengers in general. The man looked too well, the nurse too solicitous, to be accorded special privilege. Whenever the couple was out of hearing ribald remarks passed from chair to chair. Men laughed, the women frowned, as was proper, and children, quite at a loss as to the source of the commotion, looked blank. But looming above the persiflage there gradually arose a solid wall of condemnation.

Presently those people who had kept to their staterooms almost continuously moved out as if to fill in the missing stones of an unyielding rampart. An illusion of chill so permeated the air that Catron caught himself shivering even while he was mopping sweat from his forehead. His own emotions were in a turmoil of confusion. Was that why Chesley had snubbed him? No; it couldn't have been, for the cut had come before the Frenchwoman's indiscretion had started the fuse to burning. How old was Chesley? He might be fifty, and then again he might be sixty. When a man carried himself like that, gray hair meant nothing. You couldn't tell. But a nurse! What the devil did he want of a nurse?

The couple swung into view. Chesley was walking with springy step, eyes to the front. Miss Benton leaned on his arm, looking up at him from time to time with that air which was neither altogether devotion nor solicitude, but vaguely combined the two. Thus presented, there was no denying that the evidence was not only damning—it was being flaunted. Their faces glowed with one of two things—childlike innocence or brazen effrontery, but the impression remained that as actors they were superb. Three men standing at the rail near Catron failed to yield the passage. Chesley caromed into one of them. He turned his head and begged pardon over his shoulder so naturally that it was impossible to say whether his action had been accident or dexterous challenge.

The man he had bumped was enormously obese at the waistline. In addition, he had bulging eyes and a pendulous lower lip. He was dressed in a soiled sports shirt and trousers which clung as if by a miracle far beneath the bulge of his stomach. Cast into bold relief against the disappearing trimness of Chesley and his companion, he was as obscene as a naked harpy.

"Well," he said, "that settles it. If they're not booked to get off tomorrow, I'm going straight to the captain." His face, already flushed, turned purple. "I've got a wife and three children on this boat—two of them girls".

As it happened, his officiousness was not to be put to the test. The offending passengers disembarked in the morning, and as Catron watched them follow their luggage ashore he was overcome by a sudden sense of desertion. He glanced at the huddle of chairs abandoned by the French group, rushed to his cabin in a near panic, packed his bags, and within half an hour had cleared the customs. He was in time to hear Chesley inquire of the agent as to hotels. The Sans Souci was the first, the Plage the second choice. Knowing that Chesley would go to the best, and wishing to avoid the least suspicion of spying, Catron directed his driver to the Plage.

He had avoided taking a motor car and was riding in a ramshackle cabriolet, locally called a bus. Dozens of these flimsy carriages, generally with a broken strut or two and consequently sagging tops, were pattering about the town, each drawn by a tiny native pony. These ponies, most of them emaciated but doggedly persistent, came soon to symbolize the country to Catron. Seen behind them, the little carriages became enormously overtopping. So with the sad-faced diminutive black people against the looming background of tumultuous mountains. The luxuriant hills, corrugated with the sharp clefts of sudden valleys, towered and mounted above the town in ever-increasing masses, lifting the eye higher and higher until it rested almost in dismay upon the barren peaks of La Selle. The unconquered slopes looked down upon the splashed huddle of houses with the imperturbability of a huge tree over a colony of ants.

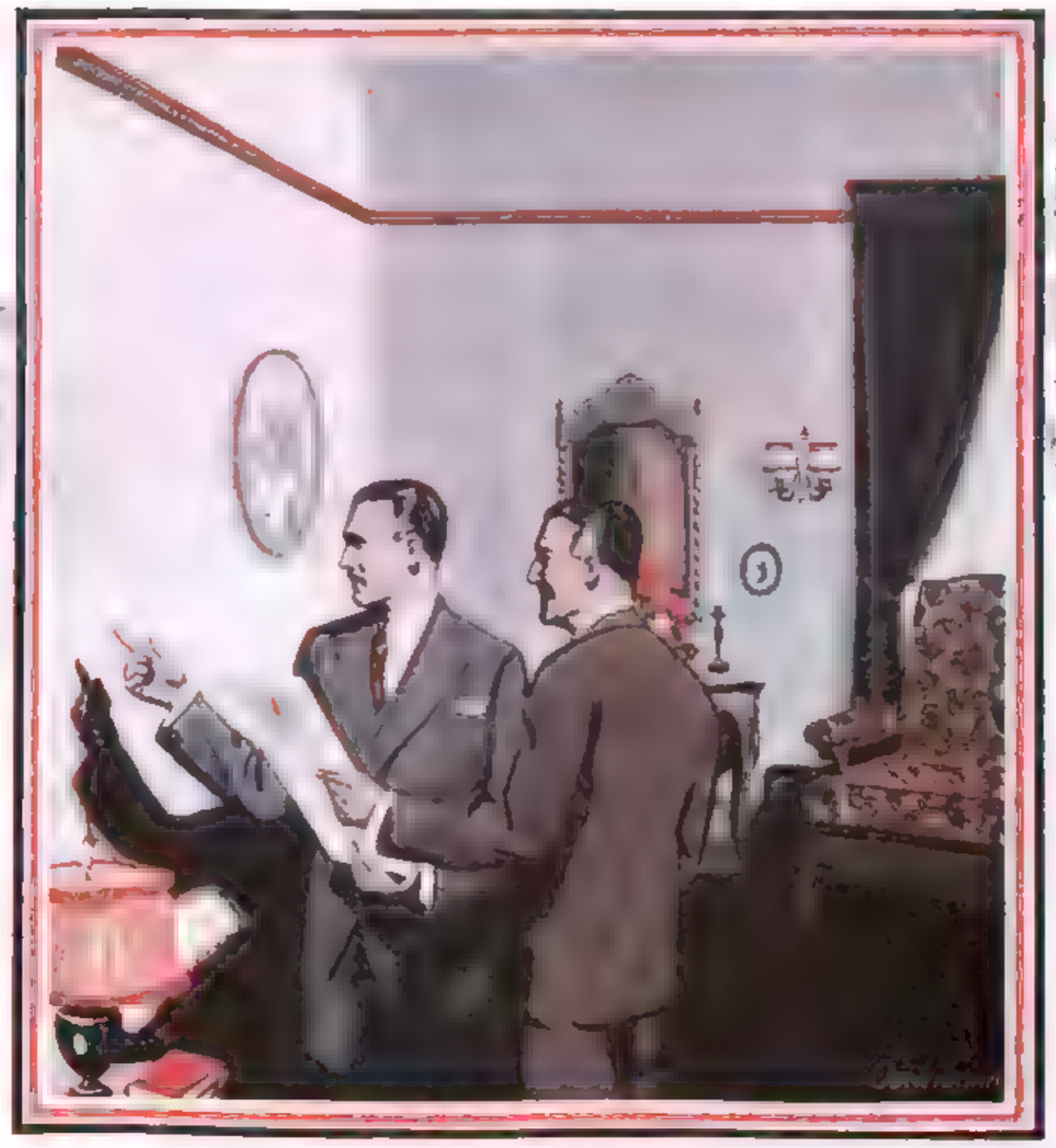
If the heat on the ship had been oppressive, on shore it was well-nigh overpowering; but fortunately there was an astonishing division between sun and shade. Even so, Catron found his clothes wringing wet after the exertion of climbing to the top story of the hotel. He was given the choice between three cubbylike rooms facing on a front veranda. He chose the corner one with a window looking out on the bay and another toward the mountain. The arrangements were primitive in the extreme. No glass in the windows, only mosquito netting, curtained with pink cheesecloth on the lower sash. No carpet on the broad board floor save for a mat beside the small metal bed. No bureau or clothespress, merely a row of hooks. Worst of all, the interior walls stopped two feet short of the ceiling, which thus became a sounding board. It magnified every noise in his and the neighboring rooms, which at some time had been partitioned off.

Catron asked to see the bath. He was led down one flight of stairs, then another and another, out into the back yard, around to the side of the building, and was there shown a shower. Unable to face the climb back to his room at once, he passed through the house to the deep portico at the front. This was by far the most pleasant part of the hotel. In reality it was a brick-paved court almost as many yards broad as it was long, and with a ceiling twenty feet high. It was screened by awnings and vines and served as sitting room, café, dining room, lobby and conservatory. There were covered tables for those who wished to eat and bare ones for drinkers. He sat down at one of these a little to one side of the main entrance and ordered a bottle of beer. Presently he heard the pitter-patter of a pony, the rattle of an approaching bus, and a moment later Chesley's voice:

"You stay in the carriage, Helen. I can see to things."

In spite of the heat, Chesley looked as trim as ever. He had made only two minor changes in his attire; he wore a white sun helmet and carried a thick Malacca cane. Catron felt a slight cringing within himself, as if his presence there were something shameful. An instant later he saw the absurdity of the sensation and braced himself for the imminent encounter. He made up his mind to nod if Chesley gave him the slightest encouragement and then ask him frankly what had come over him on board ship. If it was the matter of the nurse, the sooner it could be made plain that Catron cared not a jot what was her status the easier it would be for all concerned. He need not have troubled to plan. Chesley walked directly by him into the hallway.

(Continued on Page 171)



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(Continued from Page 166)

pounded on the floor with his stick, and was presently bandying pleasantries in his racy French with the mild-mannered proprietress.

"It hurts me that you should have forgotten me, madame."

"But I have not, monsieur. It is three—four years ago that you were here."

"Four years that the world has been between us and now we're both on top again. Tell me the rest of my fortune. Have you, by any chance, two adjoining rooms?"

"Monsieur is as gay as ever and I congratulate him on the need for two rooms. I have them, but they are very small and on the top floor."

"Let us not start with deception. I confess to you that when I landed they told me there was a newer and better hotel—the Sans Souci. I have been there."

"It is quite true," said the hostess placidly. "It is a better hotel than this."

"There you are wrong. It has no vacant rooms, and since you have, your establishment is immeasurably superior."

"Shall I show monsieur?"

"What is the need? There is no choice to make."

A moment later he was helping Miss Benton from the carriage.

"It's going to be a bit rough, Helen," he warned her. "Not dirty. Quite clean and good food. But no conveniences, you understand. Two measly connecting rooms on the third floor and the bath out in the yard, downstairs—that sort of thing. Do you think you can put up with it? If you can't, back to the ship we go."

So at least they hadn't been asked to leave, thought Catron, and then listened for the first time to Miss Benton's voice. It was low and full, held habitually to its major tones:

"If it will do for you, of course it will for me. I may be melting, but, after all, I'm not really made of butter."

"You see," said Chesley, displaying the court veranda, "here's where we eat and sit and drink. Not bad, eh?"

His glance passed over Catron with an infinitesimal up-and-down movement, but Miss Benton's rested on him for a fleeting instant, scarcely taking him in. There was no reason why she should recognize him, as he had not spoken to her on the boat, where she had had eyes only for Chesley.

"It's charming," she murmured.

"But don't forget it's all the charm there is, and practically all the air," warned Chesley. "Mosquito curtains over the beds—beastly things—choke you. I believe I'll take the chance of being eaten alive. But never mind. Let's have luncheon and a rest. After that, as soon as the sun begins to slope, we'll order around a motor car and run up to Petionville. There's something there I want you to see."

"That will be fine," said Miss Benton, leaning toward him as she had so often done on the boat.

They passed through the entrance arm in arm, and Catron heard their voices gradually fade as they climbed the stairs together. Thinking of the way Chesley had treated him, his brows drew into a creased frown. Why should a man of such bubbling bonhomie, of such punctilious courtesy to all others, have made so unwarranted an exception? Somehow it wasn't in character; it didn't go with his gallant air. Motive? There's a motive behind every action under the sun. That was the ticket—find the motive.

Abruptly the frown began to clear and a smile glimmered in his eyes. Well, if it really was jealousy—and what else could it be?—then he could forgive Chesley; he could even like him for it. The holding of a woman is an intricate job in the best of circumstances, and the first of its thousand rules is to take no unnecessary chances. Why shouldn't Chesley guard himself against a younger man?

More books have been written about love than about all other maladies combined, but Catron had a theory that the vast majority of them contained a basic error. They assumed a universal concession that a unique microbe of love had been isolated. All the vulgar symposiums as to whether a man can love twice, or two women at the same time, or whether after thirty his head invariably leads his heart, enraged him; for he believed not only that the microbe itself has not been isolated but that it is manifold and as diverse as the origins of smallpox and a bad cold. This pathological way of looking at the thing made him exceptionally lenient toward those bitten by any of the multitudinous bugs of love. They suffered, were delirious, and suffered again. To come to their aid as a physician was forgivable, but to stand over them in judgment was like spanking a child for having scarlet fever.

His rancor toward Chesley, which had been mounting to the explosion point, passed completely. He saw in him now only a man of the world old enough to have acquired the bitter wisdom that discriminates between enjoyments, firmly sacrificing the lesser for the greater pleasure. He had seen him gracious toward a variety of women, but could not remember his talking to any man except for their own brief yet lively conversation on the true habitat of practical philosophy. Well, here they were, each free to be lapped in heat in his own way and to have the rambunctious certainty of right and wrong cradled to sleep like a puling baby.

Promptly he decided to do nothing he did not wish to do. It was against his inclination to go upstairs, so he moved to a table in a far corner where the shade was deepest, drank another beer, dozed for a while and woke to find that Chesley and Miss Benton had come down again and were already lunching—naturally, as far away from him as possible. He ordered his own meal, and after finishing it at leisure, amused himself with reading a file of one of the local papers which announced itself as a daily, but came out only at such intervals as the publishers had the cash to pay for an issue. Catron smiled, but in sympathetic admiration. Here were no excuses for a lapse of a day or two, no undignified editorial contortions. It was just the way things were—part of the monumental calm that breeds under a hot sun. Presently his attention wandered and he caught himself listening to Chesley's buoyant voice:

"You're sure you can stand it, Helen? You see, the motor car will make its own breeze, and once we're up in Petionville I can assure you the air is quite ten degrees cooler. Besides, I have a special reason for getting up there while the sun is still a bit high."

"Of course I can stand it," murmured Miss Benton with deeper feeling than Catron found justified either by the occasion or the words. He wondered if she was one of those women who find that it pays to speak always with a suggestion of tears in the voice. She didn't look it. She looked anything but soft in a mushy way. And yet Chesley was forever offering her his arm as if her excellent legs were not to be trusted. He did it once more when the motor car came for them, leading her down the shallow brick steps with an Old World formalism which in these days of an imminent single standard edged on the grotesque.

Catron frowned, but again his brows cleared to a possible solution. He went back in memory to those years when it gave him an acute emotion to touch the hand or hair or a last year's ribbon of the girl of his heart's occasional desire. He sighed. Sitting there just out of reach of the tropic heat, surrounded by a luxuriance of growth so coarse it seemed to carry a threat against man and all his works, he came abruptly face to face with the fact that youth can become a forgotten country.

Had he wandered so far beyond its boundaries as not to be able to put himself in the shoes of somebody more fortunate? Here was a man his senior by several years, but who had apparently contrived to linger beyond his allotted time in that land where the bravery of a dream puts on substance, transforming itself miraculously into the driving power behind the beat of the pulse and lending light to the uncertain fires of the soul. Who was he to judge Chesley, if Chesley could still thrill to the pressure of a woman's slender fingers on his arm?

Toward evening a breeze sprang up, the overheated earth sending its pestilent humors out to sea. Catron hailed a rickety bus and went pattering along the shore road with the Beau Rivage for his goal. He would dine there and give the diminutive pony a chance to knit his bones together for the return trip. He almost feared another encounter with Chesley and Miss Benton, and was relieved to find himself the only guest. At any rate, if they came they could not accuse him of having followed them.

He sat at the extreme corner of the projecting veranda and watched the metallic brazenness of the day melt suddenly into incredible softness. A sense of beauty in overwhelming masses assailed him. The towering corrugated hills became tumbled folds of velvet and the bay a rippled carpet of cerulean blue. There was a single moment of actual pain when beauty, concreted to a spear point, seemed to plunge into his vitals, and it left him gasping. But almost immediately came the healing night, with the evening star laying across the darkened waters a track of light almost as broad as the illumined reflection of a northern moon.

He was oppressed by the exaggeration in everything about him—exaggeration of the stars, of shadow and light, of heat and chill. It seemed to strike the same threatening note of the luxuriance of the foliage, belittling all human endeavor. As he rode back along the way he had come his mind fastened again on Chesley and the one talk they had had together. Somehow there seemed to be a link between that moment and this, and presently he seized upon Chelsey's own words—there can be no peace without detachment between man and his fate. When they had been uttered they had seemed cabalistic, packed with a meaning difficult of access. But now that meaning became as logical and as simple as the effect of light.

The snatch of talk with Chelsey took on new proportions, as if even a chance saying could not escape the spell of exaggeration which now became a magnifying glass. This then was what Chesley had been driving at—the mind can thread the most intricate labyrinth of reason, but the everyday body in which we live cannot follow. The philosophy of the body begins where reason ends, enabling it to plant vineyards on the lip of a volcano, to endure in deserts where thousands have died of thirst, and to rear huts on the site of a cataclysm with the driftwood of a tidal wave. You could say of such people they have no sense, but here was Chesley proclaiming that they are possessed of the only sense worth having—the acceptance of an immutable division between today and tomorrow. That was the sum and substance of all he had said, summarized by himself in a dozen words—there can be no peace without detachment between man and his fate.

By the time he reached the hotel the breeze had died totally, leaving behind it a humid and pervasive heat more devastating than had been the hot breath of day. He went at once to his room and undressed. Clothed only in his pajamas, he hurried down for a bath and then returned to stretch out gingerly on top of the coverlet. It was ominously warm to the touch. Soon he felt it grow moist beneath the length of his body. He moved to the other side of the narrow bed, and when that in its turn was wet with perspiration he rolled back again for momentary relief. In spite of his discomfort, he managed to doze, but so lightly that when he was awakened by the sound of voices it was with a thoroughness which banished instantly and definitely all further hope of sleep.

"You must find this heat rather awful."

Unmistakably it was Chesley's voice, still imbued with its peculiar lift and vigor.

(Continued on Page 173)

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Continued from Page 171

For an instant it seemed to Catron that the words had been spoken at his side, in his ear; then he remembered the common ceiling shared by his and the neighboring rooms. It was like a sounding board and the acoustics were inconceivably sharp. Listening intently, he even heard Miss Benton draw a long quivering breath before she answered. The sigh and the words came unmistakably from the room beyond Chesley's, indicating an open door:

"It s pretty terrible, but no worse for me than it is for you."

"Oh, yes, it is. Doesn't bother me at all, really. I suppose it's because I've got a thousand things to think about. Are you under the net?"

"No."

"Neither am I, and I haven't heard a single mosquito so far. Have you?"

"No."

"Then there's that to be thankful for."

There was a pause which gave Catron a chance to weigh the ethics of the situation in which he found himself. All he had to do to let Chesley and his companion know that they were being overheard was to rough or merely sigh. On the other hand, he did not wish to appear to be giving a deliberate warning; that would be too gross in its implication. Perhaps if he imitated the deep breathing and restless movement of a sleeper about to awake —— Then came something which scattered all scruples as to eavesdropping to the four winds:

"You know, there was a nice chap on board the boat. I had a chat with him—just a few words, and as I remember it I said most of them. I would have liked to talk to him again."

"Did he tell you his name?"

"Yes; it was Catron," continued Chesley's amazing voice. "You see, according to my system I could never forget that one. The moment he told me I said to myself cat and run." He chuckled joyously. "Pretty good, eh, Helen? It didn't strike me before, but it's damn good!"

"You never forget names, do you?" murmured Miss Benton.

"No. Faces are a bit hard for me, but not names. I concentrate on them because it's more than a mark of good breeding. The easiest way in the world to hurt a man's feelings is to forget his name, and to remember it is the easiest way to warm his heart. Sounds like a little thing, doesn't it?"

"Yes."

"It isn't. It's huge. Anything that warms the heart is huge," Chesney said.

In Spite of a Marked Difference in Ages, She Was Overwhelmingly in Love and Beloved

There fell a silence, and Catron's first reaction toward it was one of gratitude. He felt as if he had been whirled around on a turntable, and he welcomed the chance to regain his sense of direction. After all, the only possible solution was a simple one—Chesley must be exceptionally nearsighted. Catron's eyes were as exceptionally good, but he recollected the confession of a myopic friend credited with being the greatest snob on two continents. This man had explained in a moment of despair that to him faces were always merely a wavering adumbration. It didn't help to see a face quite closely and study it, because at two feet or two yards farther off it would become a totally different face. Probably it was that way with Chesley, and Catron thought with regret of his moments of anger and of the hours wasted in vain speculations when he could have been knitting a friendship toward which he had been impelled from the first moment of encounter.

Remembering his pride at hitting upon jealousy as a motive for the rebuffs he had suffered, he felt a twinge of disgust with himself. It was as if, looking up before a broad stairway, he had missed his footing and tumbled into a cellar – that dank cellar of the mind in which had moved the authors of innuendo on the boat. The memory came to him of faces hardening into dead masks with live eyes, of others sagging to loose thoughts, and of those few who had looked upon Miss Benton with horrified pity.

Lastly he thought of the man, tremendously obese and sour with sweat, who had declared his intention of taking the matter straight to the captain because he had a wife and three children on board—two of them girls. Catron felt himself soiled by that final touch, and suddenly lonely. The poison in the air had not reached those against whom it had been directed. They had continued serenely on that high plane of the human emotions which asks no question and answers none, while he had succumbed to the thing he despised.

That was what made it worse. He had recognized the vileness of sitting in judgment and had preened himself with thoughts of his own broad-minded tolerance, while all the time his feet had been sinking into the mire of blind accusation. His stand had been that it made no difference what were Miss Benton's relations to Chesley. Now, lying there on his bed, totally forgetful of discomfort or the morality of mere etiquette, with his ears straining to catch every sound that came from the neighboring rooms, he had come to the abrupt realization that it did make a difference—an overwhelming difference. This contact between two people, two strangers, had the rarest of all qualities—texture. Texture cannot lie. In the long run it defies imitation. If they were lovers, then he had stumbled upon one of those examples which come at rare intervals to revivify the legend of that realm where none, least of all the king, may fence the fields and say to love, "Walk only in the lanes."

"You're not sleepy, Helen?"

"Oh, no."

"I can't stop thinking about that girl."

"What girl?"

"You know. Those inscriptions that were written in pencil on the walls of the Chapelle Delmars on the way up to Pétionville."

"Oh, yes, but which one? What girl?"

"Sordid little church with its wick floating in castor oil for a lamp, but those penciled prayers on the white plaster of the walls sort of got me. Don't you remember the one I mean? 'I have faith in thee, oh.

Continued on Page 176

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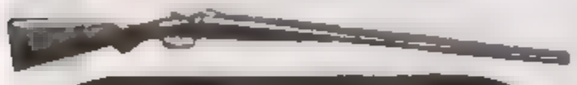

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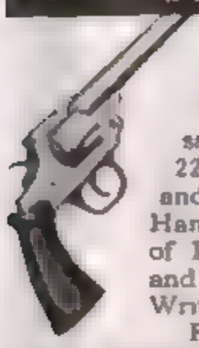

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GULDEN'S MUSTARD

(Continued from Page 173)

most holy virgin of Delmars! Send me a husband; I have so much faith in thee.'"

"Yes; I do remember. Did you really think I could forget it? I just wanted to make you repeat it again."

"It was signed, wasn't it?"

"Yes, but just with her first name."

"Well, that's all right. The parochial teacher will know who she is. We must find out and I'll give her a dot. Poor child, she doesn't ask for love; only for a husband—something you can buy here for a very small amount of money."

"Perhaps ——"

"Perhaps what?"

"Oh, nothing."

"Yes; tell me. Do tell me."

"Love to a young girl is so indefinable and so all-embracing. But even so, being a woman, I can tell you that her little prayer was big enough to include love."

"You mean her word 'husband,' all by itself, stands for love?"

"Not only for love. It stands for so much more than that—for the whole round orange of life."

Chesley chuckled. "I never heard of that one, Helen. Describe the orange of life."

"With its bitter and its sweet," murmured Miss Benton, "its shell, its flesh and—and its seed."

Chesley's mirth ceased—audibly. "By Jove! You've packed life into an orange! Where God put it, after all, but we forget that, don't we? Show me a mind in trouble and I'll show you a man who has not been content with the sublime trinity—the circle, the sphere and the cycle."

The silence which ensued did not come as a relief to Catron. He prayed that the voices might go on. Chesley's had come to represent to him not sound, but thought caught on the wing, held for an instant, and then released for a higher flight. The sublime trinity—the circle, the sphere and the cycle! Had ever a man said more in fewer words? Miss Benton's voice, on the contrary, had taken on physical form. He could almost see it—her voice. Sometimes it was like a hand, soft yet firm, smooth and strong. Then again it was a river, a flowing depth upon which one might launch a burden and watch it float lightly away.

But when Chesley spoke again it was in a huskier tone, thought with dust in its throat: "You'll never know how sorry I am about today."

"Don't think about it any more. You promised."

"I can't help it. How stupid I was not to remember that this is December! Winter here, in spite of the heat, just as it is at home. Why, that's what I took you up there for—to show you a mighty flamboyant in bloom."

"I know."

"No, my dear, you can't know. That's just it. It's one of those things that must be seen, because it leaps beyond the voice, higher than the reach of words. A splash—a dome—of red. What does that mean? Nothing. But to the eyes, Helen, a shout of color! See it once, and hear it forever. Redder than gushing blood and with a live heat that begins where flame ends. A flamboyant in bloom is brave; I'll back it for the bravest sight in all the earth. More than an oriflamme. It's as though the drab old world put on the red crest of a fighting cock and clamored for battle. I choke when I try to tell you, but I didn't want you to hear about it. I wanted you to see it—today."

"It's because it's like a badge of courage that you love it so much," murmured Miss Benton rapidly, her low voice thickened to that tone which Catron had found tainted with too constant a suggestion of tears. "But you mustn't get excited about it."

"Perhaps you're right," continued Chesley more calmly. "Queer thing. There isn't one man in a thousand can get excited without making a fool of himself. Anger now—that's a disease. It's actually toxic. Do you know that a fit of rage can give you a nasty cold?"

"I have heard of it."

"Here I am, off on another tack. Tell me when you're sleepy, will you?"

"I never was less sleepy in my life," replied Miss Benton. "You want to talk, don't you? You're not doing it just for me?"

"That's a strange idea."

"Not so strange. You're always thinking of me first. It's the one thing that makes me unhappy."

"Unhappy! My dear girl ——"

"Oh, I didn't mean it—not in that way. You know I didn't."

"Yes; I know. Well, this time I'm talking for myself and to myself. Out there in the dark you're like the wall of a barn and I'm like a boy with a racket and ball."

Catron's scalp crinkled with the strange sensation we describe as hair standing on end. Involuntarily, he rose in his bed and it creaked, but the sound was covered by a precisely simultaneous and noisier movement in Miss Benton's room.

"I'm bouncing words against you," continued Chesley, "catching them on the wing and knocking them back again. It's one of the few games you can play in the dark." His voice broke sharply into a different tone. "You've left your bed!"

"Yes," answered Miss Benton, her voice quivering. Without being louder, it was suddenly nearer.

"Why, you've come into my room!" exclaimed Chesley. "But where are you?"

"I'm standing in the window."

The words stuttered as if, in spite of the balmy air, she was shuddering with cold. She paused, and Catron could see her with that supervision which makes nothing of walls. It seemed to him he could hear her swallowing the tears in her throat before she dared speak again, but now he knew why the tears were there by the violent scalding in his own eyes.

"Aleck ——"

"Thank heaven, Helen, you've finally managed to get out my name. But you mustn't let it choke you that way. Say it again."

"Aleck, listen!" she said more firmly, giving each syllable full emphasis. "I'm standing in the sun by the window, looking at the dawn."

There was silence—such a silence as comes but once in a lifetime. In the end it was broken by Chesley's voice, unchanged, casual, almost playful. "The dawn, eh?"

"Yes," choked Miss Benton. "The hills ——"

"You don't have to tell me," interrupted Chesley. "Let me paint them for you. At five o'clock in the morning they are like tumbled folds of velvet drenched in light. Do you think because it's come at last that I can't see them? And the bay—the still bay, pale and yet profoundly blue!"

"Don't!"

"Helen, come here."

There was the rush of bare feet across the floor, then sobs—the hoarse, tearing sobs of a woman's soul, crying out against the suffering it may not share.

"My dear child, you mustn't; really you mustn't!" A pause, and then "Funny! I've never had the chance before to find out your hair is so soft. Where's your hand? Give it to me. There, that's better. It's foolish of you to cry."

"Foolish!" she whispered hoarsely. "It's wicked, it's vile! You're as brave as that red, red tree, and I'm only a coward."

"Oh, no. Let's try to think clearly. After all, what is it that's happened? Only the death of our playful little deception on the world, and I've had my doubts even of that. Those French people must have got my secret when I had to tell them you were my nurse. So must that man you let me run into. Then there was my trick of keeping in touch with the rail when I walked alone. Why, the whole ship must have guessed ——"

"Please—please don't. I want to cry."

"Nonsense! My eyes will never again be able to make you out to offer you my arm, but you can bring your hand to me, can't you? And that's all the change between yesterday and today—all the change."

"Oh, God!" sobbed Miss Benton in despairing, aimless supplication.

"Helen, you're wrong—dead wrong. You think I'm at last totally blind and in darkness, but I'll bet there isn't a man you know can see more things or see them better than I can. All the places I've known! I've been piling them up in the winter cellar of the mind. All the books I've read! All the houses I've built! Do you think there's the slant of a roof I can't remember, or the turn of a wall, or the cool shadow of an open door? Don't whisper it, but there's where I keep my pride—in the homes I've built for other men. I'll look at them when I want just to smile. But when I want to laugh out loud I'll look at the flamboyant in bloom."

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THE MAD LOVER

(Continued from Page 33)

"Well," remarked Detective McBride, "I guess I'll have to be on my way." Gerald regarded him uncertainly. "You'd better not hang around here," said the detective. "Somebody might pick you up. Well, good-by, Mr. Shannon, and if you're ever in Buffalo again, look me up at headquarters. I know a dump where they have real Pilsener and you and me can get together and sing some more."

"I'll look forward to that with pleasure, Mr. McBride," said Gerald. "Good-by. It's been nice to know you."

"The pleasure's mutual, Mr. Shannon," rumbled the detective. "And say, there's a freight pulling out for New York at 2:20."

"Thanks. Good-by."

They shook hands. Gerald watched the portly frame of the detective as he marched away. Mr. McBride was humming On the Banks of the Wabash in a tone like a jugful of bumblebees.

Hunger was on Gerald again. He assuaged it, after certain blandishments and the exercise of the arts of salesmanship, at a Polish lunch room, where he convinced the proprietor that the hat Gerald was wearing would be ideal for him. In exchange for the hat Gerald received all the stew, dumplings and rice pudding he could conveniently hold.

"If," said Gerald, as he stepped out of the restaurant, hatless but happy, "my wardrobe holds out, I can eat my way clear to Siam."

Then he went to the yards again and sought out the eastbound freight the basso detective had told him about.

Gerald Shannon made his entry into New York City in something approaching style. He was sitting at the steering wheel of a brand-new seven-thousand-dollar limousine. True, he had no hat or tie, his clothes were as wrinkled as an elephant's skin, and a whiskery development showed darkly on his face; but the car was impeccable. His fellow travelers, basking on the purple plush upholstery, had identified themselves as El Paso Lew, Slim the Sneezer and the Soapless Moke.

No tire troubles, no traffic-cop problems beset them as they rolled into the city, for the automobile was firmly bound on a flat car. Slim the Sneezer had expertly opened the door of the limousine—that, he explained, being his profession. As the train slid down the Hudson River Valley, Slim regaled Gerald and the others with stories of his prowess as a purloiner of closed cars. He explained that he was going to New York to go into business in a large way.

Gerald parted from his companions on the Bowery, after providing them and himself with a banquet in Beefsteak Joe's which cost him his coat, vest and suspenders. He was standing in Chatham Square, on the edge of Chinatown, planning his next move, when a brass-buttoned, blue-coated figure prodded him in the ribs and told him to keep moving. Automatically, indignant words of protest rushed to Gerald's lips, but they got no farther. It suddenly struck him that he was no longer in Branton, the son of the richest man, a person to be spoken to politely, even by policemen. He moved on up the Bowery, and in the plate-glass window of a barber shop which specialized in painting black eyes, he saw his reflection—a bedraggled tramp, with a black stubble of beard, no hat, no tie, no coat, and clad in baggy trousers and a shirt which screamed for the laundry.

He went into a shop adorned with gilt balls. It was crowded with old mandolins, old opera glasses, old valises, old watches, old clothes and a fat old man in a skullcap.

"Good day, sir," began Gerald. "Kindly cast an eye at these shoes I have on."

The man in the skullcap dropped a beady eye on the shoes and grunted.

"Observe closely their beauties," said Gerald. "Handmade, best leather from happy cows. Let your gaze linger on this shirt. Pure linen. A trifle smudgy at the moment, I grant you; but wash it, and, my dear sir, you'll have a swell bit of shirting. Regard these trousers. Tweed. Tailored in London. And study this underwear. Silk, and mark you, monogramed. Garters without a blemish. Feast your eyes on this display."

The man in the skullcap grunted.

"I stand ready," declared Gerald, "to trade the lot for a complete suit of work clothes and one dollar. Well, do you take the opportunity of a lifetime, or do I take it down to Wall Street?"

The ancient man made a minute inspection of what remained of Gerald's attire. He muttered. He shook his head. At last, after negotiations which consumed an hour, and were twice punctuated by Gerald stalking to the door and being clawed back, Gerald left the shop clad in a reclaimed union suit, cheap socks, a pair of not so new khaki trousers, a blue flannel work shirt three sizes too large for him, a pair of stout patched work shoes with hobnails, a worn blue denim coat and a muslin cap bearing in large red print the words Eat Blum's Pies. In his hand he held a greasy dollar bill.

He spent the night in a cubicle in the Royal Flush House on the Bowery, at the cost of a quarter and some itching. Early in the morning he made his way to West Street and the docks. He walked many miles that day, and interviewed many gruff men before he found what he was looking for.

"See Larkin at Pier 601," a stevedore advised him.

He saw Larkin, a swollen, mottled, bovine man, chewing a cud.

"Want a good man on your boat?" asked Gerald.

Larkin spat. His voice was raspy. "Where is he?" Larkin said.

"He stands before you," said Gerald. "He is, in a word, myself."

"Humph!" said Larkin. "Know mules?"

"Do I know mules?" said Gerald. "What a question! Why, I was born in a stable—a mule stable."

"Yeah?"

"Raised among mules," said Gerald. "Raised by mules, you might almost say. Had a mule for a nurse. Her name was Angelica. Angie, I called her."

"Say," growled Larkin, "cut the gab."

"You asked me if I knew mules," said Gerald pleasantly. "I was telling you. Well, do I go on your ship? Act quickly if you want an A-1 mule man."

"Say," remarked Larkin, "it will be bad enough to have a holdful of mules, let alone a cuckoo like you."

"Look here," said Gerald earnestly, "I know mules inside out and back and forth. I want to go with you. What does the job pay?"

"Ten bucks for the trip."

"Tell you what I'll do," Gerald said. "Give me the job and you can keep the ten. I pine to be among mules. Doesn't that prove it?"

Larkin spat. "You're on," he said. "Report to Olsen. Tell him I sent you. Don't talk to the mules. They have trouble enough as it is. Step on it!"

It wasn't much of a ship, that mule ship. In weight, it was under four thousand tons, counting in the mules, and it was all of thirty-five years old, Gerald decided, since it could not have become so dirty in any lesser period. Its charm was enhanced by the fact that part of the cargo consisted of fertilizer. After it made the open sea, as it did that night, it became apparent to Gerald Shannon why jobs on mule boats are so comparatively easy to get.

The good ship Bessie Bailey could not, with any degree of accuracy, be described as a floating palace. She was in no sense palatial, and she did not float. She jiggled along through the rough sea, now rolling like a sailor full of redeye, now bucking like a spurred bronco, now shivering like a Hawaiian dancer. The mules were acutely unhappy. Even their robust constitutions were not proof against the eternal jostling and tossing. In the dank, dark, fetid hold, they squealed and snorted and kicked, and were unwell, copiously. They kicked one another, but they preferred Gerald.

He, himself, even when crossing in the choicest cabins on de-luxe liners, had never been a good sailor. After one day out, during which he was driven to extraordinary exertions by oaths and threats from Larkin, he felt like a man lying on a muddy road after a procession of steam rollers had passed over him. He was hideously sick. From Larkin and the others he received no sympathy.

"You said you love mules," said Larkin. "Well, go ahead—love 'em."

At night he slept on a pile of straw in a corner of the hold. That is, he lay there through long and grueling nights, tormented by small nipping objects, and tossing about, while he listened to the mules talking plaintively to one another. Sometimes he dozed off, for he was tired in every fiber, only to be shot awake by a scurrying throng of rats using his chest as a boulevard.

The food served to the attendants of the mules was denominated by them as slop, and this verged on flattery. It didn't matter much to Gerald; he had a profound lack of interest in such things. His thoughts, when he was able to think at all, were chiefly:

Would he survive the trip, and why had he ever come?

Then, after twenty-two days which had all the quiet joy of an equal period spent in the chair of an unskilled dentist, Gerald, eluding the stern eye of Larkin, slipped up to the deck and saw in the distance the gray-green outline of a shore. Leaning against the rail, a stub of pipe in his mouth, was Quirk, the first engineer, a grizzled man with morose eyes.

"It's the old sod," he told Gerald. "We'll tie up in Cobh Harbor tonight."

"You're Irish?" Gerald asked.

"I was born in Drogheda," Quirk answered. "I live in New York now. I'm an American citizen. It's funny, ain't it, how many good Irishmen are Americans?"

"Why did you leave the old country?"

"Sure nobody stays who can get away. It's a poor land, mostly, where foolish men pound away their lives trying to do something, and the wise ones leave for a place where there's a chance."

"You take a dark view of it," Gerald said.

"I know what I'm talking about," said the first engineer shortly. "I nearly starved to death in Drogheda."

"Going ashore tonight?"

"Nobody's going ashore," said Quirk. "Larkin wouldn't take the chance. If his crew ever came back at all, they'd be full of rum and trouble and would probably throw mules at him."

"I sort of wanted to take a look at the old place," Gerald said.

"Stay away from it, young fellow," advised the first engineer.

"Mr. Quirk?"

"Well?"

"Did you ever hear of an American moving to Ireland?"

"You don't mean immigrating?"

"In a way—yes."

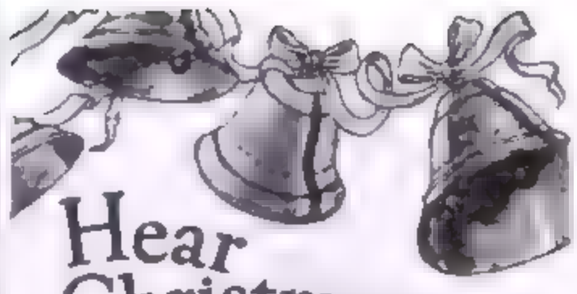
"I did not. A million and more good Irishmen have gone to America, but may the devil everlastingly roast me if I ever heard of an American immigrating to Ireland."

"Not a good idea, eh?"

"Not an idea at all," said Quirk. "It comes under the head of lunacy."

"Well," said Gerald, "I must go back to my long-eared friends downstairs. I see the gentle Larkin coming and I read a rebuke in his eyes."

(Continued on Page 181)



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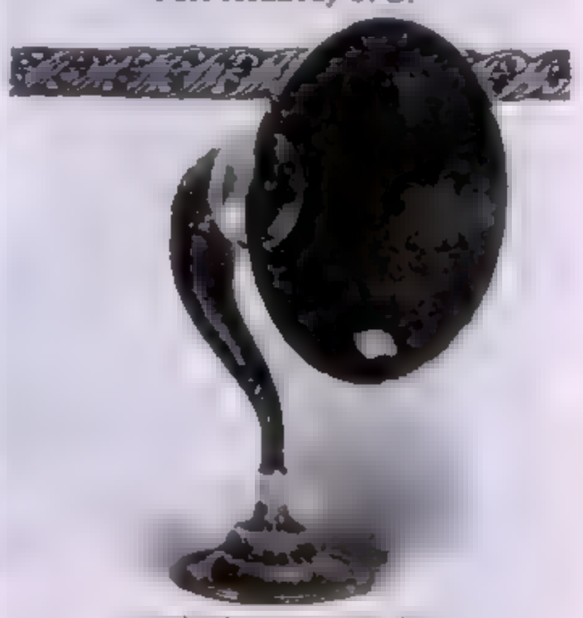

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(Continued from Page 179)

The ship had tied up in Cobh Harbor for the night. It was a starless night, and a clinging, chill and clammy mist blew in from the sea. The lights of the town were distant yellow blurs. Cautiously, Gerald Shannon made his way up on deck. Larkin's bulk loomed up in front of him.

"Where you going?" Larkin demanded.

"I came up to look at the stars, Mr. Larkin," said Gerald. "Don't you ever look at the stars, Mr. Larkin, and wonder if they are new and beautiful worlds, where all mules and men have sweet natures and oceans have no waves? Or do you think that life in the stars is just as it is down here, imperfect, worried, groping?"

Mr. Larkin removed a rat-tail stogy from his plump lips. "You go down below with the rest of the mules," he growled.

"But I want to talk to you."

"What about? Stars? There ain't no stars, so if you've got anything sensible to say, spill it."

"I want to go ashore."

"You can't. I'd never see you again."

"Really, Mr. Larkin, I'd no idea you cared so much for me."

"I don't. But you stay here, see? I'll need you on the return trip."

"Mr. Larkin," said Gerald, "I've earned my passage over here. I've tended ill mules with a loving mother's care. I've done the work of two men. I've a right to go ashore, and I'm going."

"You go below and stay there," spat out Larkin, and took a step toward Gerald.

There was a large hogshead, half full of bilge water, on the deck. At college, Gerald had made a notable reputation as a tackle. He had spilled more than one Harvard back on his educated ear. Considering that he was out of practice, Gerald did fairly well with Mr. Larkin's two hundred pounds. His charge lifted Larkin off his feet, carried him through the air and deposited him in the hogshead. It was a very snug fit for Mr. Larkin. His knees and eyebrows were in close proximity, and the water, obeying the principle of Archimedes, splashed up in his mouth, dampening some rich and torrid language. It took several strong men to pry Mr. Larkin out of the barrel. When he was at last free, he sputtered out harsh words and unfavorable descriptions of Gerald, who might have resented it had he been present. He wasn't. At that moment he was making slow but steady progress through the tingling waters of the harbor, with easy trudgeon strokes.

He hauled himself out of the water at a decrepit, deserted wharf, and lay there, entirely spent by his long swim. At length he mustered up enough strength to crawl into a shed on the wharf, to roll his shivering body in an old tarpaulin. He slept as only a man can sleep who is tired in every muscle and nerve, and woke to look upon a smiling Irish day. He got up, stretched himself, thought of Hondo's coffee, of hot baths and clean clothes, and then lurched along the wharf, for the motion of the mule ship was still with him, to the street. On the curb he sat down to consider matters.

Across the street a smallish, oldish man was moving about, opening his tiny fried-fish shop for the day. He moved and looked like a chimpanzee, Gerald thought. Gerald's clothes were still damp from his swim. He did not mind that much. What he did mind was a gnawing hunger that hit him suddenly. He had never been so hungry. He never knew anybody could be so hungry.

Gerald Shannon felt in his pocket for his soggy dollar bill. An exclamation of dismay burst from him.

"That rat!" he said. He referred to a pasty, rodent-eyed youth who had slept near him in the straw on the mule ship. He had told Gerald proudly that he was a dip, that the police of six cities wanted him for picking pockets. Apparently he did not want to get out of practice while on shipboard. Gerald's hand touched something small and round.

"Anyhow," he said, "he left me my dime."

He sat contemplating it. He looked up. The fried-fish man had come across the street and was speaking to him: "Good morning."

"Good morning," said Gerald. "Fine day."

"It is that," said the fried-fish man, surveying Gerald. "But it looks as if it was a hard night."

"Nearly as bad as the night of the big wind," said Gerald.

"You look," said the man judicially, "like Jonah just out of the whale."

"I'm Jonah's stepbrother," said Gerald. "He was lucky. The whale ate him, but I could eat a whale."

"Is it hungry you are then?" asked the man. "Losh, man, why didn't you say so?"

"I can't eat my words," said Gerald.

"Maybe, then, you could do with a bit of cod. I'm out of whales this morning."

"I'm broke," said Gerald.

"Lord save us from sin, man, but lads without a penny are no novelty in these parts. Come with me."

Gerald followed him into the fried-fish shop. Its smell alone nourished him. In all his life no sensation had ever been so exquisite to him as the rising aroma of that frying cod.

"Eat hearty," said the old man. "They don't cost me nothing. I catch them myself."

He heaped steaming fish on a platter. He filled a mug with tea, green, strong and hot. Gerald could feel his strength coming back to him. "I'm certainly grateful to you, Mr. ——"

"Darrow's my name—Malachi Darrow, and it's only too glad I am to feed you. You're down today, but you'll be up tomorrow. It's the way of the world."

"Are times hard in Ireland?" Gerald asked.

"No harder than usual. But where do you come from?"

"America."

Malachi Darrow whistled. "You're not expecting to find work here?" he asked.

"I'll have to work if I want to eat," Gerald said. "It isn't everybody who's as generous as you, Mr. Darrow."

The old man scratched his head. "And you look like a knowledgeable young fellow, too," he said. "Looking for work here, though! You've more nerve than sense, I'm thinking, as the locomotive said to the bull that charged it. What can you do?"

"Nothing much."

"You'll find plenty of that to do," said Malachi Darrow. "Better have some more fish."

"Thank you."

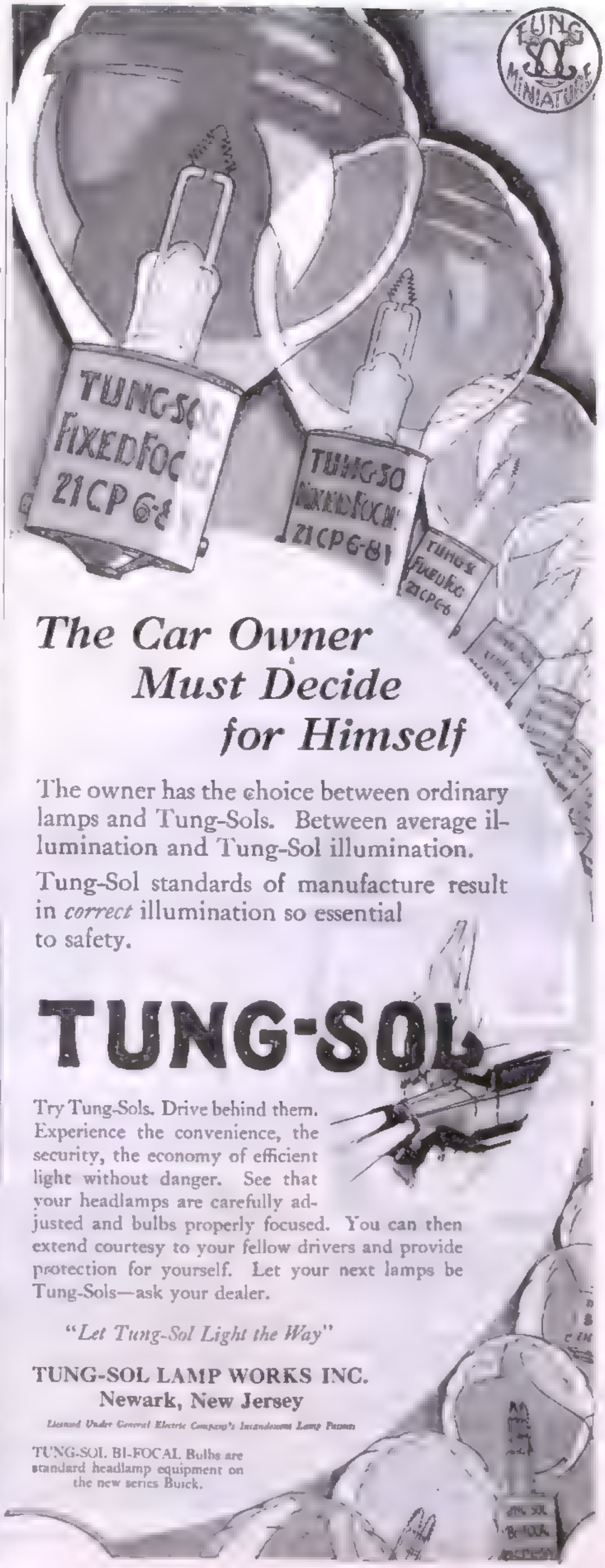
When he had finished his second helping of fish and tea, he shook the old man's hand. "I'll always remember your kindness," he said. "Now I'm off."

"Good luck to you, lad," said the old man.

As Gerald went down the street, on firm feet now, he remarked, not that there was anyone to hear him, "A country can't be entirely hopeless where men have hearts like that old man."

A good eighty miles he had marched along the highways, on foot mostly. His feet were blistered and swollen in his stiff shoes. One passing motorist—he was surprised how few cars were on the Irish roads—gave him a short lift and a shilling for changing a tire. That shilling, frugally converted into beer and cheese, sustained him.

It was near the end of the day, and he was sitting by the roadside, debating whether to force himself along a few miles more or find rest in an enticing haystack in the field, when a jaunting car passed. He hailed it, asked for a ride. The driver, an antediluvian rustic so deeply embedded in white whiskers that his words came through them thickly, told him to jump in. The little brown mare jogged along the dusty road. They passed through several small, forlorn-looking settlements. The rustic was a silent man, and Gerald could coax no conversation from him. The sun was low in the



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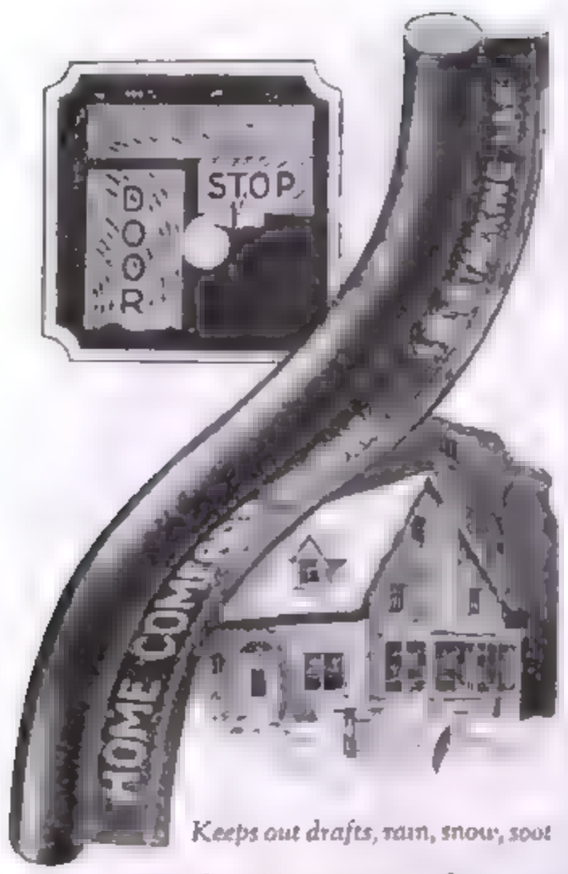

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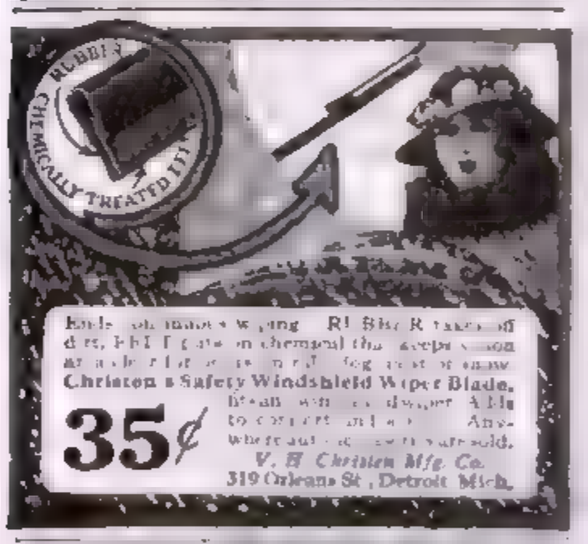

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west when they trotted into a village which was the most forlorn-looking of them all.

"Where are we?" asked Gerald.

From out his whiskers the old man pushed a reedy voice: "Glenkillen."

"I get off here," said Gerald. "Thanks for the ride."

The old man's watery blue eyes peered at Gerald. He shook his head, clucked to himself, peered at Gerald again. "You're not wanting to get off here, mister?" he said.

"Yes. Why not?"

"Nobody does," said the old man.

"But I do."

The old man wagged his head, peered dubiously at Gerald, then clucked to his mare and drove on.

Gerald looked about him. The dusk was falling. Glenkillen seemed like a deserted village. In its straggling streets, tall grass grew. The houses were time-worn, dilapidated, crumbling. There was no stir and bustle; only the sound of the steady wash of the waves. Gerald's heart sank. A great loneliness and despair swept down on him. He plunged his hands in his pockets and one of them touched his dime.

"Maybe I'm a crazy fool," he said. "I'll let fate decide. Heads I go, tails I stay."

He tossed the coin into the air. It fell, struck his outstretched hand, glanced off and was lost in the grass of the street.

"So much for fate," he said. Then he laughed. "Dad had five shillings when he got to Branton," he said.

He tightened his belt. He heard a sound, and saw, outside of one of the cabins, an elderly woman milking a goat. He saluted her. "Good evening to you, ma'am."

"Good evening, mister."

"Are there any Shannons hereabouts?"

"Shannons?" she repeated. "Nary a one. There were Shannons, and plenty of them, here years ago. But they all went away."

"Where did they live?"

"Down beyond—at the end of that lane. The old cabin is standing yet, though it's been empty these many years."

"That's a fine goat, ma'am," said Gerald.

"She is not," said the old woman. "She's contrary with the milk, like all the goats in Glenkillen." She looked up at him. "Would you like a cup of warm milk?" she asked.

"It would be robbing you, ma'am."

"It would not. She doesn't give much, but it's more than enough for me and Darby."

He drank the milk thankfully. "It's noble milk," he said. "Good night, ma'am, and thank you."

"Good night, mister, and belike you'll be traveling on to Tralee."

"No," said Gerald. "I've a mind to stay here."

"Lord help you!" she said.

He walked away, leaving her staring blankly after him. He made his way along the winding lane till he came to the cabin where the Shannons had lived. None of the cabins in Glenkillen were in good condition.

This one was an almost complete ruin. Moss grew on its sagging walls and pushed through the cracked clay floor. Through its partly fallen roof great slices of sky could be seen. In a corner, on some rank grass he gathered at the cabin's door, with his shoes for a pillow, Gerald Shannon made his bed. Through the gaps in the roof he could see the stars as he lay there. He smiled up at them. The salt sea air seeped through the cabin's walls, and his bed was a hard one, but Gerald Shannon slept well that night in the house of his father.

"Darby!"

"What is it now, Nora McShane?"

"Here he comes."

"Who?"

"The lad I gave a sup of milk to last night."

"Him that was asking after the Shannons?"

"The very same."

"Who is he?"

"Sure he didn't give me his calling card. A roving tinker, maybe. He's got a fine bold pair of eyes on him, he has."

"Nora McShane! And you nearing seventy!"

"Be easy in your mind, Darby. Do you think everybody has a weakness for black eyes because you have, you old satyr?"

"Cripes, woman, will you never stop reminding me of something that happened all of forty years ago?"

"As if you needed reminding!"

She called "Come in" in answer to Gerald Shannon's tap on the cabin door.

"Good morning, ma'am," he said. "Good morning, sir."

"Good morning to you, mister."

"Will it rain, do you think?" Gerald asked.

"It will that. I can feel it in my rheumatism," said Darby McShane.

"I'm sorry you're ailing, sir."

"I should be in my grave by rights," said Darby McShane most cheerfully, "but I have to stay alive to keep an eye on the old woman here."

"Or any other woman who passes by," put in Mrs. McShane, from the hearth, where she was mending a twig fire.

"You're no Easter lily yourself, Nora McShane," her husband remarked. "Young man, are you married?"

"No," answered Gerald.

"When your time comes," advised Darby McShane, "pick a woman you can fight with. It keeps you interested in each other."

"I'll remember that," laughed Gerald Shannon.

"Will you have a dish of tea with us, mister?" asked Mrs. McShane.

"You're very good," said Gerald. "I'll drink your tea, and gladly, if you'll let me work for it."

"There's no pot mending to be done," she said. "You're welcome to the drop of tea anyhow."

"I'm no tinker," said Gerald. "But I really can't accept your hospitality unless you let me cut some peat for you, or weed your onion patch—or what have you?"

"I'd be glad of a bit of help, and that's a fact," said Darby McShane, "for I'm that crippled up most of the time all I can do is sit here and knit."

As Gerald sipped his tea, the old man plied a pair of bone needles, and the blob of brilliant red wool grew and began to take shape under his flying fingers.

"You're marvelously quick at it," remarked Gerald.

"There's no better knitter in all Glenkillen," said Darby McShane, "and we breed grand knitters hereabouts. My father taught me. There was a knitter for you! A sweater in two days as easy as winking. He made the one I have on."

"It's a beauty," said Gerald. "The colors are very unusual."

"The wife makes them out of herbs, seaweed, berries and such," said Darby McShane. "It's a secret that's been handed down in the village."

"Did your father make that design?" Gerald inquired.

"You mean the beasts and figures on it? No, mister. We've always made sweaters like that in Glenkillen, long before my father's time, or his father's father's, for the matter of that."

"Funny," said Gerald. "It looks Spanish."

"Do you hear that now, Nora?" exclaimed Darby McShane. "It's what Father Gargan, the great scholar from Limerick, was after saying only last summer. He's a high-educated man, but with strange notions, for he says that the Irish was once Spaniards and came sailing over here in little boats a million years ago—or maybe it was two thousand; I disremember which. Of course, God made the Irish Irish, and Irish they'll always be, heaven willing. But Father Gargan says we Kerry men have black hair and red-brown faces because we was once Spaniards, which is a powerful strange thing for a man to say who preaches we must not believe in banshees and pixies."

Gerald Shannon, who had passed for a native in Madrid, smiled. "It looks like a fine, warm sweater," he said.

"You can have it," said Darby McShane.

"You're very generous," said Gerald, "but I really couldn't accept it."

"Oh, let him have his way," said Mrs. McShane. "Knitting keeps him out of mischief. A sweater is no great matter in these parts. I make the yarn myself, and the dye. You'll be needing something warm about you, mister, these nights, with the wind blowing in from the sea fit to chill the marrow in your bones. It's a wicked cold night you must have had last night."

"I was too fast asleep to notice it," said Gerald.

"Where did you sleep?"

"In the old cabin of the Shannons."

"Did you now? 'Tis no castle, and that's no lie. Did you see any ghosts, mister?"

"Never a ghost. Why?"

"They do say that the ghosts of the Shannons keen round the old place."

"They wouldn't harm me," said Gerald. "I'm one of them."

They both looked curiously at him. "Is it a Shannon you are?" asked Darby McShane.

"Well, yes—a sort of Shannon anyhow. My father's name was Kevin Shannon. Do you remember him?"

Darby McShane squinted at Gerald. "I do that," he said shortly.

"And so do I," said Nora McShane.

"You would," said her husband.

"He never had eyes for me, you old Turk," returned Mrs. McShane. She turned to Gerald. "You're the dead spit of him," she said.

"Tell me something about him," urged Gerald. The McShanes exchanged uneasy glances with each other. The silence became uncomfortable. "What was he like?" said Gerald.

"He was only a lad when he went away from here," answered Darby McShane, and knitted furiously.

"But what sort of lad?" Gerald persisted.

"Oh, the usual sort, young and full of fun," said Darby McShane.

"A bit of a harum-scarum?" asked Gerald. "Please tell me. Don't be afraid to be frank."

"It's only the truth you're saying, young Shannon," said Darby McShane. "But it isn't in me to be telling tales."

"Did they call him Useless?" asked Gerald.

"They did so," admitted Darby McShane. "Since you're asking me, young Shannon, I'll tell you this: He had the name of being as wild and willful and contrary a lad as ever saw the light in Kerry; and though he was well enough liked, it was thought that probably he'd be hung."

"He wasn't," said Gerald, with a smile.

"Now I'm glad to hear that," said Darby McShane, and his manner was surprised and a bit incredulous. "There are some, though, who will be disappointed."

"Indeed? Who?"

"The Muldowney clan," answered Darby McShane. "It's a story you may know, young Shannon." Gerald nodded. "Old Muldowney," went on Darby McShane, "never got over the way your father beat him."

"But dad never licked him, I thought."

"There's more ways of licking a man," said Darby McShane, "than with your maulies. Big Muldowney broke your father's nose, right enough, but your father broke his spirit. In his heart, Muldowney knew who was the stronger man, and he never forgot or forgave Kevin Shannon. To speak the name of Shannon in his hearing was like giving him a big drink of gall and vinegar." Darby McShane knitted on. "There's an old saying," he observed, "that fear is the father of hate."

Gerald finished his tea.

"There's another old saying," said Darby McShane, "and it goes like this: When Saint Patrick drove the snakes out of Ireland, he missed the Muldowneys."

(Continued on Page 185

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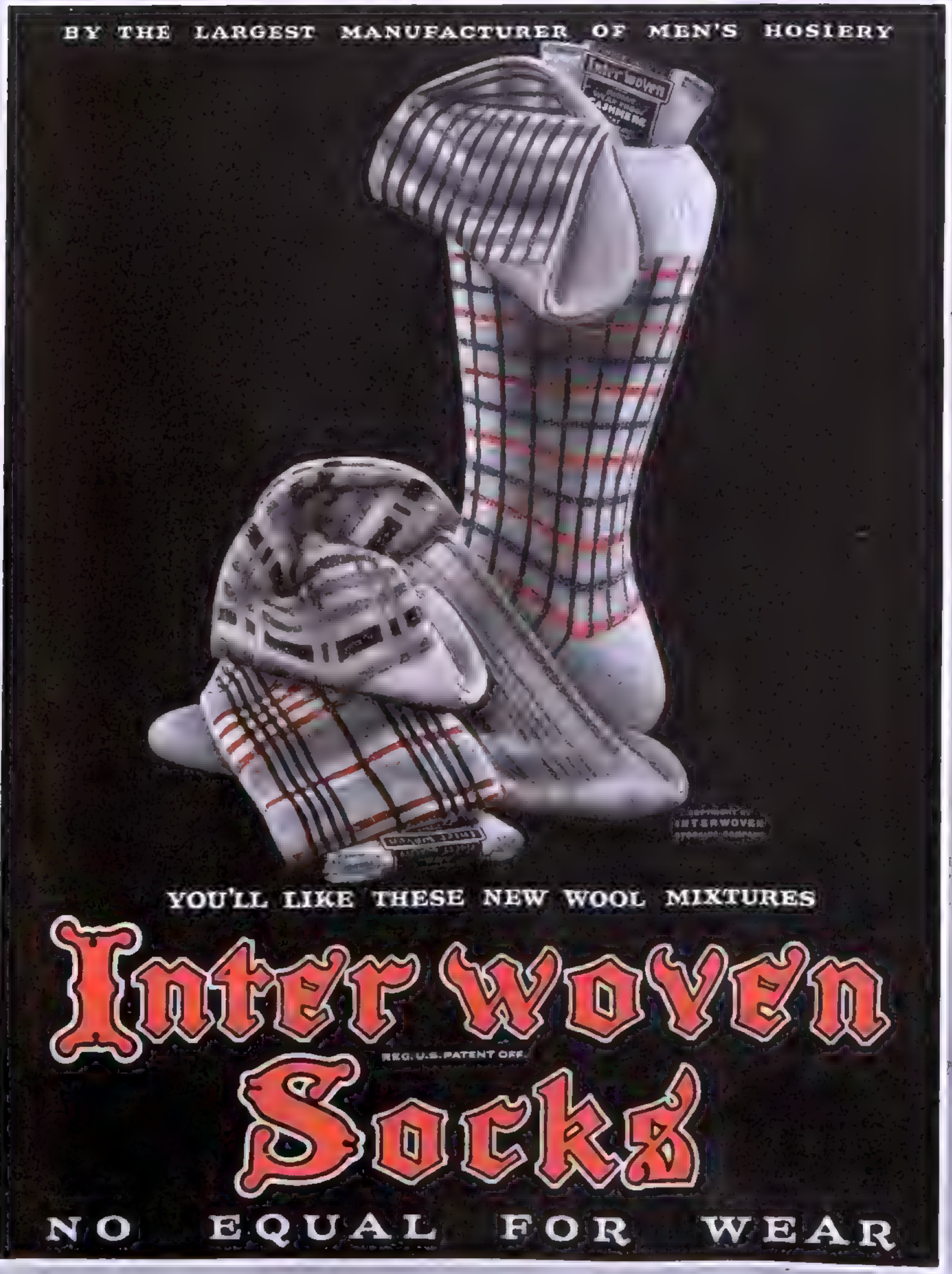
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(Continued from Page 182)

"I'd like to sit talking to you about my father and the old days all morning," said Gerald, "but I can't drink your tea and not do a little work for it. Where's the peat spade?"

"You'll find the slane in the shed there," Darby McShane told him.

All morning long Gerald labored strenuously in the bogs, digging peat, wheeling it in a barrow to the cabin of the McShanes, piling it there to dry. At noon they gave him a much-needed meal of tea and lentil soup.

Three other elderly men sat on benches outside the cabin with Darby McShane, their fingers busy with knitting needles and bright-colored yarns. Darby had made progress with Gerald's sweater and had begun to add a band of bronze-brown figures to it.

"This," said Darby McShane to the others, "is Kevin Shannon's son."

They nodded to Gerald and stared at him, and puffed at their dudeens, loaded with black and acrid native tobacco.

"And how is himself?" asked one of the old men.

"Well, thanks," replied Gerald. "He's doing nicely—building houses and things."

"He had the shoulders for a hod," said the old man. "It's glad I am he's using them."

"And what do you think of Glenkillen now, young Shannon?" asked Darby McShane.

"It's a quiet spot," said Gerald.

"It's all of that," said Darby McShane. "And no wonder, for it is all but dead. It will fall to pieces entirely one day soon, I'm thinking."

"But the landlord," said Gerald. "Won't he do anything for the place?"

The old men made sounds, half titters, half growls. "It's plain you don't know him," said Darby McShane, "for of all the tight-fisted, bull-headed, mean-hearted bosthoons that ever dispossessed a widow, Bigger Muldowney is the worst."

"Bigger Muldowney?" asked Gerald quickly. "Is that the man?"

"It is, and may the grave worm nest in his black heart."

"He must be very old by now," said Gerald.

"It's his father you're thinking of," said Darby McShane. "The old man was carried off by a seizure last Easter, and no loss to anyone. The son's in his prime, bad 'cess to him. He's called Bigger Muldowney because he's bigger in beef and villainy than his father before him, and that's saying a lot."

"Where does he live?"

"Tralee. He has the public house there—the Green Stallion. Oh, a rich and powerful man he is, with his race horses and his diamonds as big as spuds. Proud as a peacock he is, and wishful to be a great squire, with tenants touching their hats to him as he rides by. It's said he makes thousands of pounds a year, what with squeezing it out of his tenants and with making potheen, though there are laws against it, and selling it—and rank poison it is, too—to ships that smuggle it into America and sell it there as old Irish whisky, God save the mark. Why, man alive, one noggin of it would give an elephant a month of bellyaches!"

"It would that," corroborated one of the old men, rubbing his stomach. "May the devil fly away with the roof of his house, the scut."

"He sounds," said Gerald, "like a charming character. I've a mind to make his acquaintance."

"What talk have you, young Shannon?" demanded Darby McShane. "It's folly to go near such a man."

"I thought," said Gerald, "I might be able to persuade him to improve his property here in Glenkillen."

They looked at him in some alarm. "Steer clear of Bigger Muldowney," warned Darby McShane. "He'd do you bodily harm, surely, particularly if he found out you are a Shannon, for he's a sudden man, full of bile, and schooled to hate all Shannons."

"Something of a scrapper, is he?" asked Gerald.

"Yes, worse luck. It's his boast no man can stand up before him."

"Has anyone tried?"

"Yes, a few. Young, strong lads they were, with plenty of reason for wanting to beat him. It was most unhealthy for them. In no time he'd beat them to a marmalade. It's lucky for him he has heavy hands, for it's fear of them that keeps many a man from flying at him."

"But he has no right to let this village get in this condition," said Gerald. "You pay rent."

"It's little enough we pay," said Darby McShane, "though it is more than we should have to. But you can't talk of right to Bigger Muldowney. It's nothing to him in his big house, with lashings of food and drink on the table, that we in our little houses are in want. Father Gargan once said to him, 'You're breeding hate for yourself, Muldowney'; and he said, 'Do I care? I do not. Small matter it is to me if the people don't like me, so long as they are afraid of me.' Oh, a born landlord he is."

"What a clubby soul he must be," said Gerald. "He won't do anything for Glenkillen, you say?"

Darby McShane's old face tightened in a bitter smile as he said: "Not him. He's put a curse on the place. He hates it—as his father did—and it's because it was the home of the Shannons, I do believe. Besides, there's no profit here for him and the chink of gold pieces is the only music he likes. Our land seems sour. Our praties are puny things, hardly bigger than the eggs of an honest hen. Our goats give barely more milk than frogs give. Our pigs are poor starveling creatures, as lean and tough as willow switches. Our sheep are that delicate they lie down and die if you speak a cross word to them. There's no trade here, for there's nothing we can make or sell. It's a distressful place entirely."

"Well," said Gerald Shannon, "I doubt if we can make it any better by sitting round and glooming about it."

"What else can we do?" asked Darby McShane. "Answer me that, young Shannon."

Gerald shrugged his shoulders. "I don't know," he said. "There must be something. I wish I could find it."

"It's worn thin we all are hunting and hoping," said Darby McShane. "No, young Shannon, there are no pots of gold hid in Glenkillen."

"You can't find them without digging," said Gerald.

"Dig is it?" said Darby McShane. "What with? To make a bit of brass you have to have a bit of brass to start with. I misdoubt if there are twenty pounds hoarded away in all the socks of Glenkillen. Even if the good Lord sent us a rain of shillings, what good would it do us? Pound notes don't make stunted murphies grow, and though you can feed bank notes to goats, that will not make the goats gush milk like the falls at Killarney, will it now?"

"That's where you're dead wrong, Darby McShane," said Gerald. "Money can do miracles."

"Aw, you're full of fun," said Darby McShane, "with your American talk. It may be a land of miracles over there. Faith, it must be when workingmen can drive round in their own automobiles. But this is Ireland, remember, and the weediest, neediest corner of it, at that."

"It's not so different from the rest of Ireland I've seen," said Gerald. "All it needs is a shove in the right direction."

"Oh, sure," agreed Darby McShane. "That's all. Are you a good shover, young Shannon? A shove, that's all. But could the angels themselves give it that shove? You might ask if you meet one of them in the peat bog."

Gerald picked up his peat spade. "I'll keep my eyes peeled for angels," said Gerald. He strode away with the spade over his shoulder.

The old men wagged their heads, and like so many small tugboats sent skyward thick smoke from pipes full of kinnikinnick.

"There's no doubting he's a Shannon," said one, "and the son of his father—bursting and bubbling with grand talk that leads nowhere."

"It must be great," sighed another old man, "to be young and hearty and full of beans and fancy thoughts."

Gerald Shannon walked thoughtfully to the peat bog. A village of old men, he was thinking. It was going to be hard to keep up his hope in the face of their pessimism. All day he worked, spading up the firm peat sods. Toward evening, with his muscles throbbing and aching from a day of digging, he returned to the cabin of the McShanes and had a meal of stirabout and black bread. Then he went to his own cabin and sat there in the twilight, puffing at the reeking bit of pipe Darby McShane had given him. Black shadows were on the village and on him. Finally he wrapped about him a tattered knit quilt, fashioned by some bygone McShane, and fell asleep to dream confused and puzzled dreams.

By the end of the second day he knew the village and the village knew him. The people of Glenkillen appeared to regard him as a species of amiable zany. He was able, however, to cajole some of the younger men into helping him pull the worst of the weeds out of the chief street.

On the third day his new sweater was finished, and Gerald donned it, praising its hues and its softness. "You're a master knitter, Darby McShane," he said.

"It's all I can do nowadays," said Darby.

"That, and rolling your wicked old eyes at the fat Widow Finucane," remarked Mrs. McShane.

"Rest your tongue, will you, Nora McShane?" returned her husband. "Or must I drag my limbs down to the seashore and listen to the waves gossiping to get away from your chatter?"

"Be off with you then," said Mrs. McShane, "though well I know you go down to the sea hoping that some hussy of a mermaid will bob up near shore."

"'Tis enough to drive a man to mermaids, and you faulting me this way year in and year out," said Darby McShane, and marched out.

"Nora McShane," said Gerald.

"What now, Jerry Shannon?"

"Have you a decent pair of pants you could lend me?"

"Is it courting you're going so soon?"

"Yes; but it's a strange sort of courting I'm going to do."

"It isn't in me," said Nora McShane, "to stand between a gossoon and a bit of sparking. I've a handsome pair of black pants in the chest. My son Rob bought them to be married in."

"He might object to my wearing them," said Gerald.

Mrs. McShane stirred a pot of oatmeal that was bubbling on the hearth. "Rob has little use for pants now, poor dear," she said. "He's gone to a place where they don't wear pants, unless I'm misinformed. A fine, strapping lad he was, like you, Jerry Shannon. You put me in mind of him. He was full of comicalities, and a bit of a rebel, always saying all manner of mean things about the king; but for all that, he went away with the rest of the lads, and one day I got a letter with a cross and a bit of red ribbon, and a letter saying that my Rob had been blown up entirely at a place called Wipers. You're welcome to his pants."

"Thank you, Nora McShane."

After a bath in the nipping waters of the bay, Gerald Shannon, in his gay new sweater and the trousers of Rob McShane, started off down the highroad toward Tralee.

"I'm wondering now," remarked Darby McShane, "if we'll ever see those pants again, and me counting on being buried in them, for he's a Shannon, and daft to boot."

As he tramped the road to Tralee, Gerald Shannon was making plans. An idea had hit him. He reflected that it, by ordinary

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canons, was fantastic and absurd. Reason told him he was engaged in a fool's enterprise.

Sense kept plucking at his elbow and whispering that he was embarking on a venture no more fruitful or sane than tilting at windmills. His spirit sagged. He stopped and was about to turn back. Then he remembered his last night in Branton—his father, the old house, and Irene Thorne standing there in the moonlight. He drew in his breath, and whistling an old ballad, strode into the town of Tralee.

At the tavern called the Green Stallion they directed him to the edge of the town where stood an ugly, large, sprawling house, darkened by a grove of yew trees. His ring at the front door was answered by a woman who had been beautiful once, but who seemed tired and faded now.

She spoke in the low, hurried voice of one who is frightened. "Is it Mr. Muldowney you want to see?" she asked.

"It is," said Gerald.

"You have business with him?"

"I have."

"It's a bad day to see him," she said. "He's in a vexed state, having lost forty pounds on a horse race."

"Sorry, but I must see him at once," said Gerald. "Where is he, please?"

"Down at the stables," she told him. "It's likely he'll be coming back across the pasture soon to his supper."

"Thanks. I'll go meet him," said Gerald.

Gerald Shannon met Bigger Muldowney coming across a wide meadow, slashing the heads off daisies with his riding crop. He was a high, wide, heavy man, in riding clothes, handsome in a hard, harsh way, with his red face, his jut of chin, his thickets of eyebrow.

"Good evening to you, Mr. Muldowney," said Gerald, smiling in his best drawing-room manner.

"What the devil do you want?" Bigger Muldowney asked, stopping to stare at Gerald.

"Just a few words with you, if you please," said Gerald.

"Who are you?"

"My name," said Gerald pleasantly, "is Shannon."

The face of Bigger Muldowney went suddenly dark. His great hands tightened on his riding crop. "Not of the Glenkillen breed?" he growled.

"The same," said Gerald. "I'm Kevin's son."

Muldowney's face was a thundercloud. "Then what are you doing here—in my field?" He slid the words from between close lips.

"Business," said Gerald. "I'm a tenant of yours."

"What? Since when?"

"A few days ago. I took the liberty of moving into an old cabin in Glenkillen. My father lived there long ago. I thought it only right that I should come to you and talk about paying some rent."

Bigger Muldowney's eyes were narrow, suspicious. "It's queer news I'm hearing," he said. "You talk of paying rent, and you a Shannon of Glenkillen. It's precious little rent was ever got out of the likes of you, save by bailiffs and writs."

"But I'm a very superior Shannon," smiled Gerald. "All the modern improvements. I think you'll enjoy knowing me. Come now, don't stand there looking as if you wanted to eat me; I'm tough and wouldn't digest well. There's no point in our acting like two strange bulldogs just because our fathers had a little difference of opinion years ago. Let's be friendly. Let's coöperate ——"

"Has the world turned upside down?" broke in Bigger Muldowney. "What sort of fool are you? Get away from me or I'll coöperate with the toe of my boot against the end of your spine."

"I thought," said Gerald blandly, "that you were interested in making money—a lot of money."

"Who says I'm not?" demanded Bigger Muldowney.

"Would you kick a man who comes to you offering you a barrel of gold?"

"I don't see any barrel or any gold," said Muldowney. "I see a Shannon—and I don't like the sight."

"Listen just a second, Mr. Muldowney," said Gerald. "I know a way to make money for you—real money. I can make you at least 15 per cent on your money, and maybe more. That would be considered a pretty fair proposition in America, where I come from."

"From America are you then?" said Muldowney. There was a gleam of something like interest in his eyes. "I thought they'd hanged all the Shannons over there by now."

"I've managed to escape so far," said Gerald. "Well, do you want to hear what I have to offer?"

"I'll listen—a minute," said Muldowney.

Gerald Shannon had been visited on more than one occasion by glib and energetic young men bent on selling him bonds. To them he had always lent an entertained ear. He tried to adopt their technic now.

"Do you realize, Mr. Muldowney," he said, shooting out his words with a swift earnestness, "that there is a diamond mine at your very door?"

"I do not," said Bigger Muldowney.

"There is," said Gerald. "Do you realize, sir, that you can make a fortune in sweaters in America?"

"I do not," said Bigger Muldowney. "I know nothing about sweaters, and care less."

"Fine! Then all you'll have to do is loan me three hundred pounds. I want to go into the sweater business in Glenkillen."

"Man, have you been bit by a frothing dog, or what ails you?" shouted Bigger Muldowney. "What sort of loplolly do you take me for, asking me to loan three hundred pounds of my money to a scarecrow in a field, and a Shannon on the top of it?"

"My dear Mr. Muldowney," said Gerald, "I do not consider you a loplolly, but on the contrary, a very astute business man. Now I'm a promoter—a big sweater man from the West. I've discovered that Glenkillen makes the finest sweaters in the world. Look at this!" Gerald slapped his sweatered chest, and hurried on, talking very fast: "This is a Glenkillen sweater, and a beauty. It would cost all of ten pounds in a smart New York shop. What did it cost to make? Almost nothing. Profit there, Mr. Muldowney, big profit. Think of this point: Glenkillen sweaters are unique. No two alike. Made by hand from old designs with dyes that can't be matched anywhere else in the world. Big talking point, that. Society will eat them up. Why, Mr. Muldowney, we'll have Newport, Deauville, the Lido, Cannes, Oyster Bay and—and Cedar Rapids fighting for Glenkillens. We'll flood the world with them. We'll clean up ——"

"Who will?" demanded Muldowney.

"You and I," said Gerald. "We'll be big knit-goods men together."

"Like hell we will!" said Muldowney. "It's full of noise you are. Mad Andy, who boils up shamrocks to make sixpences, is one of the three wise men compared to you."

"Three hundred pounds is all I need," said Gerald. "For wages, wool and a little advertising. You'll get it all back and a lot more, Mr. Muldowney. Well, shall we go to your house and get the three hundred?"

"Get out of my path, man!" exclaimed Muldowney. "I know you Shannons. You're all the same—a wheedling, crazy, blanhandering, thievish lot. By rights I should have knocked you flat the minute I set eyes on you. Stand out of my way!"

But Gerald did not budge. He barred Muldowney's path. "Just a second," Gerald said, and his voice now was like a cold knife. "I've tried to be fair with you. I've been more than fair. I've offered you a chance to make money. I've been willing to put this loan on a friendly business basis I have not said that you owe Glenkillen the money—and a great deal more. You grind

(Continued on Page 188)

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No matter how hard you are on footwear or what you need in rubbers, you can get what you want in the Ball-Band line. You can have light weight rubbers, arctics and galoshes for dress, or sturdy gum boots, hunting shoes, work rubbers, leather work shoes and arctics for outdoor work or sports.

Look for the Trade RED BALL Mark

You can slip into a pair of Ball-Band Monopul Arctics or Galoshes in a jiffy. No buckles, simply ONE PULL *to close, or* ONE PULL *to open. A stylish fit on low or high heel shoes, and a special construction prevents sag and wrinkle. (See left.)*

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For two generations that Red Ball has stood for *more days wear* in rubber and woolen footwear, to millions and millions of people.

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BALL-BAND

RUBBER & WOOLEN FOOTWEAR

BOOTS · LIGHT RUBBERS · HEAVY RUBBERS
ARCTICS · GALOSHES · SPORT AND WORK SHOES

(Continued from Page 186)

rent out of the people and give them hovels to live in. I'm trying to give them the one chance I know of to pull themselves out of their poverty. Are you going to come across and help?"

"I am not," said Bigger Muldowney. "So get away from me while you're in one piece."

"Muldowney," said Gerald, "I'm going to have that three hundred pounds. I'm going to keep after you till I get it, if I have to hound you through purgatory. You know the Shannons. They stick to it."

An ugly smile came to Bigger Muldowney. "So, my fine young bucko," he said, "you think you can scare me into loaning you money."

"I know I can."

"I'll change your mind for you, and your face along with it. When I've given you the father and mother of a beating, you'll sing a different tune."

"The only tune you'll ever hear out of me is give me that three hundred," said Gerald.

Muldowney attacked him without further warning. But Gerald had expected it, for he had seen Muldowney's clenched and hairy hands. Gerald slipped aside, avoiding Muldowney's bull-like rush. In college Gerald had picked up a few of the elements of the boxing art. He was lighter than Muldowney by twenty pounds or more, but much faster, and when his left fist darted out it jolted a curse from Muldowney's lips. Muldowney rushed in again, with flailing fists. Gerald eluded him and sent Muldowney's head back with a left uppercut. Muldowney bored in again. He grasped Gerald's arms, got one thick arm around Gerald's neck, bent his head down and then deliberately rained blow after blow on Gerald's face, till blackness came and Gerald slipped to the turf.

Gerald opened his eyes. He saw Bigger Muldowney standing over him. "Had enough?" growled Muldowney.

"For a moment, yes," said Gerald. He was too weak and dizzy to get up. "You're a dirty fighter, Muldowney. Next time I'll do a little rough-and-tumble stuff myself."

"What do you mean—next time?"

"There'll be a next time," said Gerald. "And a time after that. You can count on me, Muldowney. I'll come back at you for that three hundred till we both have whiskers down to our heels. You knocked me out this time. You may do it again and again. But some day you won't be able to. You know that. So why not save a lot of trouble and let me have that three hundred?"

"I'll murder you first," said Muldowney.

"Very well. Will Friday—a week from today—at this time and place be convenient for you?" said Gerald.

"If you come near here, I'll set the dogs on you."

"No, you won't. If you do, I'll tell everybody in Kerry you're afraid of me."

"That's a lie."

"Think it over."

"To hell with you!" roared Muldowney, and stamped away toward his house.

It took some searching in Glenkillen before Nora McShane found a bit of fresh meat to apply to Gerald Shannon's blackened eyes. He explained how he came by his bruises by saying, "I was kicked by an indignant woodpecker."

But tongues wag freely in Kerry, and it was soon bruited abroad that Bigger Muldowney was nursing a split lip and was as cross as a sunburned bear; and Glenkillen, adding two and two, began to regard Gerald Shannon with a mixture of admiration for one so daring and pity for one so foolhardy.

In the week which followed his trip to Tralee, Gerald was able to enlist the aid of a dozen of the able-bodied younger men in a project to build irrigation ditches across the fields where the feeble vegetables were making half-hearted efforts to grow. He did the directing and most of the digging. He hated to dig. It was rather different, he discovered, to swing a polo mallet for an hour and to plug away all day in a frying sun with pick and shovel. He had many a fight with himself in the Irish fields. It took every last gram of his will power to make him stick at the job.

The following Friday, when the blackness about his eyes had faded to a yellow-green, he walked again to Tralee. Bigger Muldowney was not waiting for him in the meadow. Gerald had to seek him out, down by the stables.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Muldowney," said Gerald, grinning. "I came for the three hundred."

"It's three hundred bloody noses you'll get," said Muldowney.

They fought in the stable yard. It was not much of a fight. Muldowney's methods of combat were unethical but highly efficient. Using his superior bulk, he got Gerald down and held him on the ground by placing a big knee on Gerald's panting chest.

"Now must I kill you dead," grumbled Bigger Muldowney, "to make you stop your foolishness? It would be a pleasure to murder you."

"Let me up," gasped Gerald, "and I'll take another whirl at you."

"It's no more whirling at me you'll do, you donkey," said Muldowney. "I'll turn you over to the police, and maybe six months in the jail will teach you to let honest men alone."

"So the strong man of Tralee will run to the police!" scoffed Gerald. "No, you won't! A laughingstock you'd be before all Kerry. Then, too, I'd have my day in court, Muldowney, and there are many unpleasant things I could say about you in a loud, clear voice. There's the potheen, now, and the way you turn people out of their cabins in winter because they lack a few shillings. No; you and I are going to settle this between us."

"May the black curse of the nine witches of Connemara rest on your back!"

"Come now, three hundred pounds. Not much to you. A lot to me—and Glenkillen."

"I'll see you turning on a spit in hell first," said Muldowney.

"Let me up then."

Bigger Muldowney leaped to his feet. As Gerald got to his, a crashing blow knocked all the wind from his body and he went down again.

"That's what you'll get every time you come near here," promised Muldowney.

"I'll be back next Friday," said Gerald. "The conference is over for today. I've no more wind left."

To Tralee the next Friday afternoon went Gerald Shannon. Muldowney's face was working with venom when Gerald spoke to him, down by the stables.

"You again?" said Muldowney.

"Me again—and again. Have you the three hundred handy?"

Muldowney knocked him down three times before Gerald stayed down, and he only stayed because the bigger man pinioned him on his back. The veins stood out on Muldowney's neck, as he glowered down at Gerald's fist-marked face. Gerald looked back at him, steadily, resolutely.

"I've a mind to murder you and bury your body behind the barn," said Muldowney.

"My ghost would sit on your chest at night and shriek for the three hundred pounds," said Gerald.

"You're moonstruck," said Muldowney. "In a place for people queer in the head you should be. Will you never get it through that thick skull of yours that I can beat you, any time, anywhere?"

"Muldowney," said Gerald, "you haven't beaten me—and you know it. I see in your eyes you know it. Next Friday ——"

"Shannon, if you come here again," said Muldowney, "I'll murder you, if I have to swing for it. I will, by all the saints!"

"It would be cheaper to give me the money," said Gerald. "You're too young

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"Joy! Joy!"

sang her little feathered friend and the shadow of loneliness lifted from her heart

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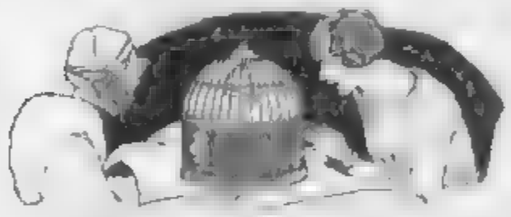
Yet she felt the lack of something. Some living thing to greet her responsively, to change her dark moods to optimism and happy confidence. People could not do it,



A dear friend gave her a canary.

because they talked too much, or too little. Animals could not do it, because they sympathized too readily to cheer her up.

Then a dear friend gave her a little canary. The very embodiment of joy, she found his happy mood contagious at all times.

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and handsome to be hung yet, Muldowney."

They heard the sound of voices—some men coming for a horse trade—and Muldowney let Gerald up.

"Till Friday then," said Gerald, as he walked away.

"I'll do what I said," Muldowney called after him.

Gerald Shannon still ached from his beating when Friday came. He limped along the road to Tralee. When he saw Muldowney, Gerald struck a fighting pose. "Come on!" he called.

Muldowney stood there, his face livid with hate. "Listen, you fool!" he said. "It will be worth a hundred pounds to me to get rid of you."

"Three hundred," said Gerald.

"May the devil singe your soul!" said Muldowney. Gerald flung himself at him. They wrestled, trying to drive home blows. In such fighting, Gerald had no chance. He was half beaten, half hurled to the ground and held there.

"I'm a long-suffering man," said Muldowney, between his teeth, "but you've driven me to the limit. Are you going to show some sense and take the hundred pounds, or must I keep beating you the rest of your life?"

"Thanks for your kind offer," said Gerald. "I can't do with less than three hundred though. O. K.?"

Muldowney swore a terrible oath. "It would be worth two hundred to me—at 20 per cent," he growled, "to get shut of you."

"Three hundred—at 15," said Gerald. "Better take it, Muldowney. I'm thinking of raising it to five hundred."

"Are you lying there, and me the master, and trying to dictate terms to me?" thundered Muldowney.

"I'm lying here," said Gerald, "but you are not the master. I've got something on you, Muldowney, just as my father had something on yours. Three hundred is my figure."

With a sound like a groan, Muldowney got up. "Come with me into the house," he said. "Let's get it done, for the sight of you sickens me. But don't think, Shannon, I'm letting you have the money because you've made me. It's because I'm wishful to help the people of Glenkillen, and because I smell a bit of profit, too, that I'll loan it to you."

Gerald grinned. "Of course," he said. "Not that it matters. Let's go."

Gerald Shannon marched into Glenkillen that night with a fresh ham on his shoulder, a present for Darby and Nora McShane. He had bought it in Tralee out of one of Bigger Muldowney's ten-pound notes.

Glenkillen had gone to bed. Silence was on the unlit streets. The cabins were dark. But a moon, peering from behind a cloud, sent a shaft of white light down the street. Standing in the Glenkillen market place, Gerald Shannon looked up at the moon, and winked.

A stray stranger, a traveling man from Cork, chanced to pass through the village of Glenkillen. He left it hastily and in a state of alarm. He reported the residents had reverted to the days when the Gaelic warriors painted their faces in vivid hues to terrify their foes. For, on the high street of the village, the stranger's amazed eyes had lighted on Mr. Bernard Spellacy.

Mr. Spellacy looked like a statue made by an insane humorist from odds and ends of a rainbow. Nature had given him a torchlike shock of flaming vermilion hair and an archipelago of russet freckles. Art was responsible for the rest of his color scheme, which consisted of cerulean-blue and chrome-yellow smudges and stripes on his face, violently orange hands, a sweater of mulberry adorned with barbaric emerald-green figures and spotted and splotched in two score places with dabs of magenta, violet, carmine, purple, sepia—every variety of tint and tone. The trousers which flapped about his lank young legs may have been originally gray. No man could say now. They looked as if he had waded in a polychrome river and sat in a sunset to dry. His shoes were a screaming scarlet.

Mr. Bernard Spellacy paraded down the new sidewalk on Glenkillen's main thoroughfare with a proud and important air. There were nods and smiles for him along the way. There was a time, a few months back, when his passing would have been greeted with some derision, for in the eyes of Glenkillen, Mr. Spellacy was a scamp and a blot. Didn't he spend all his time down by the ocean, painting on a dinky bit of canvas? A painter he wanted to be, no less; not a house painter like old Larry Toomey, who picked up many a shilling painting a barn or a fence. No, indeed. Barney Spellacy did not conceal the fact that he wanted to paint seas and cows and trees and such things, as if anyone in that part of the country had any money to spend for pictures of seas or cows or trees which they could see by looking out of their windows. But now Barney was a man of some consequence in the village. Gerald Shannon had discovered him, had pressed him into service.

"You know something about colors, and you can draw a bit," Gerald said. "I'm going to give you a chance to make some money so you can go to an art school when you're a little older. I hereby appoint you head dye master, designer in chief, vice president and assistant general manager of the Glenkillen Industries."

So in a two-room shack Gerald built with his own hands, Barney Spellacy applied his talents to the work of brewing small vats of dye, according to the ancient Glenkillen formula. A corps of children gathered herbs, berries and seaweed for him. In the other room, while the dyes seethed and bubbled, the gifted Spellacy worked out variations of the old sweater designs for the knitters to follow. Gerald Shannon, at a homemade desk, with a milking stool for a chair, sat at Barney Spellacy's elbow and immersed himself to the ears in the affairs of the company.

There is a wide gap, Gerald Shannon found out, between having an idea and carrying it out. It was one thing to talk of applying American methods to Glenkillen's problems and quite another thing to apply them, particularly as he had only a dim and foggy idea of any sort of business procedure. Avalanches of worrisome details were always sliding down on him and all but snowing him under. Now it was the difficulty of getting the right sort of wool. Now it was Bigger Muldowney, grumbling and growling about his money, and making dark threats about lawsuits. Now it was the knitters themselves, for they showed signs of relapsing into the lethargic shiftlessness which had enveloped the village for so many years. According to their various temperaments, they had to be encouraged, lectured, decoyed with honeyed words, or clubbed with strong language; there were moments when Gerald Shannon devoutly wished that Glenkillen and everyone in it were at the bottom of the ocean.

Back in his Branton days, he had heard in the club some of the older men in earnest conversation about such things as overhead, cost accounting, labor problems, selling, and he had looked down on them as stodgy grubbers, dullards and bores. He began to revise his estimate of them now. He sincerely wished he had some of their knowledge to apply to his own work. It looked so easy to run a business. You looked important, pressed a button, said a few crisp words, and then went out and played golf. But somehow, he found, it was more complicated than that. He had to work twelve to fifteen hours a day. He had no choice. Night found him barely able to drag himself to the old cabin, to undress and flop into the bed he had built himself there. His house was habitable now. It had whole windows and the roof hardly leaked at all. He had done the work of repairing the cabin himself; and although he did it clumsily

(Continued on Page 193

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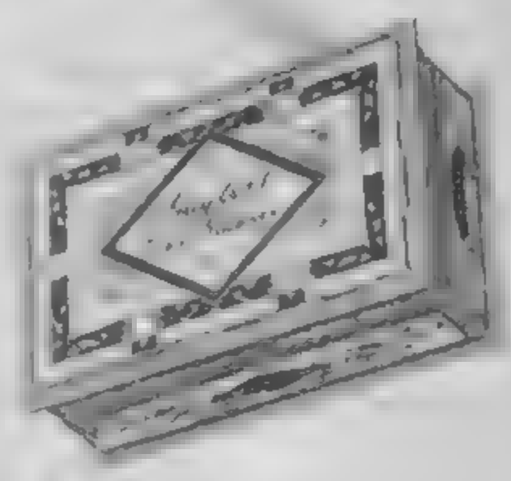

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Linings for men's suits and topcoats. Linings for women's coats, suits and furs. Crepes, Dress Satins, Millinery Satins, Shoe Satins

Skinner's Satins

(Continued from Page 190)

enough, and the way the whitewash had been slathered on the walls would have wrung a cry of horror from a professional painter, Gerald Shannon felt as proud of his residence as if it had been a granite castle on Fifth Avenue.

The other houses in the village had undergone changes. Gerald had insisted on that.

"I'm no knitter," he said, "but I know a bit about building, or at least I ought to. Give me some help and I'll put the houses in fairly decent shape. It's not to be expected that you can knit in peace and knit well if the winds and the fogs are playing tag in and out of your walls; and what sort of light can you have to work by if half the windows in Glenkillen are plugged up with old socks?"

So he spent some of the money derived from Bigger Muldowney for plaster, thatch, timber, glass and paint. He had some slight assistance from old Larry Toomey, the house painter; from Deaf O'Malley, the mason; and Marty Murtaugh, who was something of a carpenter when he was sober, as he occasionally was. A couple of stout young fellows who had little liking for hard work but a great deal for Gerald Shannon helped too.

Using stone from the fields, he built a modest schoolhouse and captured a needy graduate of the Brothers' school in Limerick to teach in it.

He drew plans and began work on a tiny church, for it was a measure of Glenkillen's poverty that it had none.

His very first step, after his return from his conference with Bigger Muldowney in the mud of the stable yard, was to send to Dublin for a superior person who wore nose glasses on a lengthy nose and who sniffed and poked for a week about the fields and flocks of Glenkillen, and then submitted a long and almost ununderstandable report in his capacity as an agricultural expert. Gerald battled with the report, deciphered it at last; and presently, as a result of following its directions about fertilizers, spraying, planting and the proper diet for livestock, the potatoes and onions showed signs of prospering, the goats became more generous with their milk, and the sheep refused to die no matter how many cross words were spoken to them.

All the while the sweaters were piling up. There were dozens of them stacked on the floor of the small warehouse Gerald had built. The piles of sweaters grew heavier, but Gerald Shannon lost weight, for nobody seemed to want them. Malcontents in the village began to say, "Sure, he's paying us for our time and supplying us with wool, but how long can he go on doing it if nobody buys the sweaters?" In his office Gerald was wondering the same thing.

He had sent samples of the Glenkillen sweaters to a number of the smartest apparel shops in New York. He had sweated over the composition of a letter to go with them.

He was not much of a hand at writing, he admitted, but he was rather proud of that letter. It was packed with phrases like "modish," "chic," "*épatant*," "vogue" and "*dernier cri*," and was couched in terms so enthusiastic and persuasive that it was calculated to sell snowballs to Eskimos. It had not, however, succeeded in selling any Glenkillen sweaters. He had also sent advertisements to journals which might come before the eyes of the socially elect. But the socially elect had shown only icy indifference to Glenkillens.

It was a sore temptation to him in those trying days to write to some of the people he knew who haunted the fashionable centers, and to get them to aid him in his project. He pushed the idea away.

"I mustn't," he said. "I've no right to use pull in my game. Dad had none when he came to Branton."

Twice a day a mail came to Glenkillen. Gerald eagerly awaited its coming. He ripped open the envelopes. A bill for paint. Another bill for boxes for the sweaters. A bill for this, a dunning letter for that. No orders.

Then one morning he tore open a letter. An order! A lady in Homer, New York, had heard somehow of Glenkillen sweaters and wanted one, but it must be purple and cream to match her roadster.

"Well, it's a start," said Gerald, but despair weighed down his voice. "Barney, make the fair creature from Homer, New York, a purple-and-cream sweater that will give traffic cops the blind staggers."

He sighed. "A sweater a day won't keep Bigger Muldowney away," he said. He consulted his books. He groaned. Overenthusiastic again. Impractical. Money had always come to him easily and as easily had gone. He had had no training in thrifty spending. The capital of the Glenkillen Industries had somehow dwindled away to almost nothing. He slumped down in his chair. He brooded with creased forehead over the books. The figures seemed to jeer at him. He had as black a ten minutes as he had ever known. He picked up an old magazine that was lying there. Anything to distract him for a moment from the discouragement and sense of failure that were laying so heavy a hand on his mind. It was one of those English society magazines, full of pictures of hounds and titled ladies. Gerald skimmed through it. He hated the hounds and the titled ladies. They both looked so sleek and care-free. He paused at a picture of a pleasant-faced young man in golfing costume. The young man was wearing a sweater.

"What a rag!" said Gerald. "It looks like something from a bargain basement compared with a Glenkillen."

He studied the picture, and a smile came back to his face. Then he slammed the magazine on the floor with a short excited "Holy jumping Christopher Columbus!" that made Barney Spellacy in the next room upset a pot of pink dye.

That night Gerald Shannon left Glenkillen. He confided only in Barney Spellacy. "Keep them busy," he directed, "and tell them nothing."

"When will you be back, Jerry?"

"Can't say. Don't know."

He rode third class to Dublin, and stopped there long enough to buy the best outfit procurable for two pounds—a blue serge suit which shone like a mirror and fitted him as if it had been tattooed on, and a cap which was half golf and half yegg. He crossed the Irish Sea to Bristol on a cheap boat. He took a third-class ticket to Hurlingham, for, the papers informed him, that was where the pleasant-faced young man of the picture was playing polo.

It was easier, Gerald found, to get a word with him than he had dared hope. The young man was in the paddock, changing ponies between chukkers, when Gerald, eluding the vigilance of a gateman and a bobby, made his way to his side and spoke to him. The young man smiled.

"Didn't we play polo together on Long Island when I was over there?" he asked Gerald.

Gerald looked him straight in the eye. "I did not have that honor," Gerald said.

"Odd," said the young man, adjusting a stirrup. "I could have sworn it was you Chap named Shannon. Cracking good player too. You and he are extraordinarily alike. Is there something you want to speak to me about?"

"Will you give me three minutes?" asked Gerald.

The young man nodded. It was the longest three minutes in Gerald Shannon's life, and the shortest. Never in three minutes had he said so much, wishing all the while he could say more and say it better.

He told the story of Glenkillen and its poverty, of the struggle going on there for life, of the chance that had come to it, and of how the little industry was hovering on the brink of failure. He ended by producing from a box, with a conjurer's gesture, the finest sweater that had been knitted there, the masterpiece of Barney Spellacy's color sense and the crafty needles of old Darby McShane.

The pleasant-faced young man, who had listened attentively, smiled when Gerald

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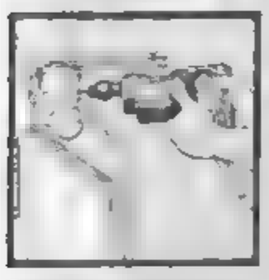
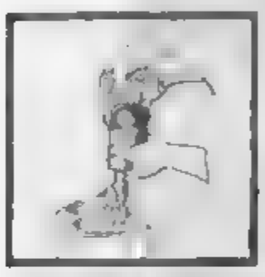
80% more power

Production



Building Maintenance



Automobile Maintenance

Emergency Grinding

80% more power is what "Van Dorn" engineers have built into this 1927 model ¼" Electric Drill. Practically double the power of previous models means more and faster work and a greater range of work than was ever before possible with a ¼ Inch Electric Drill weighing 5⅓ lbs. Greater Power is only one of the features,—others are

Ball Bearing Motor and Thrust
Hardened Alloy Steel Gears
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In construction and workmanship "Van Dorn" drills have always been leaders and this new ¼" drill made of the same materials, with the same care as our larger drills, is the leader in its field.

On production or maintenance work this drill will cut your hole costs because of its ability to drill more holes in less time than previous models. It's the best ¼" drill value ever put on the market at its weight and price.

Ask your jobber for a demonstration of the new drill. If not available, write us.

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"Van Dorn" ¼ Inch Electric Drill $53.00

Bench Stand for ¼ Inch Electric Drill $12.00

Van Dorn ELECTRIC DRILLS

handed him the sweater. "Jolly good-looking," he said. "It is a bit chilly today." He pulled the Glenkillen over his blond head.

That evening Gerald Shannon leaped out of the train at Bristol and invested nearly all the remaining resources of the Glenkillen Industries in cablegrams to society and fashion editors in America; and the burden of his messages was: "A Glenkillen is worn by royalty. The man who sets the styles of the smart world wears one."

He reached Glenkillen to find that some of the people had decided that he had decamped entirely, and that all of them were glad to see him back. Also, there were cablegrams—quite a tidy pile of them. He read them aloud to Barney Spellacy. With each one he whooped jubilantly.

"Kramer & Kramer want our price on four dozen. The Bannerly Shops say ship a gross. The Mund Company orders a hundred. A gentleman named Kalbfleisch wires to make no contracts till he can get here. Whoopee!"

An elaborately dressed and energetic person arrived next day and presented his card, which made it known that he was Mr. J. Montague Kalbfleisch, chief European buyer for the James Westermark Store, which, in italics, described itself as "the largest quality store in the universe." Mr. Kalbfleisch was very cordial to Gerald. He gave him two cigars. He talked profusely. He made Gerald's head spin with conversation about contracts, percentages, shipments and large and florid figures.

"A thousand sweaters right away?" said Gerald, trying to be calm.

"Just as a starter," said Mr. Kalbfleisch. Gerald frowned. He had to. If he hadn't frowned he would have broken into hysterical laughter. Seeing the frown, Mr. Kalbfleisch added, "I can make the first order two thousand, and of course we'd be willing to pay a bonus of, let us say, four thousand for the exclusive agency for Glenkillens."

"Four thousand?" repeated Gerald, slightly dazed. He kicked his own shins under the table to be sure he was awake. The pain made him contract his brow again.

"Well, we might do better," said Mr. Kalbfleisch.

"Five thousand?" said Gerald.

"Right!" said Mr. Kalbfleisch, and began to make marks with a gold-banded fountain pen.

Bigger Muldowney came thundering into the office next day, with black brows and blood in his eye. When was he going to get something to show for his money?—that's what he wanted to know. He left the office seven minutes later. He was almost pleasant as he said good-by to Gerald.

Once every month since he had come away from Branton, Gerald Shannon had sent a note some six thousand miles across sea and land to his mother. The notes had all been pretty much alike:

Dearest Mother: I am well and happy. Don't worry about me. Love to you and dad.
GERALD.

Through the kind offices of a friend he had had them remailed from England, so they bore a London postmark.

Now, after a year in Glenkillen, he wrote two more notes to Branton. He mailed them at the little post office on the trim, clean high street. One was to his mother:

Dearest Mother: Could you and dad come to Glenkillen? He needs a vacation and he's always said he'd like to see the old place again. I'll be waiting here for you. My love to you both.
JERRY.

The other note was to Irene Thorne.

It was scant time Gerald Shannon had to think of anything not directly connected with his work in the days which followed. He had a fast-growing industry on his hands now, a lusty infant which demanded much and careful attention.

It happened that a kind fate had sent to Hurlingham, that day when the pleasant-faced young man wore the Glenkillen, a photographer. He had made pictures of the young man scampering about the field while wearing the sweater. From Capetown to Nome the pictures appeared in the papers, in rotogravure sections, in magazines. Noting it, various persons of varying ranks had to have sweaters like it. Presently it came to be considered as bad a breach of good form to appear on any links of any social pretensions without a Glenkillen as it would have been to play a round clad only in long red flannel underwear.

Glenkillen knitted furiously, prodigiously, and could not keep pace with the demand. Gerald had placed the company on a profit-sharing basis, and soon many improvements began to make their appearance in the cottages; even porcelain bathtubs ceased to cause comment.

It followed that from all over the countryside, from Limerick and Clare, and as far away as Roscommon and Kildare, flocked knitters and their families. Shelter and food had to be provided for them. It also followed that the task of providing them fell on Gerald's shoulders. As if he didn't have enough to do with all the work connected with the sweaters!

It had grown extremely complicated. It called for bigger offices, for the tick-tack-tick of typewriters and the cheerful zinging of adding machines.

Then there was the new church, whose steeple kept blowing off, and taxed Gerald's engineering abilities to the limit. Not to mention the new Glenkillen Arms which had to be built on the hill overlooking the sea. Tourists who had run up to inspect the beauties of Killarney's lakes and fells now drove on a bit farther to see the town where the much-talked-of sweaters came from, to stare at Barney Spellacy in his suit of dye, and at the fast-moving fingers of old Darby McShane.

"How quaint!" said the tourists. "A real old native industry!"

Of course, the tourists bought sweaters there, which enabled them to say on the country-club porches of Greenwich, Memphis and San Diego: "Yes, I bought my Glenkillen right on the spot. Saw the peasant who knitted it in fact. Think of it, my dear, I paid only three pounds for it, and Elsie Rogers paid forty-nine-fifty for hers at the James Westermark Store. Glenkillen is such a sweet spot. Almost a model village, my dear."

A fresh early summer breeze blew in through the windows of Gerald Shannon's office and ruffled the blue prints over which he was bending. They were for a row of new cottages for a dozen families of knitters coming to Glenkillen from St. Mish. He studied them. They could stand one more window. More light, better knitting.

There was a knock at his office door. "Yes?" he called.

Francis Xavier Rafferty, the most envied boy in the town, because he was Gerald Shannon's office boy, opened the door. "There's a gentleman to see you, Mr. Shannon."

"Guardian angels preserve us," sighed Gerald, "another tourist. Francis Xavier, tell me true, has he a sweatery look in his eye? Is he the kind that expects me to drop everything and give him a lecture on Erin, land of saints and sweaters? Tell me, what manner of man is he?"

Francis Xavier grinned. "He gave me half a crown," he said, "and he came up in a motor car as handsome as a hearse."

"Maybe it's Fin McCool himself," said Gerald. "And me that busy! Well, bid the stranger enter." The stranger did enter. "Dad!" Gerald cried.

"I can hardly believe it's you, Jerry," said Kevin Shannon as he wrung his son's hand.

"Am I changed then?" Gerald asked.

"Yes—no. You look older, and yet you look younger. Everything is changed. You are yourself, and yet you aren't. This is Glenkillen, and yet it isn't." Gerald laughed.

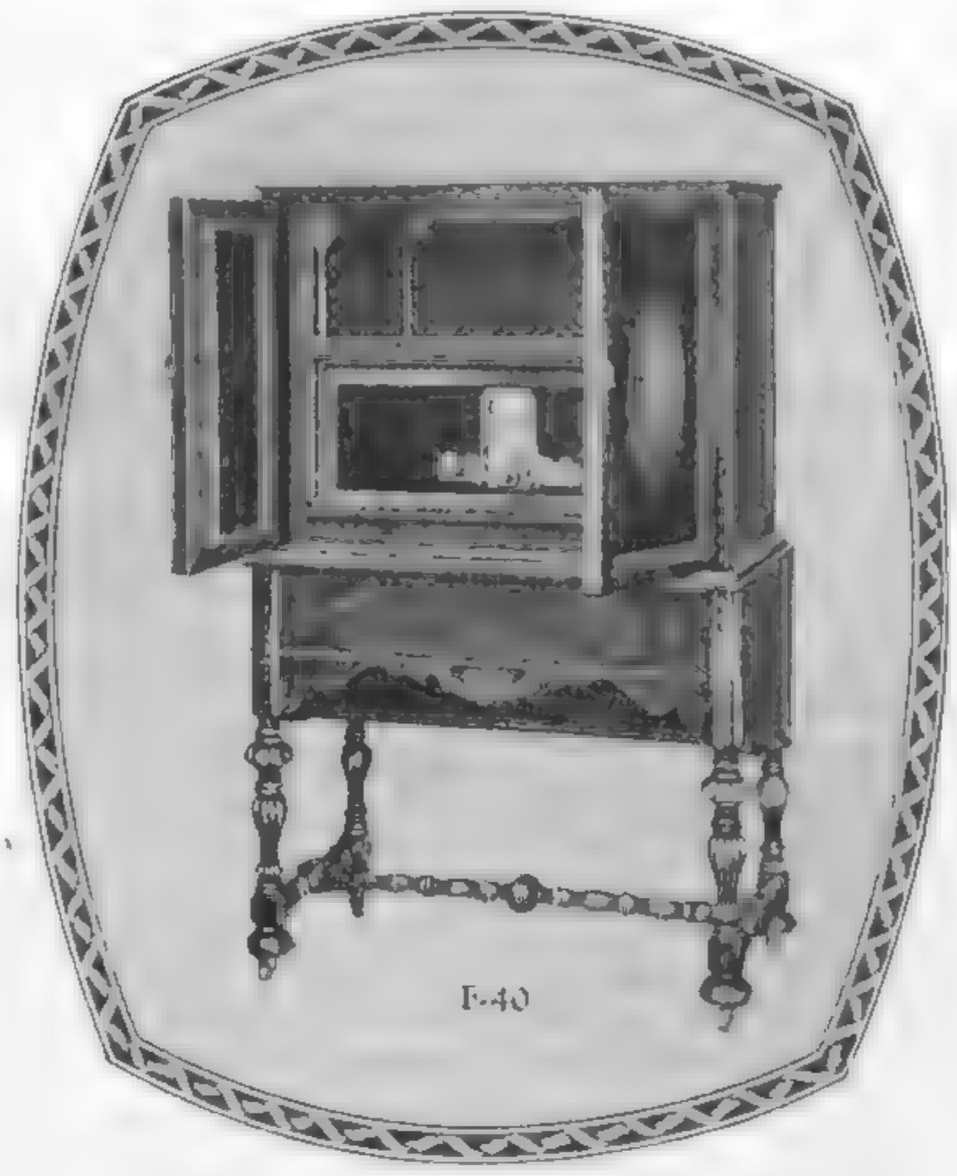
"Jerry," his father said, and his voice came thickly, as if he were finding it hard to speak, "while I was hunting for you, I had some talk with the people hereabouts. Old Darby McShane, for one. They told

(Continued on Page 197

D-40

D-40—*Five tubes. Wet or dry battery type. Balanced, tuned radio frequency. Centralized control. Built-in speaker. Deep, rich tone quality. Receiver compartment slides out. Walnut cabinet. Ample battery space. Without accessories,* $200.00

F-40—*Seven tubes. Wet or dry battery type. Balanced, tuned radio frequency. For use with loop only. Single control. Maximum selectivity—long range reception. All-metal construction. Illuminated scale. Extra large built-in speaker. Walnut cabinet, antiqued, with vermilion inlay. Ample battery space. Without accessories,* $400.00



F-40

$75 to $1000

The Greater Federal Line includes many models, ranging in price from $75 to $400, and four de luxe custom-built models retailing at $600 to $1000. B and C models have space for all batteries, also for current supply devices which operate from electric light sockets. C models are completely self-contained and portable.

E-10—*Six tubes. Wet or dry battery type. Balanced, tuned radio frequency. Single control. Extremely selective. Maximum receiving range. All-metal construction. Illuminated scale. Perfect control of volume. Beautiful brown mahogany cabinet—rosewood inlay. Well finished. Satin texture. Without accessories $150.00*

E-5—*Console as illustrated. Specially designed and finished to match E-10 Ortho-sonic. Ample battery space. Equipped with gliders . . . $40.00*

E-10

Beauty and wide price range in new Ortho-sonic *models*

FIRST the Ortho-sonic circuit—built like a precision instrument by telephone, wireless, and navy radio engineers of twenty-five years' standing.

A circuit that amazed all with its selectivity, its power, range, and ease of operation—and whose tones, brought in ortho-sonically, were unlike anything hitherto produced in radio—more beautiful and life-like—rivaled only by reality.

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As the Ortho-sonic circuit has set new standards in radio tone perfection and operative simplicity, so have the late Federal models created new ideals in beauty and artistry. Where did you ever before see such individuality of design, such grace of contour, such character, as illustrated in the Federal Ortho-sonic sets shown above?

Federal's 14 Points

1—Ortho-sonic receiving sets made complete in Federal factories assure perfect matching of parts.
2—Built around Federal's own patented circuits.
3—Ortho-sonic tone quality—the result of years of acoustical research.
4—Rugged all-metal construction—will last a lifetime.
5—Cabinets of carefully selected mahogany and walnut.
6—Multi-shielding. Provides isolation of all circuits from one another and from extraneous influences.
7—Simplified control with the maximum efficiency.
8—Razor-edge selectivity; allowing reception of distant stations through locals.
9—Illuminated, self-indicating scale, acting as a pilot light.
10—Uses dry battery tubes, also standard tubes, without adjustment.
11—Re-radiation proof—does not interfere with your neighbor's receiving set.
12—Includes a model for every purse and a design for every setting.
13—A precision instrument built by Federal telephone and radio experts.
14—Backed by a solid, substantial company—can never become an "orphan."

Federal Retailer Designator

Here you have the finest furniture construction obtainable. Here you have rich inlays, hand carving and duo-tone wood effects. Here you have panels not in the least resembling complicated instrument boards—panels marvelous in their simplicity, with single-dials and centralized controls which make it possible to bring in any station by a mere twist of the wrist, and add to appearance as well. Here you have harmony with other fine furniture—radio that will be a joy and pride permanently.

Federals are easily the most outstanding values on the market. Study Federal's 14 points here listed. Then go and see the Federal line, at the store of your nearest Federal retailer as designated by the Federal sign shown at left. Let him give you a demonstration. Better still, phone him for a free and non-obligatory demonstration in your own home. Listen in—with closed eyes.

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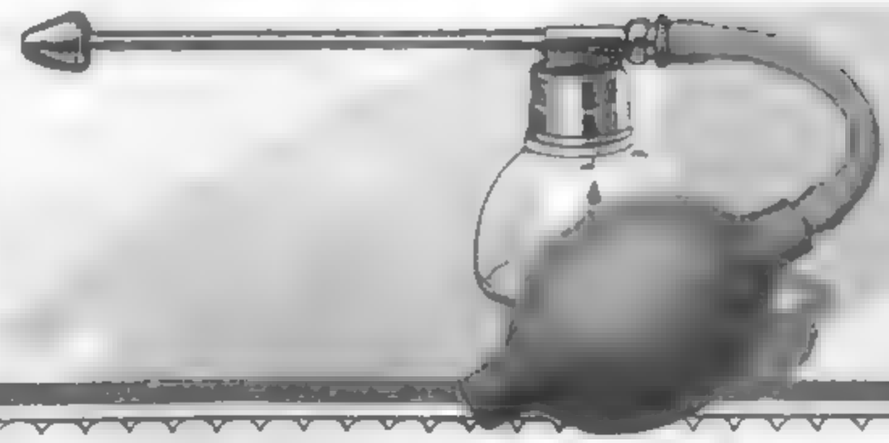
(Division of Federal Telephone and Telegraph Company)
Operating Broadcast Station WGR at Buffalo

Federal ORTHO-SONIC★ Radio

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

★ The fundamental exclusive circuit making possible Ortho-sonic reproduction is patented under U. S. Letters Patent No. 1,582,470

KANTLEEK Rubber Goods



Another Exclusive Offering at Your Rexall Drug Store

NOTHING could better illustrate the superior service of your Rexall Drug Store, than the famous *Kantleek Line of Rubber Goods.* They are made expressly for the 10,000 Rexall Stores in the foremost rubber goods factory in America and are sold exclusively by Rexall Druggists.

A Kantleek Hot Water Bottle can't leak. This is because it is moulded into one solid piece of the finest live Para rubber. No seams, no patches, no bindings, no splicings. A Kantleek bag is pliable, velvety soft and will not harden or crack. Even the stopper socket is moulded into the bag.

To make good the statement that a Kantleek can't leak, every Kantleek bag is *guaranteed for two years.* If a Kantleek leaks within two years, take it to any Rexall Drug Store and get a *new bag free.*

The Kantleek line includes *hot water bottles, syringes, ice caps, atomizers, breast pumps, bulb syringes, nipples* and numerous other items. The prices are moderate, because your Rexall Druggist is a partner with the United Drug Company in the great cooperative organization which manufactures Rexall products and owns the Kantleek factory. He buys direct from his own company, cuts out in-between profits, passes the saving on to you.

See the splendid Kantleek line, with the hot water bottles guaranteed for two years. See also the other excellent brands of rubber goods: *Maximum, Symbol, Monogram* and *Roxbury.* An item for every need. A price for every purse. These products will quickly prove to you why it pays to trade with your Rexall Druggist. Sold only at Rexall Drug Stores.

SAVE *with* SAFETY *at your* Rexall DRUG STORE

Liggett's are also Rexall stores

There is one near you

The Rexall Store

You will recognize it by this sign

(Continued from Page 194)

me about you. They told me what you've done. Jerry, I'm ashamed of it, but at first I hardly dared believe it was you they meant. When your mother and I found it was really you—well, Jerry, the fact is we stopped the car right then and there and cried a little. I'm proud of you, Jerry."

"I'm glad, dad. Look here, where's mother?"

"Outside in the car. But when you go out to her, don't do it suddenly. She's been surprised enough for one day," said Kevin Shannon.

His mother put her arms around him when he came out to where she sat and kissed her. "It's the happiest day I ever knew, Jerry," she said.

"I want to help here, if I can," said Kevin Shannon.

Gerald smiled. "You can buy a sweater," he said. "But I don't need help, thank you, dad. This is my show. We're out of the woods now."

"It's a happy man you should be," said his mother; "and yet —— Jerry, is there anything the matter?"

"Oh, no," said Gerald. "Not a thing. Come, we'll drive down to the Glenkillen Arms and get you settled." As they drove along, Gerald said offhandedly, "You didn't bring Irene Thorne, I see."

Kevin Shannon and his wife stopped smiling. "We wanted her to come with us," Kevin Shannon said, "but she wouldn't come. It was a blow to us, her acting so strange and unlike herself."

"How do you mean?" asked Gerald quickly.

"The very day," Kevin Shannon told him, "your letter came to your mother and me, Irene told us that she was leaving us. We wanted her to go on this trip. As soon as I got your letter I wired for reservations on the first fast liner. But she wouldn't come, and there was no persuading her. She packed up and went away next day."

"Do you know where she went?" asked Gerald.

"She wouldn't say where she was going," Kevin Shannon said, "but I heard she bought a ticket to Chicago."

"Good Lord!" said Gerald. "How do you explain it?"

"I can't, Jerry. She's a strange little creature, with plenty of will of her own."

He left his father and mother in the best suite of rooms in the Glenkillen Arms. "You'll want to rest a bit, I imagine," Gerald said. "Then you'll want to visit some of the old spots you knew, and I'm thinking you'll want to visit them alone."

"Where will you be going, Jerry?"

"Don't laugh when I say it. I'm going back to work," he said.

When he had gone, Kevin Shannon took his wife's hand in his. "Do you remember, Rose," he said, "the night we walked by the sea, and the moon was out, and in the glen we could hear a whippoorwill?"

"As if it was last night, Kevin," she answered softly.

"I was thinking, now," he said, "that maybe we could walk there again tonight. There's talk of a moon," he added.

"It's strange, Kevin," she said, "but do you know I was thinking we might do that myself."

They walked together on the green cliffs by the sea that evening, Kevin Shannon and his wife. There was a moon.

Gerald Shannon went for a walk too. He walked alone along the highway, his hands jammed in his pockets. He walked slowly. He stopped outside the town, on a little rise in the road, and looking back saw the lights in the cottages, and the steeple of the church, like a silver finger in the moonlight. On a night a month before he had walked to that same rise, and the sight of the town had thrilled and elated him. The sight held little magic in it for him now.

A whippoorwill called in a wooded glen. Walking on the cliffs, Kevin and Rose Shannon heard it, and they stopped and kissed each other.

Gerald heard it too. He plodded on, kicking stones out of his path.

He heard another sound, down the road. He knew it to be the steady drum of the feet of Billy Donnelly's donkey as she trotted along toward Glenkillen, pulling the jaunting car that carried the evening mail. Gerald drew into the shadow of a hedge. He had no wish to pass the time of day with Billy Donnelly or any other man. Billy would be sure to stop and chat, and Gerald was in no mood to chat. Billy would be full of gossip, but Gerald felt no interest in gossip that night. Billy the mailman must be avoided, for he had the reputation of being able to talk a brick right out of a chimney and then talk it right back in again, and Gerald knew that on that evening he could not endure the mailman's garrulity.

He stepped behind the hedge. As the jaunting car drew near he could hear Billy's high voice piping away.

"And the sight of the place will surprise you; it will surely," he was saying, "for Saint Patrick himself could not have changed it more in one short year."

"Are those the lights of Glenkillen ahead?" a voice in the jaunting cart asked.

"They are, miss."

Gerald Shannon leaped from behind his hedge. "Stop!" he shouted.

"Lord save us, it's a highwayman!" piped Billy Donnelly.

"It's Gerald Shannon," said Gerald.

"Jerry!" It was the voice of Billy's passenger.

"Then I wasn't wrong," Gerald cried. "It's you, Irene."

She stepped out of the cart. "It's I, right enough," she said.

"Drive on, Billy," directed Gerald. "Leave this lady's things at the Arms. We'll walk the rest of the way into town."

For the first time in his life, Billy Donnelly could think of nothing to say. He drove on.

Gerald turned to Irene Thorne. "Oh, my darling—and I thought you weren't coming!" He took her in his arms. "But why didn't you come with dad and mother?" he asked.

"I wanted to come," she said, "with the money you sent me, and I wanted to come by steerage and alone, the way your mother came to join your father years ago."

"But you didn't know—what I'd been doing?" he said.

"How could I know? You didn't say in your note. You told me simply that you needed me, and that you thought you'd made it possible for me to care for you. Oh, Jerry, don't you know I always cared?"

"Irene mavourneen," he said, "it was a night like this when I said good-by to you. It's the same moon. I want you to come with me. There's a spot near here where dad courted mother. I'm not much at courting, maybe, but will you come?"

She put her arm in his. "What a question!" she said.

They walked on the cliffs in the moonlight. "The man in the cart was telling me about you," Irene Thorne said. "He told me how you came to Glenkillen, and what you've done there."

"There's plenty to be done there still," Gerald said. "Irene, I've a little house, just a couple of rooms, down at the end of a lane. It was my father's father's house. It's a poor enough place, but maybe you'd be willing ——"

He saw her smiling in the moonlight. "Dearest," he said, "I said this once before. But I'm going to say it again—and a hundred million times. I love you. I want you."

"Well," said Irene Thorne, "here I am."

In a thick grove of trees on the cliffs near Glenkillen stands an old stone bench. Kevin Shannon and his wife were passing there on their way back to town. "There was a bench in there in the old days," he said. "Do you remember it, Rose?"

She laughed. "I remember it well, Kevin," she said, "and some of the things you said to me on that very bench."

"I'd like to say them again—now," Kevin Shannon said. "Let's sit there awhile."

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She put her hand on his arm. "Stop," she said in a whisper. "I hear voices. Someone is there already."

"Like as not it's some village lad and his lass," Kevin Shannon said, "talking nonsense and making love, as we used to do. I hope they're as happy as we were, Rose."

"I hope so, Kevin. Let's go away quietly now so as not to disturb them in their happiness."

"Sh-h-h, Jerry dearest," whispered Irene Thorne, starting up. "I hear voices—out there—on the cliffs."

Gerald drew her back beside him on the old stone bench. "Be easy, darling," he said. "It's probably only another pair of lovers like us. I only hope they are as happy as we are."

(THE END)

THE INFERIOR DECORATOR

(Continued from Page 27)

beamed her guest, rising and taking her departure hastily, lest the dubitable Mrs. Gruhler should bethink her of another reason for declining the invitation.

The day, it seemed, was destined to be one of surprises for Mrs. Weizel; for she made for herself, as she would have put it, a yet larger one during her visit with Mrs. Dora Bumgarner.

Upon first appearance Mrs. Bumgarner was a more expansive individual than her twin, for her bones were more amply covered with flesh and her tongue was more voluble. But this impression was only specious. Close observation revealed that her flesh clung so firmly to her frame as to intimate undeniably that what was hers was hers and nobody need try to get it away from her. Moreover, her hair was even more scant and her teeth more tightly placed than those of either her brother or her sister.

Seated in Mrs. Bumgarner's large kitchen in a pleasing aroma of baking bread and boiling sauerkraut, Mrs. Weizel delivered her invitation, and in the same breath hastened to pry all objections out of the way by declaring that no presents were expected and that the boarder would be given a free meal.

"I don't know as I'm so anxious to stick my legs under no table with Cory's." Mrs. Bumgarner twitched the flour sack she was ironing.

"I guess you won't have to," sighed Mrs. Weizel. "Somebody's got to set onto boxes against the wall. And—och, my lands! That squinchy table, now. How will it look to your stylish boarder? Tell me, now, is he anything so tony?"

"How do I know if he was tony?" said Mrs. Bumgarner crossly. "He don't look it and he don't act it; but he's a furriner from off—New York or somewheres. Och, no, he's too young yet to know many manners and yet he does know them too. I only wish if Cory would practice half as many. Here if she ain't putting it out common that I pulled him off her with chicken."

"But she ain't faulting you for it near as worse as what she might," tactfully placated Mrs. Weizel. "I make no doubt she will leave the bygone lay if you will."

"And that I won't. It ain't only this boarder. It's the dining set too. That mean she used me!"

"The dining set? She ain't saying me nothing about no dining set."

"No, and I guess she ain't," observed Mrs. Bumgarner significantly. "But leave me tell you the trick she done me. You know the set old man Gruhler inherited to them when he fell off for them? The one where had been in the family since Adam a'ready? 'Well,' she says, 'here it is and where to put it,' she says. And our Addie was getting married and she says to me and Bumgarner, 'They'll be expecting somepun off you,' she says, 'so here's your chancet to git rid of that old drop-leaf,' she says, 'and you take this here bigger one for yourselfs,' she says. And I was that much a softy, I up and fell for it. Her and me had it backwards and forthwards ower the price for a week or some such. I says ten dollars per the whole was more than a plenty, 'For,' I says, 'look at the old it is,' I says. But, no, she was that pig-headed I had got to buy it off her so much per each piece. So to get shut of the fuss ower it, I finally give her nine for the table and a dollar each for the chairs. Fifteen whole dollars I bound myself to pay her for the spindlin' thing where wasn't worth fifteen cents, and that she knew good enough. Fifteen cents—I guess it wasn't! We never had it settin' but two weeks and here if Fleckfinder didn't go busting through it and claiming a floating kidney off us."

"And it was an expension table, too, wasn't it?" Mrs. Weizel's eyes were glittering unnaturally.

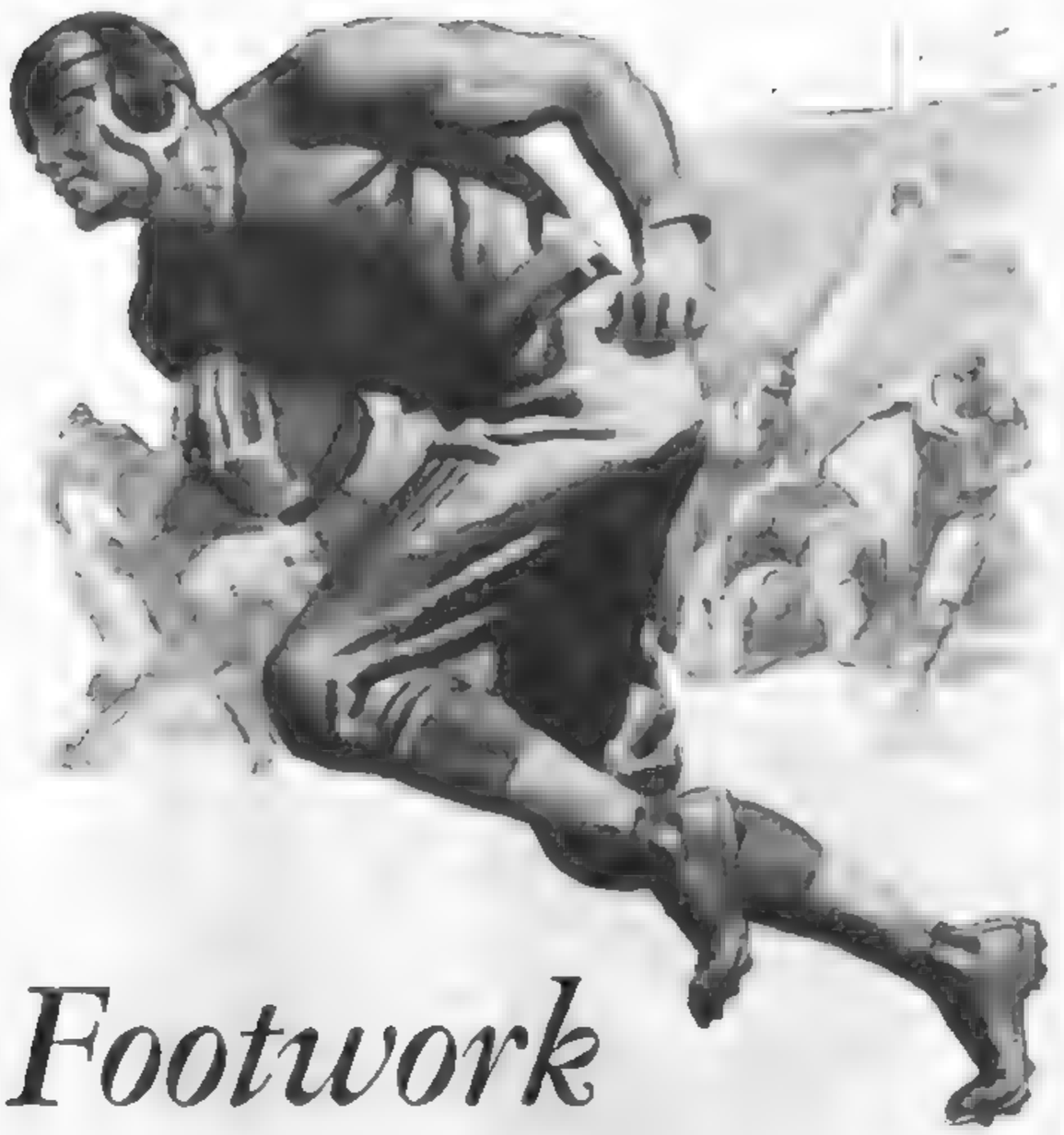
"Och, yes, but in an awful out-of-date kind of a way. One of them drawing-board tables, Grampop Gruhler used to call it, for the reason that the boards pull out from under, I guess. Still, the table I could have done with; but, no, Fleckfinder says if we wouldn't go to work and buy a new set out of his store, he wouldn't leave us loose from his kidney; so what could we otherwise do? So there sets the set," she gestured vaguely toward the woodshed, "and not worth the ax it takes to split it with. And that's how the boarder come into it. Three dollars yet I was owing to Cory; and I went for to ask her the heart to leave me off. I says 'You know what for expenses we have got loaded onto us,' I says, 'what with this kidney of Fleckfinder's and what with Bumgarner's extrawagant notions,' I says. And I says, 'You know how extrawagant fond Bumgarner is of his stummick,' I says—'chicken twicet a week mister will have,' I says; 'if it was the doomday, chicken that fellow would have if he was feeling for it,' I says. And if you'll believe me that's everything I says, and my thoughts wasn't on chicken or boarders neither; they was on that three dollars—which she never give back, by the ways. But here up onto my fresh-scrubbed porch next day come tramping the boarder and he asked me would I eat him. And I give him yes. And now she up and faults me for it. Is that right, I ask you?"

"How fur does it expend to?" demanded Mrs. Weizel. Her hat was slightly awry, sprays of her back hair had fallen in Horseshoe Falls effect; and since she had touched neither, the inference was clear that her thoughts beneath were pitching so tumultuously as to have caused the surface upheaval.

It took Mrs. Bumgarner's eyes, glazed with indignation as they were over the defection of her twin, a full half minute to see clearly her guest and the import of her question. But when they cleared, they cleared remarkably, and for the other half of the minute she stood in silence, regarding Mrs. Weizel's flushed face intently. "Come oncet and see it," she commanded abruptly and led the way to the sizable woodshed.

"This is how it goes with that set." She extracted a chair from a tumble in the corner. "It is now a wonderful good set, if I do say it myself. Set oncet onto that chair. There. Ain't I telling you? And if it's strong enough to heft you, I conceit it could heft anybody, ain't so? It's only two of the chairs where seems a little weakly—the one where pulled apart for Fleckfinder and one other one. And it's this way: If I had, now, married such a worker like my brother Uzziah, say, that set would have been soon fixed for to last out another five gemerations or how many. But when you marry a fellow where's afraid of a hammer —— Look oncet at the clever little sticks at the back of the chairs. And yet here if I wasn't the dummy to say to mister, if I could git oncet my fifteen out of it, I might mebbe consider into selling it."

(Continued on Page 201)



Footwork

Good feet will help any man towards his goal

A man needs his feet whether he carries a brief case, a travelling bag or a football. Suitable footwear is necessary equipment for the business or professional man, just as it is for the powerful halfback.

Shoes can slow a man up, tire him out and even lick him to a frazzle. A man needs both comfort and foot freedom to do his best work Thousands of men are enjoying these qualities in the Cantilever Shoe. This comfortable shoe is shaped just like the natural foot, but the similarity to the foot doesn't stop there. For the Cantilever Shoe is flexible from toe to heel as Nature made the foot. It not only fits the foot comfortably; it functions with the foot, too.

How about your feet? Do they ever ache and feel tired? Are they showing signs of weakness and strain? A pair of Cantilever Shoes will ease them wonderfully, support them buoyantly and give them new life. The 'sprung-up', flexible shank of the Cantilever can be laced up snugly to the undercurve of the foot. This gives you a springy type of support that does not restrict the circulation or the strengthening exercise of the foot. The foot muscles are free to maintain or regain the strength they need to hold the twenty-six bones of the foot in strong, springy arches.

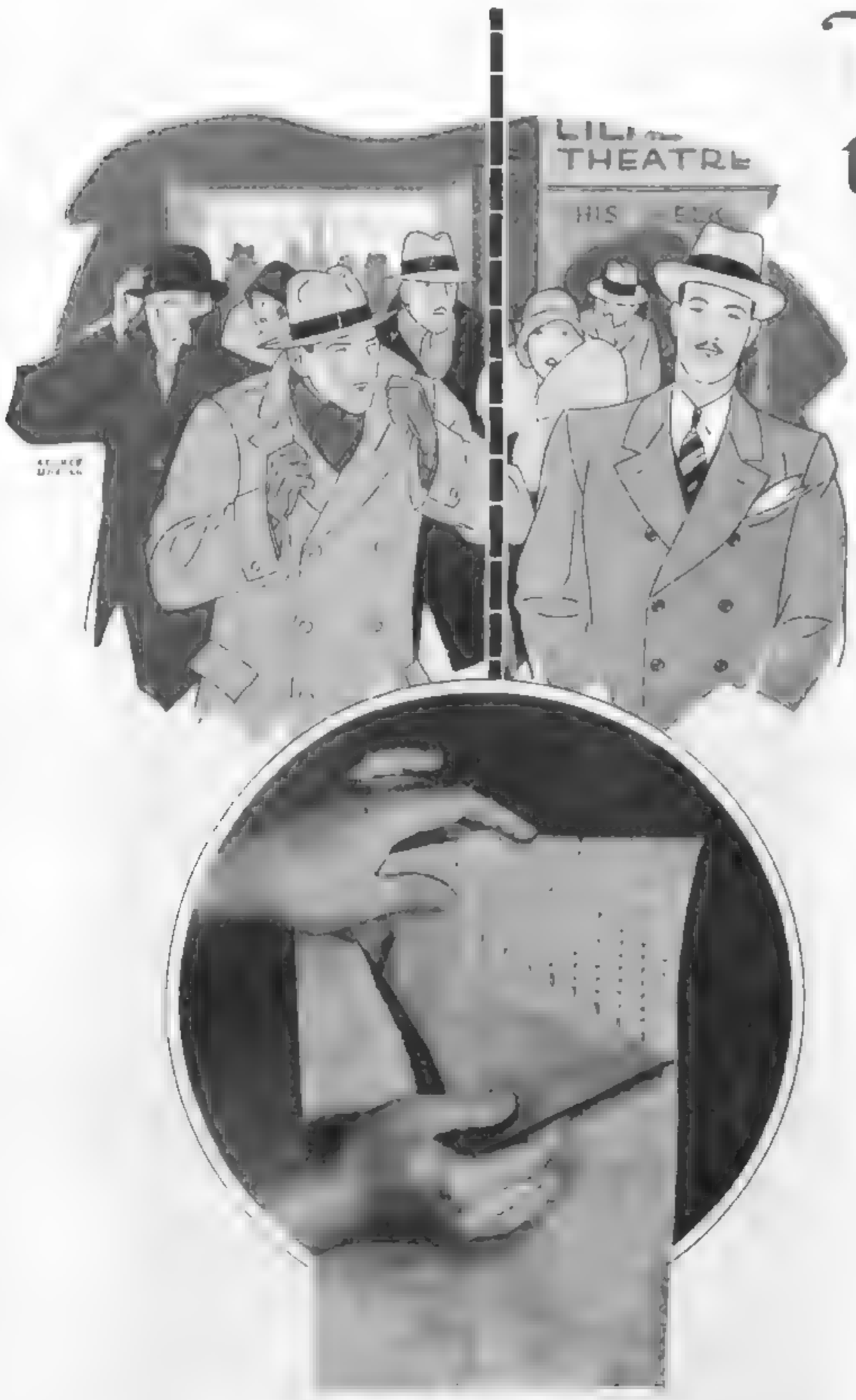
There is no need for any man to deny himself the comfort and foot health the Cantilever Shoe will give him, for this shoe is a money saving investment. It is made of fine, durable leathers and dollar for dollar will outwear almost any shoe made. Well dressed men wear the Cantilever Shoe and are enthusiastic about its good, dignified style. Enjoy real comfort by investing in a pair of Cantilevers to-day.

Cantilever Shoes are sold from coast to coast and are within shopping distance of practically all readers of this periodical. The Cantilever Corporation, 408 Willoughby Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., will be glad to advise you where you can most conveniently buy Cantilever Shoes and send you an interesting and informative folder on foot health

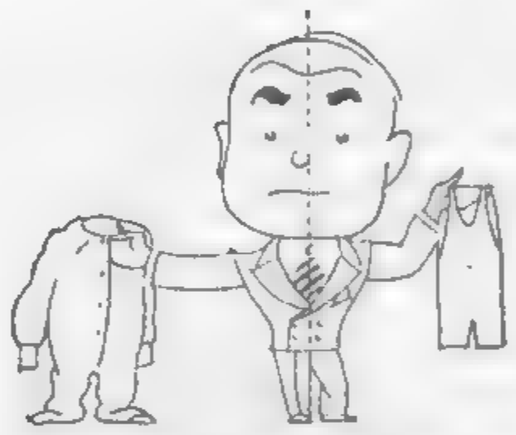
Cantilever Shoe

—supports the arch, with flexibility

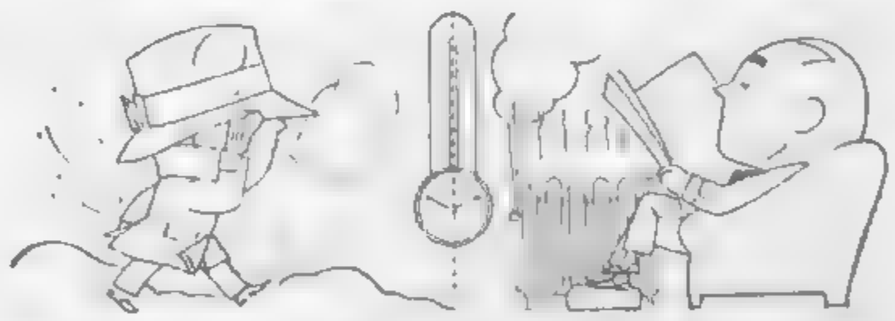
MEN . . WOMEN . . GIRLS



It changes with the thermometer ~Duofold~



Change from one to the other quicker than a wink! That's what Duofold does for you — automatically.



Just as the thermostat keeps room temperature even— Duofold does for body temperature.

Two THIN layers ~ air space between ~ Warmth with light weight

HAVE you ever wished you could change from light, summer underwear to warm winter underwear as easily as slipping on an overcoat?

You can—even more easily—by simply wearing Duofold!

Duofold changes its function with every change in temperature. With Duofold you can leave an overheated building and go right out into the sharpest cold—and you won't chill!

Duofold is the modern underwear, developed by science, for today's conditions.

With its two *thin* layers with air space between it is *light*. In heated rooms it insures *comfort*.

But that very construction makes it warmer outdoors than underwear made in one thick layer because the two thin layers with air space between offer more effective resistance to temperature changes.

So Duofold—different from all other underwear—offers you two-fold comfort, the comfort of *warmth outdoors* and the comfort of *light weight in heated rooms*.

Don't *wish* you could change your underwear every time you go in or out. Let Duofold do the work—scientifically!

Both layers *all*-cotton, or with wool in the *outer* layer if you want the added warmth of wool without the itch—because the layer next to the skin is always soft cotton.

Men's Union Suits	$3.00 to $8.00
Men's Shirts and Drawers	1.75 to 4.00
Children's and Boys' Union Suits	1.75 to 4.50
Women's Union Suits	3.50 to 5.50
Misses' Union Suits	3.25 to 4.00
Infants' Styles	35 to 2.00

Get your Duofold at underwear departments, or at men's furnishings stores. Many dealers display this sign to guide you.

Write for a sample of the interesting two-layer fabric.

DUOFOLD HEALTH UNDERWEAR COMPANY
Mohawk, N. Y.

For Babies and Children
Better Health and More Comfort!

Better health, for Duofold's outer layer contains *warm protecting* wool. It keeps warmth in and cold out.

More comfort, for Duofold's inner layer is of soft cotton which insures comfort and prevents body irritation.

Put Duofold on your children.

Duofold *Health Underwear*
for Men, Women, Children and Infants

For CONTINUOUS AUTOMATIC *Radio Power*

—one simple dial does more than an expert battery man

A SIMPLE dial . . . utterly free from complicated wiring or puzzling mechanisms . . . . yet one turn of that dial guarantees more nearly perfect "A" power for your radio than could an expertly trained battery man constantly stationed behind your set!

Here's the reason: Unipower—with a simple setting of its dial—furnishes the exact amount of "A" power required by your particular set,—at any time under any condition. No matter what type of set you have, or how often you use it—Unipower never feeds it too much or too little power. Your reception is saved from the crashing and grating of over-charge—and the sickly fading of insufficient power.

Unipower does far more, in fact. It supplies continuous, never-failing "A" power from light socket to set, thereby entirely eliminating the need for battery men. No more storage batteries running down—nor dry batteries wearing out. And never, as before, need you be without the use of your set for days, even hours at a time. Unipower's full, rich current assures permanently continuous reception—always of clearest tone and finest quality.

Automatic power at the click of a switch

Unipower is easily installed. Hook two wires to your set, and plug into a light socket. Three simple motions, yet once connected you can operate Unipower, set, and "B" power *automatically* by the radio set switch!

The same experts who, for 30 years, have been responsible for the renowned quality of all Gould products, designed Unipower, radio's pioneer "A" power unit. It is built without tubes or breakable parts. All the upkeep it requires is a small amount of electric light current each month.

Time and performance have proven Unipower totally fool-proof. It is so constructed that it *cannot fail*. Radio engineers and manufacturers everywhere gladly endorse it—heartily recommend it.

Your nearest dealer will show you Unipower—demonstrate it for you. Or we shall gladly send you interesting, informative literature. Let us point out how Unipower will bring *you* the keen relief of unfaltering power—undisturbed reception. The Gould Storage Battery Company, Inc., 250 Park Avenue, New York.

With one simple, single setting of its dial—Unipower furnishes the exact "A" power required by your set—automatically at the click of the set switch.

Unipower is easily adaptable to all types of Radiolas, including Brunswick and Victor. It contains a Balkite charging unit of Gould design.

Unipower is especially recommended for these sets:

All-American	Eagle	Howard	Stewart-Warner
American Bosch	Fada	Kellogg	Stromberg Carlson
Atwater Kent	Federal	Kolster	Thompson
Brunswick Radiola	Ferguson	Pfanstiehl Radiola	Victor Radiola
Crosley	Freed-Eisemann	Splitdorf	Zenith Six
	Grebe		

Unipower

A GOULD PRODUCT

Automatic "A" Power that cannot fail

(Continued from Page 198)

But Mrs. Weizel was not so interested in the chairs. She was pushing and pulling with perspiring ecstasy one of the long extension leaves. "Ain't it now the cute one? Just even to see one of them expensions makes me feel like somepun was ticklin' at my ribs."

"Ain't it the truth?" agreed Mrs. Bumgarner with enthusiasm. "Well, now, if I could get sewenteen dollars for the set complete and entire, I might mebbe ——"

"But you said if you could git oncet your fifteen back," panted Mrs. Weizel.

"To be sure I did." Mrs. Bumgarner eyed her with scathing dignity. "And two dollars exter for the interest on the time I have had it. That's reasonable, ain't it? But it's like Uzziah says, you have never got any business sense by you."

"I guess not, too, mebbe," agreed Mrs. Weizel in humble puzzlement. "But I always think it's grand, anyway, to be married into a family where has so much of it. I guess you wouldn't want to take the sixteen dollars in coopons, would you? And the exter dollar in cash money?"

"Well, seeing it's in the family ——" sighed the twin Dora.

"And seeing it's the same as cash," Mrs. Weizel hastily raised her skirt and began fishing about in a capacious pocket of her petticoat.

"Of course," remarked Mrs. Bumgarner mysteriously, after the coupons had been securely bestowed between the leaves of the brass-hasped Bible, "you ain't to go thinking you're the only buyer I might have had for that set. Such another party was some interested. A party where let on to know considerable too. 'Cone back,' he called these here chairs."

"Cone? They don't look like no cone shape to me," puzzled Mrs. Weizel.

"Me neither. And when he started in for to joke, I pretty quick cut it short. Anybody where will joke ower somepun as sacerd as money matters, it's somepun the matter with them, I say. Here he had me jawing around in a circle for a full ten minutes and then he kind of smiled and he says would I give him the refusal on it anyways. So I refused him in a pretty quick hurry and come on into the house. But, as I say, you ain't to think you're the only customer I might have had. This other party might come back yet and fetch more sense with him the next time."

Mrs. Weizel cast an apprehensive glance toward the front gate. "Call for David or either Elijah," she demanded in hoarse whisper, "for to help me h'ist this onto the wagon. It's gitting late on me, and Weizel ——" Her third chin began to quiver. "Och, Weizel, now! What do you conceit he will anyhow have to say?"

"Take your own jaw a little," advised the hostess. "Give him back a little better than what he sends yet."

Mr. Weizel had plenty to say. In fact, it is probable that he had never said so much in the same length of time before; and Mrs. Weizel was not the sort to give him back either better or worse than he sent. Instead she accepted all that he had to give, and when her surcharged bosom could accept no more she overflowed in a torrent of large tears. Only the surreptitious pulling forth once more of the extension device before she retired salved somewhat the piercing wounds which his sharp words had inflicted. Even so, she lay in an ooze of repentance, and her usual prayers were disorganized by petitions that she might in future be given the grace to profit by the salutary bits of advice with which Uzziah had concluded his diatribe.

"What it is to marry with a dopple," he had groaned. "Here you lived alongside for twenty years and seen me trade this and the other a hunert times and you ain't got onto the hint of the first principle of it. The first and only principle in a trade is to keep on shaking your head and watch the other fellow squirm. When he lets the squirming it's time plenty for to talk. But what does it make to give advice to a dummy? A dumb ignorant woman where would waste her husband's substance for a table where was made back in the War of the Evolution at the least."

A dozen times during that night she awoke shaking her head. Once she floundered upright, and when Uzziah querulously demanded the reason, replied meekly: "I guess I was just squirming."

Nor did Uzziah let the matter drop with his one philippic. Terriers are a worrying tribe. Never did his outraged eyes fall upon the new furniture, shrouded though it was under chill sheets, but that some remark, caustic or ironic, fell from his lips. Most curdling of all were the gloomy references to the pitfalls of the wedded state. "If I wasn't a deacon in the Ewangelical fold," he declared more than once, "I might mebbe consider into this, now, putting away of the marriage relations." And again, more affectingly personal and even more terrifying because of its vagueness: "A man can't go having his wery insides eat out of him year after year. Somepun's bound to happen sooner if it ain't later."

Mrs. Weizel, walking softly and tearfully before him, began to feel that she had caused to totter the very pillars of her home.

It was not until the day of the celebration arrived, and Mrs. Weizel beheld her lifelong dream of the entire family circle seated at one time about her plenteous table, that her spirits in any wise recovered their equanimity. Even the twins, though austerely frigid toward each other, warmed somewhat as the dishes rotated in giddy succession. Uzziah also, armed with a huge butcher knife, dispensed hospitality to an awkward and alarming degree at his end of the table. But Mrs. Weizel still retained somewhat the aspect of a kewpie which had been recently spanked; and had she not resolutely kept her mind from the terrible crime she had recently committed she would have been a sorry hostess indeed.

The boarder, whom she had tactfully placed next to herself and as far from the madding portion of the crowd as possible, did much to interest her and engage her attention. He was a lean, very young man with bright dark eyes and quick movements; some portion of his body, indeed, seemed to be always moving. Moreover, he had a curious habit of talking while he ate. It was as though he regarded the meal hour as an opportunity for giving forth words as well as taking in food. He added novelty, therefore, as well as festivity, by his jests and anecdotes and seemed entirely unconscious of the family rift he had recently caused. He remained, nevertheless, a man of mystery; and never more so than when he steadfastly refused to partake of chicken boiled, roasted or fried; and instead, reached avidly for the pork. "Enough can be too much," he smiled in his enigmatic way, as Mrs. Weizel would have forced the fowl upon him in spite of his protestations.

Even this was not so puzzling to Mrs. Weizel, however, as the glances with which he began to regard her. Studious glances they were, of peculiar intensity, and Mrs. Weizel, who had never been studied before, intensely or otherwise, began to feel puzzled as to whether she should feel flattered or perturbed. As she later reviewed the amazing developments of the day, she believed that she had first noted the curious expression upon his face after his mention of the table.

"This seems like quite an old table," he remarked under cover of an animated disagreement which involved all three of Cora's and the two of Dora's.

He had hit upon the one subject which Mrs. Weizel most wished to avoid; which it was entirely imperative that she should avoid. What might not happen should this furniture, which had already split the twins asunder and which had well-nigh split her and Uzziah, come into open discussion with all the warring factors present? She cast a terrified glance toward the other end of the table and leaned toward the boarder in husky conciliation:

"It's some that claims Adam made it. But that ain't the truth and I know it."

KNAPP-FELT
HATS *for* MEN

THIS John Alden speaks for itself. It is the Knapp-Felt *master style for November* designed to add to the pleasure of the Thanksgiving holidays. Whether the celebration plans include a visit to the old town, or a home gathering, a new hat will be a welcome addition.

The November Hat *is the* John Alden

On Friday, *the* Twelfth *of* November

the John Alden will be featured in the principal hat shops throughout the United States. It is shown in the new Autumn colors to harmonize with the suitings favored by well dressed men. The shape is the type that conforms to the individuality of the wearer.

The John Alden is made in the eight dollar grade only. Other Knapp-Felt styles from $8.00 to $40.00. A catalogue may be had upon application.

THE CROFUT & KNAPP COMPANY
JOHN CAVANAGH, *President*
620 Fifth Avenue · New York City

The FLORSHEIM Shoe

EVERY college has its own traditions—but in all colleges the traditional quality of Florsheim Shoes is highly esteemed and appreciated. College men seem to prefer brogues for daytime wear—particularly this model, the "Frat."

The FRAT • *Style M-227*

Write for Booklet "STYLES OF THE TIMES" *Showing the right shoe for you*

Men's Styles

$10

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY

Manufacturers • CHICAGO

A *Genuine* ALBRIGHT RUBBERSET will stand this test!

Even the illustration of this test can—and probably will—be imitated. But no other shaving brush on the market can meet this test or the test of time and long continuous use as successfully as the *genuine*

ALBRIGHT RUBBERSET

Thousands of unsolicited letters received during the past 40 years indicate that the average life of a genuine ALBRIGHT RUBBERSET Shaving Brush is 15 years.

It pays to buy the best!

ALBRIGHT RUBBERSET SHAVING BRUSH

RUBBERSET CO... Newark, N.J.

Clark's Famous Cruises

By CUNARD-ANCHOR new oil burners at rates including hotels, guides, drives and fees.

121 days $1250 to $2900
ROUND THE WORLD
s s "California" sailing Jan. 19

7th cruise, including Havana, Panama Canal, Los Angeles, Hilo, Honolulu, 19 days Japan and China, Manila, Java, Burma, option 17 days India, Ceylon, Egypt, Palestine, Greece, Italy, Riviera. Europe stop-overs.

23rd Mediterranean Cruise
Jan. 29; 62 days, $600 to $1700.

FRANK C. CLARK, Times Bldg., N. Y.

Krementz

IF the wear and tear of Time had no more effect upon men than it has on a Krementz Collar Button there would be no search for the Fountain of Youth.

Guaranteed a Lifetime!

The young man leaned back in his chair and regarded her with the first of those expressions which she afterward described as curding her blood.

"No, certainly not," he murmured. "More Hepplewhite. Though Adam was the first to —— But how old do you think it is then?" He leaned forward and gazed at her. She leaned back and gazed at him, dismayed by the peculiar intensity of his look.

"It's from the War of the Evolution," she said hurriedly. "But here—take and sample the custard pie. Or either the apple. Or mebbe you're around to chicken now."

"So you know its history." He shoved his hands into his pockets in his nervous, youthful way, took them out again and twisted upon his chair.

"Whether I know its history?" flustered Mrs. Weizel, pleased and terrified at the same time by the attention her despised set was receiving. "Well, it's an expension kind anyway. One them drawing-board tables. But mebbe you feel fur cake, then. This here one has got seven eggs in. But I says to myself, well, on a twentieth ——"

"Drawing board! So you know the name of it then!" An edge of surprise had sharpened his tone. Mrs. Weizel's eyes rocketed about the table, knocked up against those of the twin Dora and rebounded imploringly to the stranger. He was a very astute young man. His own bright gaze darted about and he picked up his fork with alacrity. "I see," he informed Mrs. Weizel in a smothered tone. "But she can't get it back from you now. You must have given her a good price for it anyway. She told me you offered her more than I did."

"I give her all my husband's substance for it," Mrs. Weizel choked in solemn confession. She felt that she was losing all holds. She could not dam this young man's curiosity; it was loosing upon her all the flooding tortures of the past days. Already she could feel the hot tide rising to her eyes ——

"You must be fond of the old things, then," he persisted.

Mrs. Weizel made an indeterminate sound and clutched at the edge of the table, but the desperate eyes she raised to the stranger were full of moisture.

"Well, well!" he remarked in crisp astonishment. And after a moment, "But that's all right. I know the feeling. That's the way this old wood gets you. I'm young at the game myself, but it's got its hooks in me. But ——" Again he studied her incredulously. "So you're that fond of the old things. Well, well!"

"The coffee is all." Mrs. Weizel seized the empty coffeepot and rose tumultuously. "Do sample the chicken. That there's baked in cream."

It was not until she was clearing off the table that he suddenly appeared before her and began again to talk of the furniture. She was alone for the moment. The twins were acrimoniously clanking the dishes in the kitchen sink; the children were tempestuously organizing a baseball league outside the window. She had thought that he had gone with the three other men to survey the farm; but as she turned from the cupboard, there he was, running his restless fingers over the back of one of the chairs.

"It's a cone-back," she observed.

"Why, yes, it is a comb-back," he assented, and paused, studying her once more with penetrating surprise. "Well, now, Mrs. Weizel, let us get at this quickly. This may be the only chance we'll have alone." Mrs. Weizel's eyes widened and she backed to the cupboard. "I want this furniture. I can see you know something of its value and I'm willing to pay you well for it. Now I would much prefer to make an offer on it as a whole, the table and the chairs. Suppose we go at it on that basis."

Mrs. Weizel's mind scurried around like a furry rabbit, cushioning itself in panic against every angle of her skull. This was a trade—she had suddenly been pitched into a trade—and what was it Uzziah had said? Shake your head—keep on shaking—— She shook her head. But there was something else. What else was it Uzziah had said?

"Well, all right, by the piece then. Seems to be the custom down here. Let's get at it by the piece then."

He looked down at the chair to the top of which he was holding with both hands, and his long body weaved slowly above it. Squirm! That was the other thing Uzziah had said. Watch them squirm.

"Now I made an offer of fifteen dollars to Mrs. Bumgarner and she refused it. She tells me you offered her more. How about it? You must have given her sixteen, perhaps. Well, suppose I raise you one. Seventeen." Mrs. Weizel watched him and shook her head. "Well, eighteen." Mrs. Weizel shook.

"Nineteen, then." He laughed shortly. "I'm tired of following this set around from house to house. Every time I catch up with it, it picks up and walks away from me. Nineteen, Mrs. Weizel. Come, now. You know that's more than anybody else would give you. You know that, don't you?"

Mrs. Weizel shook her head.

A shade of anxiety darkened his face. "You don't mean to say somebody else has been around here? Not a fellow named Payson?"

His gaze was so sharply penetrating that it pinned Mrs. Weizel back against the cupboard like a paper doll. The young man drew a long breath. "Now, see here, Mrs. Weizel, I offer you twenty dollars. Now you've got me to my limit—absolutely. Twenty or nothing."

He had straightened, he had stopped squirming. What would she do now? Talk—that was what Uzziah had said. When they stop squirming, it's time plenty to talk. She stiffened in panic. But what would she talk about?

"There!" he exclaimed quickly. "Now that's a go. Twenty." He almost smiled "Let's get to the table now before you start shaking once more. Six twenties for the chairs, that's one-twenty. Now the table. How about fifty for the table and call it a deal? Now don't start shaking again or you might get that way for good."

Whether for good or evil, Mrs. Weizel at the suggestion had started to shake, her fascinated gaze upon his gesticulating body, and she continued to shake until her dizzy eyes seemed to see half a dozen young men squirming before her. Suddenly he brought her to with a ringing smash of his fist upon the table.

"Well, eighty then; and by George, I suppose that was what you were aiming at: Two hundred even for the set. Now do shake your head the other way. Come on, now. Come, Mrs. Weizel. That's your price and you know it."

Mrs. Weizel was too far gone to know anything; but she had been told in commanding tones to stop shaking her head, so she did so, though she continued to gaze at the boarder with eyes reft of all expression. He began hastily scribbling something in a small book, tore it out and handed it to her.

"There's your check and that binds the bargain." He laughed suddenly like a boy and caught up his hat. "Where's your husband now? Is that him calling? Tell him I'm on the way."

Mrs. Weizel went to the window. "I'm on the way," she said weakly.

She got to the kitchen. She sat down in a chair. She looked strangely at the two women. They looked strangely at her. Her gaze wavered to the sink. Both women sprang simultaneously to the faucet.

"No, I don't feel for fainting," Mrs Weizel contrived, "Just sumpin cold."

She got her wish for something cold in immediate and plentiful measure when she had at last conveyed the full information concerning the small slip of paper in her hands.

For a full half hour she sat while chill crescendos of disapproval beat round her and about her.

Continued on Page 205

The SAME PRINCIPLE *that tamed the terrific recoil of the greatest field gun of the World War!*

This ends the shocks

that wear you out and sap your car's vitality!

HERE, experts agree, is a scientifically correct shock absorbing invention. Its *hydraulic double action* literally toys with the mightiest road shocks. The same principle that tamed the terrific recoil of the 75-millimeter gun, victory arm of the World War.

Downward as well as upward riding shocks are completely controlled and dissipated—results you cannot get with conventional shock absorbers. A ride in a Houdaille-governed car will completely win you to the *hydraulic double-acting* principle.

It all came about because Maurice Houdaille, master inventor and technician, was not content to rest with battlefield triumphs. His genius mind saw this amazing *hydraulic* device in the vaster and more useful service of peace. He applied it to the motor car. And, as a result, the following famous "quality" cars—Lincoln, Pierce-Arrow, Jordan, Cunningham and McFarlan—as well as many foreign cars—are using Houdaille *hydraulic double-acting* Shock Absorbers as standard equipment.

Now, this same, virtually wear-proof Houdaille *hydraulic double-acting* Shock Absorber is made in sizes for all cars—from the largest costly car to the smallest Ford—and also for busses and trucks.

Prices are from $30 upward. Dealers are everywhere. ***For your comfort's sake, insist that your new car be Houdaille equipped.*** If your car dealer can't supply, write to us.

A bone and muscle demonstration of the Houdaille: your hand is the section that grasps the springs, your elbow and wrist, the movable joints that follow the shock up as well as down, instantly transmitting the degree of resistance required to the shoulder or hydraulic chamber. The Houdaille ball-jointed link corresponding to your forearm and the upper arm moves up or down in ratio to the unevenness of the road. Both the arm (a) and the connecting link (b) are drop forged and will outlive the car. Other vital parts are forged steel and parts where greatest strain occurs are molybdenum. Few fine watches are made with greater mechanical precision than Houdaille parts.

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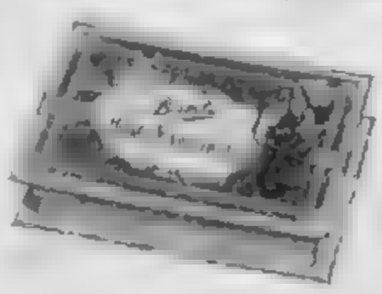

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WORLD FAMOUS CANDIES

Bunte
ESTABLISHED CHICAGO 1876

Continued from Page 202

"The loony he is anyhow." Indignation multiplied and remultiplied in the concentrated vision of the twin Cora. "Who ever heard the likes of buying a dining-room set, a-paying so much per each piece?"

"I heard tell of the likes of it," retorted the twin Dora with acidulated distinctness. "It was you started the dum notion yourself. Yes, I guess I ain't forgot how I was made to fork ower one dollar per each of them chairs up to and including the one where floated Fleckfinder's kidney. So when this here slinker got to feeling around me for the chairs, I says, 'Yes, I had got to pay so much per each, so you have got to pay so much per each,' I says. But he kept smiling like he does, and fetching me around in such circles, and when he got to talking his ten and his twelve and his fifteen, why, to be sure, I couldn't think nothing else but what such a price was for the set and I told him—och, save my souls!—I told him I guessed anyhow not. And that there was the time he said me the silly question would I give him a refusal then. And I said, 'I bet you I give you a refusal,' and I made hurry back in to stir the sots fur the bread. And to think that Millie here—Millie oncet——" Breath failed.

"Yes," sliced Mrs. Gruhler. "I think, too—Millie oncet! It's easy seen she ain't so dumb as what she makes. But she ought at the least to diwide up this money she's up and sharpered off us."

This began to sound like trade again. Mrs. Weizel backed to the wall and shook her head. Voices were heard. Approaching through the kitchen garden were the husbands and the boarder.

"He needn't go thinking he kin buy any more board off me," shrilled Mrs. Bumgarner. "Cheating me like what he done!"

"Well, he ain't landing back for me to eat him and drink him," declared Mrs. Gruhler. "I should guess anyhow not! I try to live blameless in thus present life and I ain't assembling myself together with nobody where ain't a plain, on-the-surface Christian."

But the stranger settled the matter of his own disposal. "Well, now that I've got what I came for, I'll be getting back to New York," he snapped his watch jovially. "The expert will be here to crate these things tomorrow, and, by the way, Mrs. Weizel, since you like the old things you may be interested to know that these comb-back Windsors were mentioned in an old New York newspaper of 1765. 'Philadelphia-made Windsor chairs consigned to Jacob John Gruhler' was the exact wording, and when I accidentally ran across the death notice of Jacob John Gruhler, well, I thought I'd come down to get acquainted, that's all."

"Pleased to be made acquainted," murmured Mrs. Weizel.

"Oh and what I started to say—about this 1765. You see you were perfectly correct when you mentioned the Revolutionary period."

Mrs. Weizel clutched her check. "Yes, well," she defended, "they could be that old, mebbe, but I make no doubt they was making them behind that."

"What's all this, now?" scowled Uzziah Weizel.

There is one trait which all masters of high finance hold in common: A talent for reticence upon occasion. Mrs. Weizel turned her back upon her spouse and secreted the check in her petticoat pocket. "I'll explain you later," she announced with beaming dignity. "It's a trade I been putting ower." And added: "I kept on shaking and shaking."

"I should say she did!" laughed the stranger. "I thought she was going to shake my pocketbook to pieces. Let me give you a piece of advice, Weizel. If ever you want to shake the last penny out of a business deal, let your wife manage it for you."

"What fur kind of business was you in anyhow?" queried Mr. Weizel dazedly.

"Well, I don't mind telling you. I'm an interior decorator. And of course I'm always on the lookout for museum pieces too."

"Inferior? Och, I wouldn't just be saying that," protested Uzziah politely. "But—museum, heh? Mebbe you'd like to see a pullet with three legs at where was born to me this spring a'ready."

"Interior!" shouted his wife. "But, say, now, won't you decorate your interior with some more that cheesecake? Or either a little cold chicken, mebbe?"

Gert: "Oh, Dearie, Dearie, But My Dogs is Tired!"
Myrt: "Buck Up, Kid! You'll Soon be in th' Subway an' Then Ye Kin Stand on Somebody Else's!"

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A TOUR OF THE BOTTLEFIELDS

Continued from Page 25

than to ask the price of anything. That, however, has nothing to do with the question. What I was saying was that any collector who doesn't want to be accused of being weak in an important branch of his collecting must have some good bottles. The true collector must be as strong in silver as in Chippendale or Sheraton, and as strong in china as in silver, and as strong in mirrors as in china, and as strong in bottles as in mirrors, and so on. See what I mean?"

"Sure," said Herkimer morosely.

"Why, certainly!" said Mr. Lamar petulantly. "You've got to have bottles! What gets me is why people collect postage stamps! That seems to me the lowest form of collecting."

"And Bennington ware," said Mr. Herkimer, brightening perceptibly. "What does anyone want Bennington ware for?"

"Search me," said Mr. Lamar. "I wouldn't have a piece of Bennington ware in the house, but they go crazy over it. I wouldn't trade one of my diamond-daisy bottles for all the Bennington ware in the world; would you, Herkimer?"

"I should say not," said Herkimer. "I wouldn't trade any one of my twenty-four best bottles in America for all the Bennington ware I could carry in a limousine. Why, I'd rather have my purple General-Taylor bottle than all of the brown-cow jugs that the Bennington factory produced!"

While these ardent collectors were thus whole-heartedly condemning the inexcusable collecting fads of other and less enlightened collectors, Mr. Le Havre had finished his study of the bottle-collector's bible, had noted that the automobile was approaching the substantial and picturesque Pennsylvania Dutch city of York, and had carefully stowed his cardboard box full of bottles between his feet, so that he could make an unobstructed dash for any bottles that unexpectedly came within his line of vision.

It was evident to any careful observer that his excitement was noticeably increasing as the automobile drew nearer and nearer to a possible bottle mine. He burst into bottle talk without noticing whether his companions were listening; and his observations grew shriller and shriller with each passing minute.

A Babble of Bottles

"If I could only find a Washington-and-Braddock bottle," said he, "I could be happy. Somewhere there is a Washington-and-Braddock bottle, but I have never found anybody who has seen it. There ought to be plenty of sunburst bottles around here. This ought to be a great country for bottles. It was full of troops during the Civil War and they must have used all kinds of bottles. Wouldn't it be wonderful if we could go back to Civil War times for just a day or two! Think of all the bottles we could get for nothing! I found an aquamarine tree bottle for three dollars last year and I could have sold it for sixty-eight dollars the next day. I wonder where I can get another table to display my new bottles on. I wonder where I can carry all the bottles that I will probably find on this trip. I wonder how many bottles we will take home with us. If anybody sees a Lafayette bottle in rich green with a Masonic arch over Lafayette's head and a fleur-de-lis under it, I wish he'd let me have it. If somebody got that bottle first, I think it would make me dangerously sick. It's an unidentified bottle. You don't know how I feel about bottles! I love to rub bottles and to hold bottles in my hand! I have nearly three thousand bottles, and by this time next year I hope to have five thousand bottles."

Amid this babble of bottles, the automobile drew up before the antique shop of Mr. Joe Billig; and Mr. Lamar carelessly prepared to descend from the automobile in such wise that the slack of his heavy overcoat was pressed firmly against Mr. Le Havre's mouth, temporarily damming the bottle talk. At Mr. Lamar's elbow was Mr. Herkimer; and the two of them entered Mr. Billig's shop as one man, enunciating the mystic words, "Got any three-mold glass?"

Mr. Le Havre and Mr. Sawbuck pressed eagerly on Mr. Lamar's and Mr. Herkimer's heels, respectively piping, "Got any bottles?" and "Got any pewter?" Three seconds later Mr. Billig's shop was silent except for the heavy breathing of Mr. Le Havre as he spread himself in a buzzard-like fashion over a table that held several bottles, of Mr. Sawbuck as he pawed over a number of pewter measures in a dimly lighted corner cupboard, and of Mr. Lamar and Mr. Herkimer as they surreptitiously attempted to wrench a blue-glass bowl from each other, at the same time seeking to preserve a careless, nonchalant and uninterested demeanor.

When Experts Disagree

It should be remarked in passing that although Mr. Lamar and Mr. Herkimer are two of the greatest authorities on American glass, they disagreed disgracefully over each unusual piece of glass with which they were confronted.

"This is unquestionably," Mr. Herkimer would say in his most majestic manner, "a blue Jersey christening bowl—a most unusual piece, Lamar, a most unusual piece."

"H'm!" Mr. Lamar would remark, deeply impressed by Mr. Herkimer's authoritative tone. "Maybe it is! Maybe it is!"

And with that he would take it away from Herkimer and carry it to the window and examine it more minutely, fondling it in the manner peculiar to glass experts. Finally, having rubbed it against his cheek and applied his tongue to it and otherwise tested it, Mr. Lamar would issue his pronunciamento.

"You're all wrong, Herkimer!" he would say with an air of finality. "All wrong! This isn't Jersey at all. It's a Bristol sugar bowl. That's what it is, Herkimer."

"Is that so?" Herkimer would ask dubiously, snatching the bowl away from Mr. Lamar and holding it about three inches from his eyes. "Well, maybe it is! Maybe you're right, Lamar."

"You know what I think?" Mr. Le Havre would remark cheerfully, having segregated a number of bottles and joyfully purchased them with money borrowed from Mr. Sawbuck. "I think it is a piece of modern blue glass."

Mr. Lamar and Mr. Herkimer would immediately make another dive for the bowl and carry it to the window.

"It might be at that," Mr. Lamar would remark soberly to the great glass expert, Mr. Herkimer.

"Yes," Mr. Herkimer would say regretfully to that other distinguished glass fancier, Mr. Lamar—"yes, I shouldn't wonder at all if he was right!"

At any rate, when the little group of glass experts and bottle hounds departed from Mr. Billig's, Mr. Le Havre was weighted down with nine new bottles, including a prize Washington-and-Fells-Point quart bottle; Mr. Sawbuck had accumulated two half-gill pewter measures; Mr. Lamar was clutching to his bosom a blue christening bowl—a very important bowl that was either German, old South Jersey, old Stiegel, or just old glass—and Mr. Herkimer had nothing at all except a slightly discontented look.

"I have got to begin shipping some of my bottles," said Mr. Le Havre as he climbed gingerly into the automobile,

Continued on Page 209

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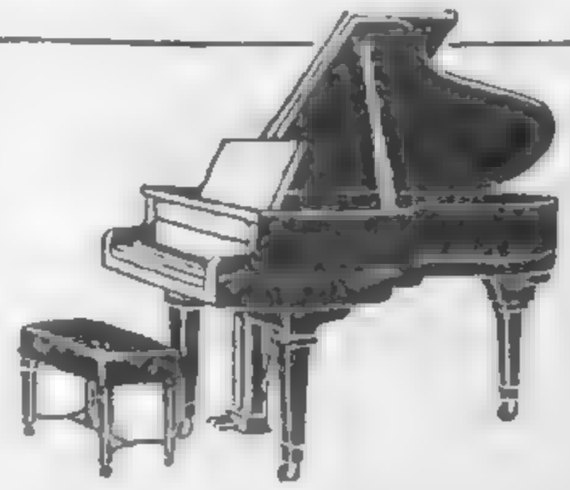

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(Continued from Page 206)

stowed several bottles in his breast pockets and attempted to place the prize Washington-and-Fells-Point quart bottle in his hat for safe-keeping. "If somebody stepped on one of my bottles the whole trip would be spoiled for me."

"Yes," said Mr. Lamar, "get some of those bottles out of the way, Le Havre, so they won't roll against that blue bowl of mine and break it."

At this point Mr. Lamar's angrily rolling eye encountered the two half-gill pewter measures that Mr. Sawbuck had purchased and placed on the floor of the automobile

"Here!" he shouted in offensive tones. "What are those children's cuspidors doing near my bowl? Get those out of here! Who put them in here anyway?"

"Mr. Lamar," protested Mr. Sawbuck, "those are not children's cuspidors; those are pewter measures, and very fine pieces of marked American pewter."

Mr. Lamar laughed hoarsely and disagreeably. "All right," said he—"all right; have it your own way; but I see no reason at all why anyone should want to collect children's cuspidors. They aren't good for anything, and they certainly aren't beautiful, like a nice piece of glass, and the whole idea of collecting them is crazy; but go ahead and collect them if you want to The only request I have to make is that you keep them in your pockets, or in some place where they won't damage my glass.

"And now," continued Mr. Lamar, when the offending pewter had been removed from his sight—"now we can have a little lunch. We've got to make it snappy, too, because we've got another two hundred and fifty or three hundred miles to go today. I'm not hungry; all I want is something light, like a dish of ham and eggs. Now everybody take something that's ready, like sandwiches or ham and eggs, and we'll be well down into Virginia for dinner."

Fertile Hunting Fields

When this thought had been thoroughly impressed on the bottle hunters, they crawled over Le Havre's bottles and entered the dining room of the nearest hostelry.

"What'll you have, Herkimer," asked Mr. Lamar. "Ham and eggs or a sandwich? I don't want much of anything Just ham and eggs will be enough for me."

"I'll have some soft-shelled crabs," said Mr Herkimer

"So will I ," said Le Havre.

"Those take twenty minutes," said the polite head waiter.

"We can't wait that long, Herkimer!" expostulated Mr. Lamar. "Nobody's hungry anyway."

"I'll have some soft-shelled crabs," insisted Mr. Herkimer.

"So will I," said Le Havre.

"Oh, well," said the unhungry Mr. Lamar, "bring me a good thick steak and some French-fried potatoes and a piece of apple pie and a cup of coffee and a piece of cheese."

In the course of time the bottle hunters continued onward through the fertile tobacco fields and flourishing farms of Lancaster County, and eventually approached the rolling meadows of Gettysburg

"It's pretty hard," said Mr. Le Havre, "to ride through these fields without thrilling at the thought of the men who fought and died here in 1863."

"You bet!" agreed Mr. Sawbuck enthusiastically. "How would it strike you to stop here for a few minutes and get a guide to show us the main features of the battlefield?"

Mr. Lamar and Mr. Herkimer turned slowly toward Mr. Sawbuck and transfixed him with hard and unsympathetic stares.

"Battlefield!" said Mr. Lamar in a penetrating voice. "Battlefield! Do you think we came on this trip to see battlefields? Anybody who wants to see battlefields can get out and walk! We have more important business than looking at battlefields."

"Battlefields!" ejaculated Mr. Herkimer, combining in the one word more disgust, distress, aversion, despair, contempt and general fretfulness than he could have compressed into two full-length and internationally acclaimed novels

Before he could say more, Mr. Le Havre threw out his arm with a strangled cry of "Bottles!" A quick application of the emergency brake brought the automobile to a sudden stop before the door of an antique shop, and the four travelers struggled eagerly to be first through the door.

Unfortunately, the object that had caught the eye of Mr. Le Havre was a bottle-shaped doll, and not a bottle. There were no bottles in the shop, and there were furthermore no specimens of Stoddard three-mold glass, Stiegel glass, Wistarberg glass, Waterford glass or any other variety of glass. Consequently Mr. Lamar, Mr. Herkimer and Mr. Le Havre walked abruptly out of the shop, and began to call hoarsely and imperiously for Mr. Sawbuck, who had discovered a few rare bits of pewter and wished to examine them with some care.

Bottled Up

This, it might be casually mentioned, provided an excellent example of collector's intolerance. A collector of old iron hinges, for example, can happily devote two or three hours to brooding and pottering over a heap of rusty iron, but if he is forced to wait fifteen minutes while a collector of Currier & Ives prints examines a number of highly colored atrocities consisting largely of burning steamboats and moon-faced young ladies with their more intimate underthings dragging down around their boot tops, his scream of protest will do credit to a stricken panther

In this particular instance Mr. Sawbuck escaped vituperation and vilification by announcing, on rejoining his companions, that he had learned of the existence of an unusually fine bottlefield, located in a town through which the bottle hunters had already passed—the town of New Cambridge. Mr. Deely, of New Cambridge, according to Mr. Sawbuck's information, owned one of the finest collections of bottles in the Eastern United States, including the log-cabin Booze bottle, as well as a large assortment of three-mold glass.

Mr. Le Havre stopped fondling his pure Washington-and-Fells-Point flask and a crafty gleam came into his large, intelligent eyes "Maybe," said he breathlessly "maybe he has a blue Corn-for-the-World bottle." So saying, he fell into a deep reverie.

Mr. Herkimer stared abstractedly into space, and Mr. Lamar gazed at Mr. Sawbuck with an imperturbable and granitelike countenance. Even to an innocent little child it was apparent that each one of the three distinguished glass experts was driving his powerful brain at top speed in an effort to evolve a scheme that would enable him to investigate Mr. Deely's collection ahead of the others.

"Well," said Mr. Lamar, having failed to think of a plan on the spur of the moment, "let's be getting on. We'll stop in to see Mr. Deely when we come back this way tomorrow."

As the sun dropped slowly down the sky, the bottle hunters raced across the upper corner of Maryland and down into the beautiful Shenandoah Valley of Virginia; and as they raced, the king of the bottle hunters, Mr. Le Havre, prattled endlessly of his obsession.

"This trip would be perfect," said he, holding an amber sunburst bottle to the light and turning it from side to side, "if I could find a blue Corn-for-the-World bottle at Deely's. I have looked everywhere for a blue Corn-for-the-World bottle for the past year, and I wake up nights thinking about that bottle. I have got a white Corn-for-the-World bottle and a brown and three greens and an aquamarine, but I want a blue. I would also like very much to get a purple cannon bottle with A Little More Grape, Captain Bragg on it. That is a

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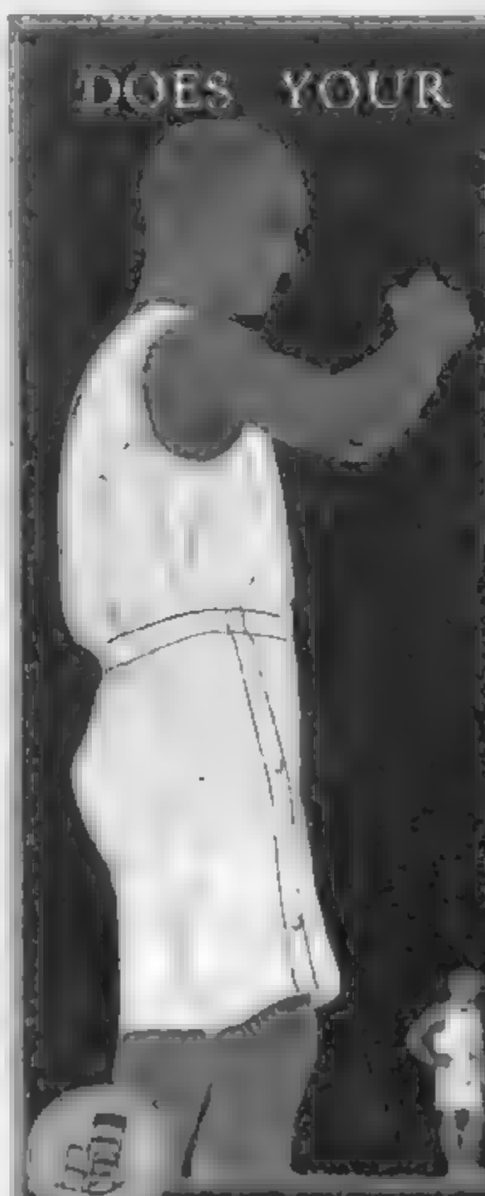

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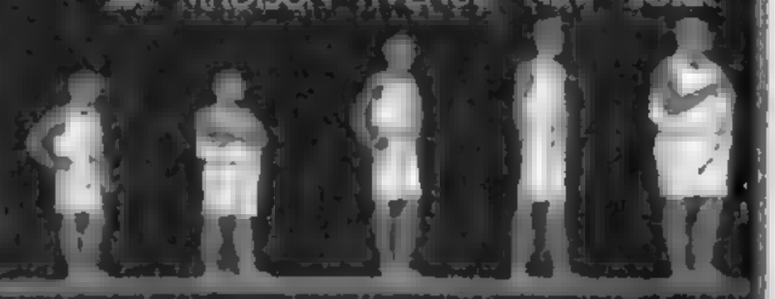

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very nice bottle. I don't know what I'm going to do about this bottle business if it keeps on interfering with my life. Sometimes I curse the day when I met the man who started me on bottles. Sometimes I cannot believe that I have been collecting bottles for only a year, and I cannot see how life held any interest for me in the days before I knew about bottles!"

Amid this monologue, punctuated by frequent dips into the pages of Early American Bottles and Flasks, the travelers came to the ancient home of the discriminating collector and antique dealer, Doctor Mommsen, who, with his beautiful wife, has scoured the Virginia countryside for rare and inflaming antiques.

The chaste and refined air of the Mommsen home was such as to cause a perceptible air of restraint to envelop the party. Instead of pushing one another rudely to one side in their customary manner when their eyes fell on a desirable piece, and emitting an occasional insulting remark on the subject of the antiques or of one another's taste, they laid aside their coats and hats and approached the matter delicately and elegantly.

"A charming chair," said Mr. Herkimer with an affable smile, indicating a wing chair with ball-and-claw feet.

"A very nice piece," assented Mr. Lamar.

"Have you got any bottles?" asked Mr. Le Havre, who had been restraining himself with difficulty.

"What do you have to get for that chair?" asked Mr. Lamar examining its remote underpinning.

"Have you got any bottles?" asked Mr. Le Havre in a less assured voice.

"No bottles," said Doctor Mommsen regretfully, "but I have a nice amethyst Stiegel covered jar seven inches in height."

"Where is it?" asked Mr. Herkimer quickly and hoarsely.

On being told that it was in the other room, a stampede of three glass experts immediately followed. It is probable that trouble might have ensued had not the beautiful Mrs. Mommsen suddenly appeared. Her presence, fortunately, brought back all the refinement and politeness of the glass experts, and Mr. Lamar was permitted to get his hands on the Stiegel jar without suffering physical violence at the hands of Mr. Herkimer.

Stiegel and Soda Mints

"I don't believe it's Stiegel," said Mr. Lamar, feeling of the pontil mark and rubbing his nose against the side of the jar, and clearly indicating in several small ways that he knew it to be Stiegel.

"It's chipped," said Mr. Herkimer, who was looking over Mr. Lamar's shoulder. "It has a slight chip."

"That piece is absolutely right," said Doctor Mommsen with complete assurance.

"What is your price on this jar?" asked Mr. Lamar.

"Three hundred dollars," said Doctor Mommsen, looking at his beautiful wife, while his beautiful wife looked pensively out of the window at a small, moth-eaten kitten.

On hearing this price, Mr. Le Havre and Mr. Sawbuck moodily left the room and sat near the front door where they could keep an eye on their slightly antique coats and hats.

"It would be worth it if it wasn't chipped," said Mr. Lamar, replacing the jar on the table.

Mr. Herkimer, smiling his customary gay smile, at this juncture reached over and picked up the jar and turned his back on Mr. Lamar in order to examine it.

"However," said Mr. Lamar quickly, "I'll take it."

Following this, Mr. Lamar hurriedly purchased a table that Mr. Herkimer was considering with some seriousness; and in retaliation Mr. Herkimer purchased an inlaid Hepplewhite wine cooler that Mr. Lamar was admiring greatly. Everybody, therefore, with the exception of Mr. Sawbuck and Mr. Le Havre, was satisfied as the party set off at dusk for Winchester.

Obeying the exhortations of Mr. Lamar, the party hastened through its dinner at Winchester, and by half-past eight was on its way to Hallisonburg, Virginia, a mere seventy miles from Winchester, and a mere two hundred and ninety miles from the place where the trip had started.

On arriving at Hallisonburg, Mr. Lamar hastened briskly into the antique shop that had kept open until midnight in expectation of his arrival. Mr. Sawbuck, who was in a state of almost complete collapse after fifteen hours of automobiling, pewter hunting and listening to bottle conversation, besought the weary Mr. Le Havre and the dizzy Mr. Herkimer to accompany him to a drug store for a revivifying drink of mineral water.

"No! No!" protested Mr. Le Havre, following unsteadily in the footsteps of Mr. Lamar. "There might be some bottles in here!"

As for Mr. Herkimer, he leaned weakly against the front of the antique shop and sternly waved Mr. Sawbuck away. "Bring me some soda mints," he ordered. "I can't let Lamar go in there alone."

A Twenty-Hour Day

It was nearing the witching hour of two A.M. when Mr. Le Havre emerged triumphantly from the shop holding in his arms a large cardboard box containing eight bottles. Mr. Sawbuck's loot consisted of a colored print of the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown and four ancient molding planes, of the sort that old-time carpenters used for the manufacture of moldings upward of a hundred and fifty years ago. Mr. Lamar had purchased and shipped to his home several pieces of Pennsylvania Dutch pottery which, for reasons known only to himself, appealed strongly to his sense of the beautiful. Even Mr. Herkimer was happy, in spite of purchasing nothing, for the soda mints had begun to work.

When all the others had entered the automobile, Mr. Sawbuck carefully placed his four wood planes on the top of a large, newspaper-stuffed box, and wearily inserted himself among Mr. Le Havre's bottles. The automobile then lurched off through the silent streets of Hallisonburg in search of the hotel. All was rest and relaxation, when the early morning quiet of the Virginia countryside was shattered into a thousand pieces by an enraged bellow. Opening his eyes in horror, Mr. Sawbuck found himself staring straight into the contorted face of Mr. Lamar.

"Take that blankety-blanked kindling wood away from my Stiegel jar!" bellowed Mr. Lamar. Here again may be observed the intolerance of the collector.

"Those," protested Mr. Sawbuck with pained dignity, "are not kindling wood! Those are very fine specimens of old wood planes."

"Well, I don't give a hang what they are, but all I say is get that kindling wood away from my glass."

So the wood planes were removed from the glass and held in Mr. Sawbuck's lap, and the hotel was reached eventually, and the travelers entered with their arms full of bottles, jars, wood planes, children's cuspidors, iron lamps, and various other unrecognizable things.

As Mr. Sawbuck stumbled into bed at three o'clock in the morning, after a twenty-hour day, he heard the voice of Mr. Le Havre coming over the transom, quoting monotonously from Early American Bottles and Flasks in the following words: "Dutchman bottle, unidentified. Picture of Dutchman with high hat on the back of his head and stick under his arm. Prominent stomach. Reverse, the following inscription: *'Ich hab's aber immer gesagt, es muss fort gesoffen werden.'* Translation: 'But I've always said so: it must be drunk up.' Pint, aquamarine. Sloping shoulders. Long neck. Sheared mouth. Blubble,

(Continued on Page 213)

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IN every part of the country—where the winters are long and cold and where they are mild but quickly changing—Electrol, the electric oil burner, tends the furnaces of thousands of pleased owners. Ever on the alert to keep their homes at an even, comfortable temperature, never needing attention, readjustment or constant cleaning. Gone for them are the unreliable furnace men, for Electrol is the master—the Master Furnace Man.

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(Continued from Page 210)

blubble, blubble, blubble." And with that Mr. Sawbuck lost consciousness.

Four hours later, as the golden rays of the newly risen sun were illumining the brilliant cornfields of the Shenandoah Valley, green in the cool September morn, Mr. Lamar again gathered his hollow-eyed little flock around him and spurred them to the day's labors with zest and vivacity.

"Now," said he genially, as he absorbed the final swallow of his third cup of coffee and the last fragments of a large platter of ham and eggs, "we can't waste any time getting away. We want to get to Deely's in New Cambridge while it's still light, so that we can see the glass. It's over two hundred miles to New Cambridge, so make it snappy. We can't stop for any children's cuspidors today, or for any of that kindling wood of Sawbuck's; and Sawbuck's got to keep that kindling away from my Stiegel jar."

As Mr. Herkimer, Mr. Le Havre and Mr. Sawbuck wearily followed the vivacious Mr. Lamar to the automobile, Mr. Le Havre picked up his bottle song where he had dropped it on the preceding evening.

"One of the bottles I got last night," said he plaintively, "was the extremely rare Van Buren bottle that followed the Jackson bottles. I certainly never expected to find that bottle down here. I have been looking for that bottle ever since I knew anything at all about bottles. I didn't expect to find any really rare bottles on this trip, but I must say that I've picked up some very fine bottles. If I could only find a blue Corn-for-the-World bottle at Deely's, it would be one of the most successful bottling expeditions that I have ever made."

"So's your old man," observed Mr. Herkimer.

The day having thus started auspiciously, the little group of experts on early Americana hastened at top speed through the Shenandoah Valley and the beautiful and historic towns of Winchester, Harper's Ferry and Frederick.

The conversation at Winchester, instead of lingering on Sheridan's famous ride, dealt exclusively with the unutterable folly of collecting Sandwich glass. At Harper's Ferry the distinguished authors, forgetful of John Brown and his body, were busily engaged in an altercation over the original uses of those bits of Stiegel glass that look like toothpick holders and are known to cognoscenti as Christmas-tree ornaments.

A Bottle Between Friends

As they passed the clustered spires of Frederick, green walled by the hills of Maryland, they ignored the memory of the old gray head of Barbara Frietchie and devoted themselves to a disgraceful wrangle over the question of how, when and where the first American bottles were manufactured.

But by mid-afternoon, when the automobile again glided past the serried monuments to the heroes of Gettysburg, Mr. Lamar, Mr. Herkimer and Mr. Le Havre had fallen silent in order to husband their strength for the approaching bottlefield of New Cambridge; while Mr. Sawbuck, completely dazed, slumbered heavily and obliviously on the front seat.

There was an air of tenseness about the little group of glass experts when they finally mounted the steps of the large and imposing Deely home in New Cambridge; and like a group of distance runners, they poised themselves before the door, ready to spring into the house at the first possible opportunity. But when the door was opened, they learned to their dismay that Mr. Deely was confined to his bed with illness.

Notwithstanding this shock, the glass specialists entered the house and quickly scattered in search of their favorite commodities. Mr. Le Havre shot a quick glance into every room, and finally scuttled into one in which two tables, a bureau, a wall cupboard and three desks were heavily cluttered with old bottles. Mr. Herkimer and Mr. Lamar entered another room together, each apparently unwilling to trust the other alone.

Almost immediately Mr. Lamar and Mr. Herkimer fell foul of a corner cupboard in which a number of colored bottles nestled coyly. Mr. Herkimer gave one careful look at the shelves, and then clutched Lamar by the arm.

"There it is!" he exclaimed in a dramatic whisper. "There's what Le Havre has been hunting during his entire bottle existence. It's a blue Corn-for-the-World, Lamar! Who'd believe that we'd find a blue Corn-for-the-World! We'll get it, and when Le Havre finds that we've got it, he'll have a seizure! Think of that! A blue Corn-for-the-World!"

"Yes," said Mr. Lamar ecstatically, "and here's an aquamarine Success-to-the-Railroad bottle and an amethyst eagle bottle! This is going to kill Le Havre, Herkimer!"

"I'll take the blue Corn-for-the-World, Lamar," said Mr. Herkimer, "and you can have the others."

"How do you get that way! You've got the twenty-four best bottles in America, haven't you? What's the matter with me taking it?"

When Everything Was Priceless

"How much is that blue bottle that this gentleman has in his pocket?" asked Mr. Lamar in a penetrating whisper of the young lady in waiting.

Mr. Herkimer reluctantly produced the bottle, and the young lady in waiting scanned it carefully. "This bottle," said she at length, "has come in since Mr. Deely was taken sick. There is no price on it."

"Can't you ask Mr. Deely?" growled Mr. Lamar fretfully.

"Oh, I don't think so," replied the young lady regretfully.

"What," asked Mr. Herkimer, "is the price of this amber sunburst bottle and the aquamarine bottle that my friend is holding under his arm?"

"Both of these," said the young lady, after she had examined the bottles in question, "have come in since Mr. Deely was taken ill. You will have to come back when Mr. Deely is better."

"How much is that Sheraton couch?" asked Mr. Lamar.

"That is not for sale," said the young lady.

"How much is that Chippendale chair with Spanish feet?" asked Mr. Herkimer hopefully.

"That came in since Mr. Deely was taken ill," said the young lady.

"Such and such and such and such!" whispered Mr. Lamar and Mr. Herkimer under their breaths; and so saying they went back to the automobile, leaving the blue Corn-for-the-World bottle and the amethyst eagle bottle and the aquamarine Success-to-the-Railroad bottle where they had found them.

When Mr. Herkimer and Mr. Lamar were safely out of the way, Mr. Sawbuck emerged from a small back room where he had been brooding over a number of the pewter articles that Mr. Lamar had contemptuously designated as children's cuspidors, and approached the young lady attendant in a polite manner.

"I trust," said he, "that Mr. Deely is not dangerously ill."

"No, no," said the young lady; "but we don't like to disturb him unless it's necessary."

"I see," said Mr. Sawbuck. "I have been troubled with a weak heart for a long time, and I know how it is. Any sudden disappointment is more than likely to affect my heart, and frequently I faint and remain unconscious for hours at a time. Of course," added Mr. Sawbuck, "it's not dangerous, but sometimes it makes a lot of trouble for the people in whose home I happen to be at the moment."

"That must be very trying," said the young lady.

"You certainly said something," agreed Mr. Sawbuck. With these words he brought

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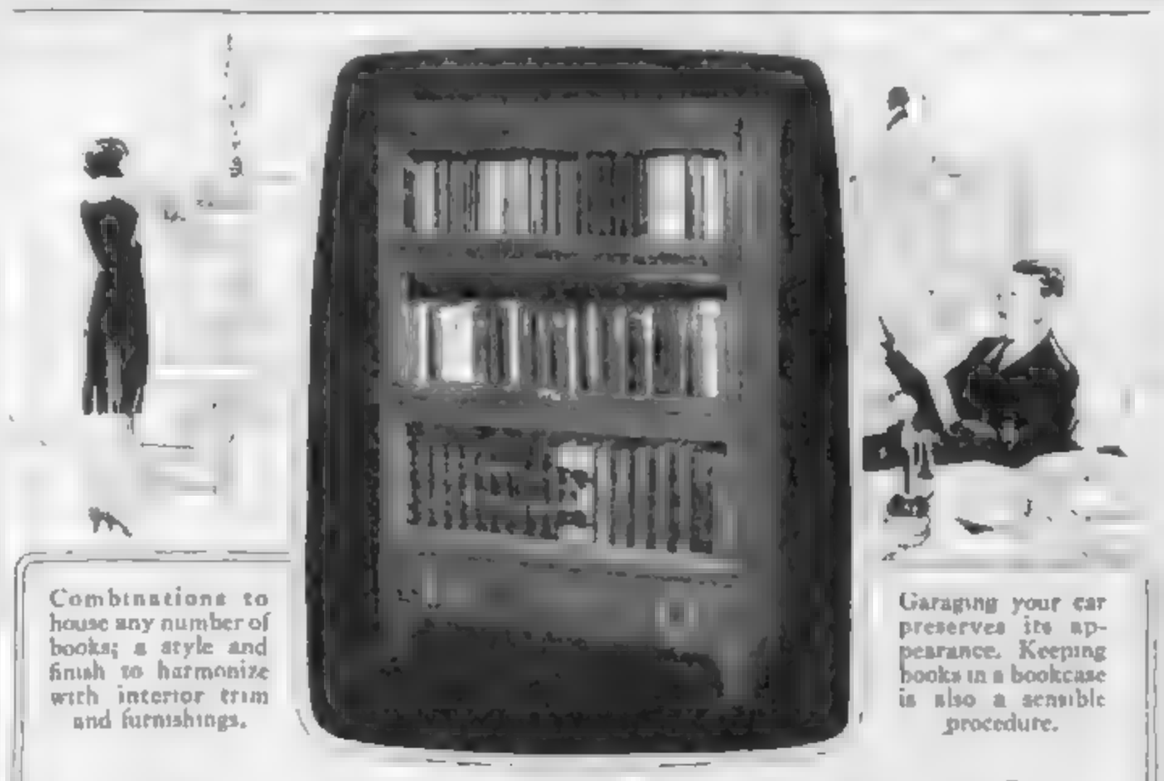

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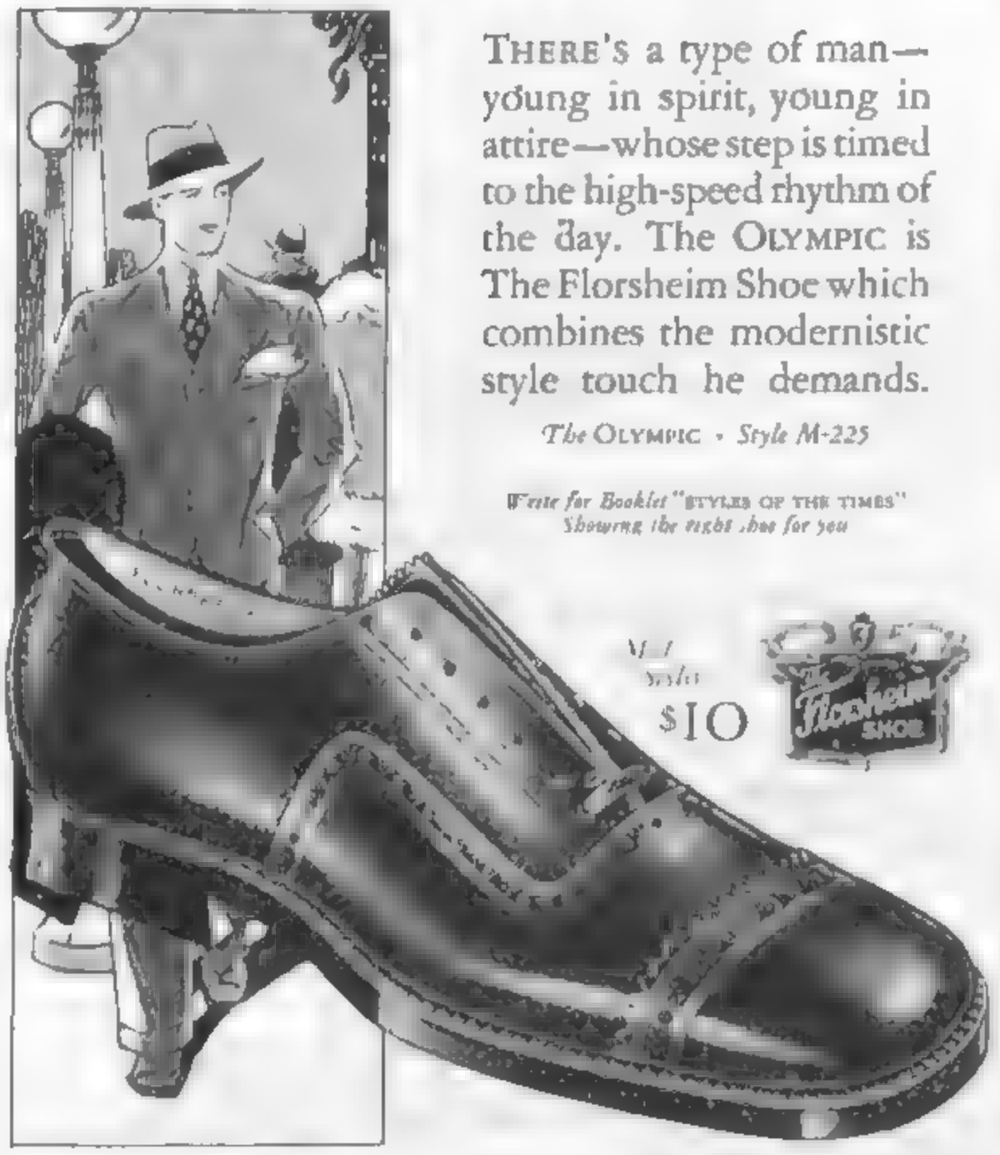

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out from behind his back two pewter half-gill measures and held them out to the young lady.

"What do you have to get for these?" he asked

"Why," said the young lady, "these have come in since Mr. Deely was taken ill. I do not ——"

Fortunately, at this moment she noticed that Mr. Sawbuck's breath was coming with greater and greater rapidity, and that his hand was pressed against his left side.

"Just a moment," said she hurriedly. "I'll take these up to Mr. Deely and see whether he'll put a price on them."

"Thank you so much," said Mr. Sawbuck, permitting his breathing to go back to normal; "and when you do so, I wish you'd take up this blue bottle and this lavender bottle and this yellow bottle and ask the price of them as well. Hey, Le Havre."

Mr. Le Havre at once came running at this summons, with his hands and pockets full of bottles. Consequently, when the young lady in waiting went up to Mr. Deely, she carried not only the two children's cuspidors, but some twelve or fifteen rare and beautiful whisky bottles.

A little later, when Mr. Le Havre and Mr. Sawbuck rejoined Mr. Herkimer and Mr. Lamar in the automobile, Mr. Le Havre carried so many bottles that he could easily have made himself into a portable barroom.

Mr. Herkimer was busily engaged in telling Mr. Lamar all about his ownership of the twenty-four best bottles in America, but the arrival of Mr. Le Havre caused him to desist and to break into a pleasant smile.

A Progressive Disease

"Well, Le Havre," said he, "I suppose you saw that blue Corn-for-the-World! Pretty tough, Le Havre, to come all this distance and find a blue Corn-for-the-World that you couldn't get!"

"I got it," said Le Havre calmly.

"You got it!" exclaimed Mr. Herkimer in horror-struck tones. "What happened to that amethyst eagle bottle?"

"I got it," said Mr. Le Havre complacently. "Yes, indeed! Ialso got the eagle-and-Doctor Dyott pint bottle that has T. D. W. in the oval instead of T. W. D. They don't come much rarer than that! Oh, yes! And I got an eagle-and-bust-of-Columbia bottle that will knock you for a loop! That amber sunburst bottle was one of the finest I ever saw, and I got that In fact, I got a lot of bottles in there that are just about the terrier's eyebrows. I got an emerald-green Ravenna-and-star bottle for three dollars, and a light golden-amber Wheat, Price & Co. bottle with Fair View Works in the reverse that I wouldn't sell for three Chippendale chairs. Oh, yes! And I got the Locomotive bottle in milk glass"

"Milk glass!" muttered Mr. Herkimer in a trembling voice

"My aunt!" ejaculated Mr. Lamar in agonized tones.

Mr. Le Havre unrolled his bottles one by one, caressed them, patted them and checked them lovingly in his copy of Early American Bottles and Flasks.

"What is so sad," asked Mr. Lamar of Mr. Herkimer, when he had recovered from the shock, "as to see an old friend turn into an incurable bottle drunkard? It wrings my heart to see Le Havre go on these bottle debauches, but I know of nothing to do. A year ago he was satisfied with one bottle at a time. Now he cannot be satisfied with less than twenty or thirty bottles at a time. Heaven only knows what the finish will be!"

"It frightens me," admitted Mr. Herkimer. "It almost persuades me to sell my twenty-four best bottles in America."

"Not a bad idea, Herkimer," said Mr. Lamar; "because if Le Havre keeps on at this gait, your bottles won't be the best any more."

The glass experts made a final stop for business purposes at the shop of Mrs. Duckpresser in the charming city of York. Inflamed by his recent successes, Mr. Le Havre abstracted a large green bottle from behind a pile of junk and quickly purchased it for seven dollars. As he was about to wrap it in the conventional newspaper, Mr. Lamar took it and examined it cursorily.

"What is this, Le Havre?" he asked.

"A bottle," said Le Havre, "a green bottle with lots of bubbles."

"Sure it is!" said Mr. Lamar coldly. "But what kind of glass is it?"

"I don't know," admitted Le Havre.

"Well, you don't want anything that you can't identify," said Mr. Lamar. "I'll give you eight dollars for it."

"No, I like it and I want it," said Le Havre.

At this point Mr. Herkimer took the bottle from Mr. Lamar and peered at it anxiously. "This bottle is no good," said he. "I'll give you nine dollars for it, Le Havre."

"No," said Le Havre. "I like the shape and feel of that bottle, and I'll keep it."

"Now look here, Le Havre," said Mr. Lamar, "you took that bottle when we weren't looking, and we never had a chance at that bottle"

"That's right," said Mr. Herkimer.

"What's more," said Mr. Lamar, "that bottle is a Wistarberg bottle, and you never knew it at all. You just happened to get your fingers on it, and you are such a crazy fool about bottles that you bought it just because it was a bottle. You don't know anything about glass, and you don't deserve to have any good glass. Now Herkimer and I know all about glass, and it's only fair that you should give us a chance at this bottle."

"That's right," said Mr. Herkimer.

"Now we'll match you for this bottle, Le Havre," said Mr. Lamar.

"I don't see why I should," complained Le Havre.

"You know you can trust us, Le Havre," said Mr. Lamar. "When we tell you that you ought to let us have a chance at this bottle, you can be sure that we are telling you the truth."

So, while Mr. Sawbuck unostentatiously picked up another child's cuspidor and a Pennsylvania Dutch pierced-tin pie closet, Mr. Lamar, Mr. Herkimer and Mr. Le Havre matched three times for Mr. Le Havre's Wistarberg bottle, and Mr. Le Havre won every time.

The Return of the Glass Hunters

It might be remarked in passing that Mr. Le Havre's victories, instead of establishing his claim to his own bottle, only succeeded in making Mr. Herkimer and Mr. Lamar more determined to get it away from him—which they doubtless have already accomplished.

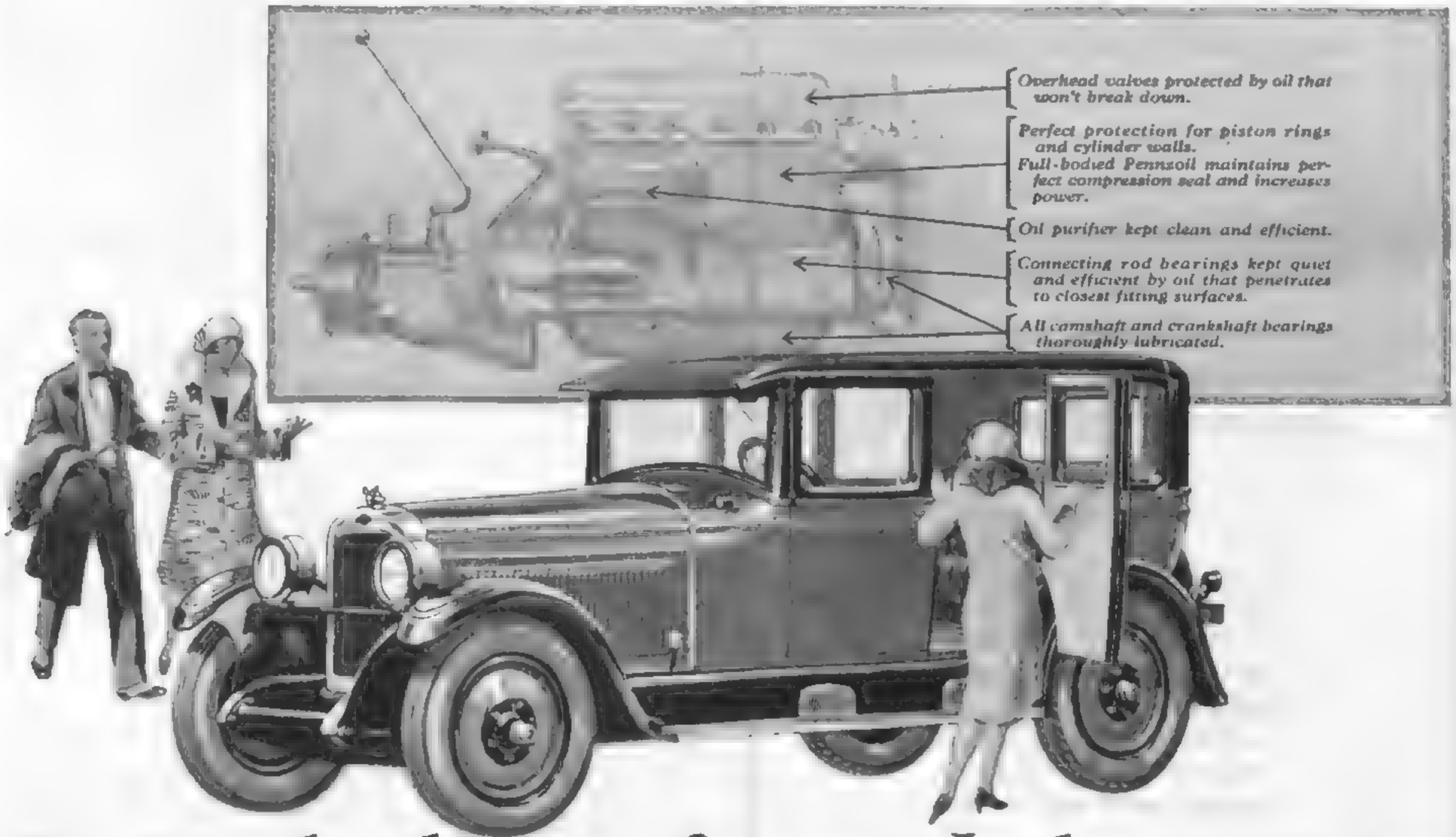
And so the more or less happy party sped homeward through the darkness. There were bottles on the floor of the automobile, there were bottles in every overcoat pocket, there were bottles in the laps of every member of the party, including the chauffeur, and Mr. Le Havre dandled his Wistarberg bottle in his arms. There were bottles stuffed in boxes, there were bottles wrapped in newspapers, there were bottles wrapped in pajamas and handkerchiefs and in an old undershirt.

After sixteen hours on the road, the four glass hunters staggered from among the bottles and fell into bed to the music of a deep-bass bottle lecture by that distinguished Wall Street specialist and bottle hound, Mr. Le Havre. As for Mr. Sawbuck, he took the earliest available train back home in a state of semicollapse. It was apparent to him that anybody who would permit himself to buy his first bottle was crazy.

And yet, a few days after his return home, he visited his favorite dealers and practically decided on a Jenny-Lind-and-Kossuth bottle, and a very rare Doctor Dyott-Franklin bottle bearing the inscription *Eripuit Coelo Fulmen Sceptrumque Tyrannis.*

The whole business is obviously a disease.

That *new* Nash — *keep it new indefinitely*


Overhead valves protected by oil that won't break down.
Perfect protection for piston rings and cylinder walls.
Full-bodied Pennzoil maintains perfect compression seal and increases power.
Oil purifier kept clean and efficient.
Connecting rod bearings kept quiet and efficient by oil that penetrates to closest fitting surfaces.
All camshaft and crankshaft bearings thoroughly lubricated.

Give it the best of care.~ Lubricate its motor with the best oil you can buy~~

YOU have invested in a fine car—*protect it.* The heart of a car is its motor, and the motor's very life depends on *safe* lubrication.

You can't buy a better lubricant than Pennzoil. Insist upon getting it.

Pennzoil resists friction. It stands up against the highest motor heat. It protects the moving parts as inferior oils can't possibly do.

Pennzoil is refined from specially selected Pennsylvania crude in our own refinery at Oil City, Pa.—the largest and most modern refinery operating exclusively on this finest of oil. Its lubricating qualities are brought to perfection by the famous Pennzoil process which is a development of over 40 years devoted to refining the highest grade petroleum. *Pennzoil is supreme Pennsylvania quality.*

The condition of the oil as it flows OUT of your motor tells surely whether good oil was put IN. After using ordinary oil for 500 miles rub a drop or two of it between your fingers. Do the same thing with Pennzoil after using it a full 1000 miles. You can see the difference, and feel it.

Ask your dealer for Pennzoil. Get "*the oiliest oil known*" —the safest, most dependable lubricant. It will stop repairs due to faulty lubrication, give you greater mileage per gallon of gas. And it costs less *because it goes more than twice as far as ordinary oil.*

Give your car Pennzoil protection. You will find the dealer who displays the Pennzoil sign an honest dealer —anxious to serve—a man who is building his business with quality merchandise and dependable service.

THE PENNZOIL COMPANY
Oil City · Buffalo · Los Angeles · San Francisco
Refinery: Oil City, Pa.

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PENNZOIL

SAFE LUBRICATION

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"If anyone ever had any doubts as to the present policy of The Country Gentleman he would only have to travel as I am traveling to see for himself that what we used to call a 'national farm paper' is obsolete, and that only such a policy as The Country Gentleman now has is really and truly national."

It is recognition of this fact that has given *The Country Gentleman* leadership in both circulation and advertising, and has made it the leading publication in America for those whose homes or whose interests are in the country.

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The Modern Magazine for Leadership Farm Families

More than 1,300,000 a month

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Only NOGAR can make NOGAR Clothes

Because nobody else can make NOGAR Cloth

These original Utility Suits have no equal for long wear and all-'round satisfaction

In the main office of the Nogar Clothing Manufacturing Company, at Reading, Pa., hangs a sign which reads, "There never was anything made but that someone else could make it *worse* and *sell it for less*." This epigram is not original with us but it fits the case perfectly.

NOGAR is the original utility clothing. As always happens when a product opens a new field, attempts have been made to imitate it. But NOGAR Clothes cannot be successfully imitated because there is only one NOGAR Cloth and we make it

Only garments shipped direct to you from our factory at Reading are made of genuine NOGAR Cloth. This wonderful fabric is almost tearproof, won't burn easily and repels water. It will outwear any other cloth used in clothing and keep a good appearance. More than a million wearers can testify to this.

Economy is low price *plus* service

NOGAR Suits and Topcoats are only $12.50 and $13.50. But low prices alone do not necessarily mean economy. You can get clothing made to look like NOGAR and priced even less, without getting the same saving. It is the amazing strength of NOGAR garments, added to their very small cost, that saves you so much money.

One of the best proofs of NOGAR quality is the fact that imitators often represent their garments as "the same as NOGAR." Bear in mind, there is *only one NOGAR factory* and its products are sold *only by NOGAR Authorized Representatives*. All our garments are *guaranteed*.

NOGAR Boys' Suits will stand the hardest wear and always look well.

You can draw the point of a knife or nail over NOGAR Cloth without injuring the fabric.

Suits & Topcoats
$12.50 & $13.50

Hunting Suits $15.50

Boys' Suits
$9.85 & $10.85

Slightly Higher in Canada

By this button you can identify the NOGAR Representative. He will show you a copy of your order, stating [illegible]

The ideal product for salesmen

You have only to read the description on the left to realize how easy and profitable it is to sell NOGAR Clothes. Low priced, good looking, *guaranteed*—with a nation wide reputation based on years of satisfactory service—these unique garments are wanted by men and boys everywhere.

No experience is necessary to sell NOGAR Clothes. Some of our most successful representatives came to us from clerical and other positions to better themselves. Extensive national advertising pays the way for you and gives you a friendly reception wherever you call. Our better workers are advanced to splendid, lucrative executive positions and share in bonuses. Even part time work pays well.

Mail coupon today for further information.

NOGAR CLOTHING MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Home Office and Factory, Reading, Pa. *Branch Offices in Principal Cities*

NOGAR Suits are ideal for

Mechanics	*Railroad Men*
Drivers	*Farmers*
Mill Workers	*Motorists*
Engineers	*Gunners*
Chauffeurs	*Fishermen*

—and all men who need extra-duty clothing

Nogar

CLOTHES

Nogar-ments wear like them

NOGAR CLOTHING MFG. CO.
Dept. ——, Reading, Pa.
Please send me further information about NOGAR Clothes for Men ☐ for Boys ☐
Check which you are interested in

Name

Address

If you wish to represent us, check here ☐

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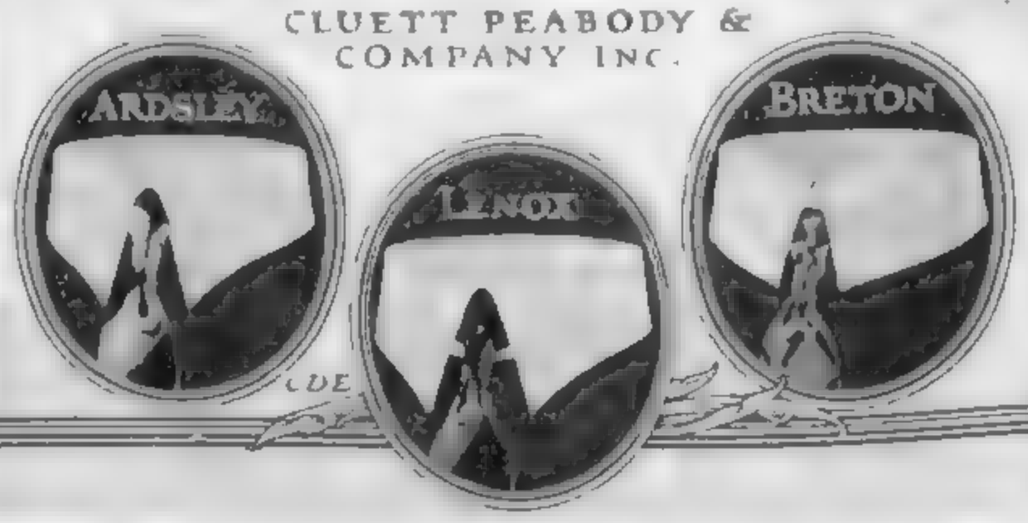
HEMPSTEAD

THE NEW E&M SUPER QUALITY

COLLARS

IF YOU LIKE THE FEEL OF A SOFT COLLAR AND THE APPEARANCE OF A STIFF COLLAR AND DURABILITY FAR BEYOND ANYTHING ANY STARCHED COLLAR EVER DID POSSESS, THEN YOU WILL LIKE THESE NEW COLLARS 35¢ each 3 for 1.00

CLUETT PEABODY & COMPANY INC.



The Poets' Corner

Farewell to the Cabin

ROOF of birch bark, walls of cedar
Hung with landing net and leader,
Every native charm and spell,
Silent cabin, guard you well!
May no big, burglarious bruin
Break and enter, wreaking ruin,
No intrusive porcupines
Leave their quills and other signs.
Though the red, indignant squirrel
Skir-r a chattering denturral,
Scold him well, accusive jay,
Faithful sentinel in gray!
Though the hemlock branches splinter,
Snow-banked lodge, defy the winter,
Till the trails of wood and glen
Lead us to your door again!

Arthur Guiterman.

To a Friend

WHY are you sad? Is youth not sweet, not sweet?
And youth is yours—yet the white petals, all
Unnoticed, now, beneath your careless feet
Are crushed, and wither quickly as they fall.
Why are you sad? The hills are tinged with light,
The roads of life lead upward, everywhere.
But you stand in the valley, and the night
Will come upon you swiftly, standing there.
Why are you sad? What longing, what regret,
Retains you on the brink of things to be?
What vision of the past withholds you yet
From life, who should embrace it, glad and free?
Would that within my heart your own could find
A little of that glory, left behind!

—Mary Dixon Thayer.

Wings

I BUILT an altar to my youth
When you had killed it, oh, so kindly
I burned my hopes—my callow hopes
That I might follow you more blindly.

Nothing was left but whitened ash,
Of all my little lovely things;
But through the years of sacrifice
I kept and hid from you my wings.

And when my quickened soul rebelled
Against the leash you held me by,
I soared into the clouds, but, oh,
You looked so little from the sky.

So little—can it be that I
Might come to hold you in disdain?
Rather, like Dædalus, unwinged,
I shall not fly again.

—Virginia McCormick.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Six Hundred Thousand Weekly)

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A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy.

ALREADY MORE THAN 90,000 NEW HOMES HAVE BEEN BUILT WITH CELOTEX INSULATING LUMBER. THESE HOMES ARE WINTER-WARM, SUMMER-COOL, STRONGER, MORE ECONOMICAL TO HEAT . . . THEY HAVE SET A NEW STANDARD OF AMERICAN BUILDING PRACTICE.

Now— INSULATION for homes *already* built!

Just lining the attic with this amazing lumber will make your home warmer in winter and cooler in summer. Celotex will also give you an attractive extra room and save more than it costs.

Anyone who can use a saw and hammer can finish off an attic room with Celotex in a few hours. You simply nail the broad, light boards to the studding and rafters. Celotex converts your old attic into a comfortable, livable room. Its golden-tan color and rough-textured surface make an attractive wall finish . . . or you can decorate it in many ways.

YOU can now make even your upstairs rooms snug and warm during the coldest winter weather . . . pleasantly cool on sweltering summer days and nights.

Simply line your attic with Celotex.

This amazing lumber resists the passage of heat and cold many times more effectively than wood lumber, wall-boards, masonry and other wall and roof materials. It shuts out wind and dampness . . . quiets noise. Celotex is not cut from trees. The broad, strong boards are made from the tough fibres of cane. They are stronger in walls than wood.

For Garages

Celotex will help keep your car from freezing on cold winter nights. It costs but little to build a garage of Celotex . . . and anyone can line a garage already built, quickly and easily.

While lining your attic with Celotex cannot effect the same results as complete house insulation, it gives protection against the attack of heat or cold where it is most needed. For up at the top of the house is where the greatest heat waste occurs in winter and where the sun beats down most fiercely in summer.

SAVES MORE *than it costs.* Lining your attic with Celotex is not a big job or an expensive job. You simply nail the broad, light boards right to the studding and rafters. Enough Celotex to line your attic will cost you very little. And Celotex will more than pay for its cost in the fuel money it saves.

If you do not use the attic as an extra room, you can check the flow of heat by applying Celotex to the attic floor. Just nail Celotex over the attic floor joists and cover such portions of the floor as will be used for storage with wood flooring. Celotex may also be applied directly over old attic flooring. *In the basement,* a lining of Celotex keeps out dampness and marks the end of chilly first-story floors. It will shut out draughts and furnace dirt.

There are also many other places where Celotex is the ideal material for re-decorating, repairing or remodeling.

SAVINGS *in new homes.* If you are going to build, Celotex will bring you great comfort and save you much money. The proper use of Celotex in walls, ceilings and roof means that a smaller, less expensive heating plant and smaller radiators will keep you comfortable. And year after year, Celotex can *save from 25% to 35% of your fuel money.*

Ask your architect, contractor or lumber dealer to tell you more about this amazing lumber. All lumber dealers can supply Celotex. Also ask about the $200.00 *gold bond* now issued on all Celotex-insulated homes.

Meanwhile, send the coupon below for the free Celotex Building Book. It tells how to use Celotex in both old and new homes.

CELOTEX
INSULATING LUMBER

THE CELOTEX COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILL.
Mills: New Orleans, La.
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(See telephone books for addresses)
Canadian Representatives: Alexander Murray & Co., Limited
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Free Building Book

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645 No. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send illustrated booklets giving more information about Celotex.

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Street.....

City.....*State*.....

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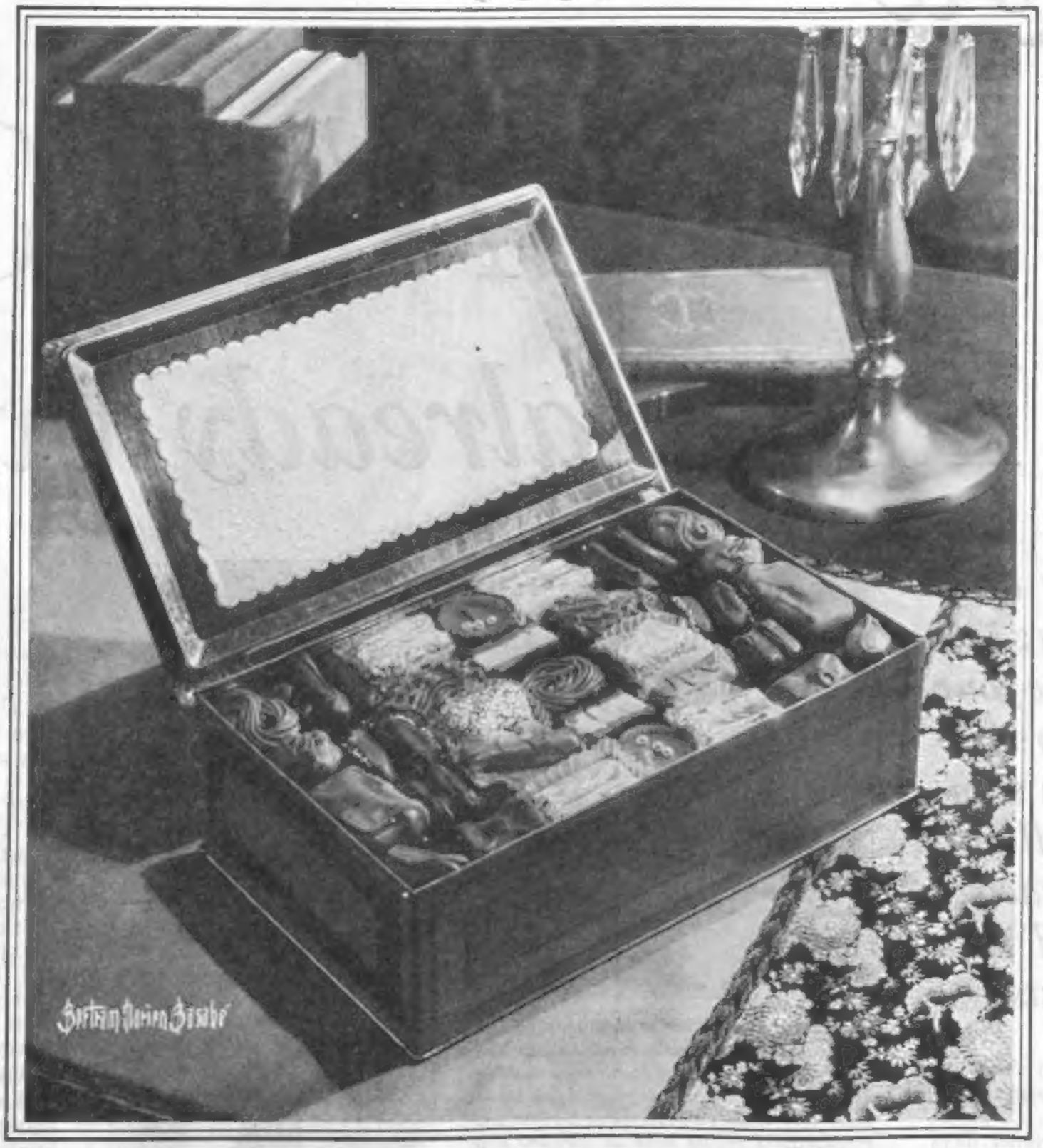

Johnston's Cavalier Package

Here's Candy Glorified—

Kingly sweets made more enticing in The Cavalier Package . . . Johnston's newest creation . . . Fashioned in metal . . . finished in red and gold . . . colored exquisitely . . . inviting! And what enticement lies within! Goodness of a generation's standing. Rare and delightful sweetbits—satiny chocolate, deftly molded with delicacies from world ports—incomparably delicious. Worthy of the sweetest lady in all the world.

You will find The Cavalier Package now on sale at a special agency for Johnston's Chocolates at one of the better class stores in your neighbourhood.

Johnston's

CHOCOLATES

NEW YORK CHICAGO MILWAUKEE MINNEAPOLIS OAKLAND

ANNOUNCING

THE PIECES of 8 CHEST

Around the Cape of Good Hope··· To the Cove of Heart's Desire····

Heretofore, most silverware has been sold in "dozens" and "half dozens" of each unit.

"But twelve is too many," many housewives maintain, "and six is not enough. 'Eight of each' is what the average family needs!"

So here it is, the *happy-medium* set—eight of each—hollow handle dinner knives with stainless steel blades, dinner forks, dessert spoons, tea spoons, with sugar shell and butter knife. 34 pieces—a balanced and an adequate selection of silverplate. And the price! $43.50 for the set complete in an attractive box. Or you may secure the complete "Pieces of 8" service of the world's finest silverplate in the gorgeous Spanish chest (illustrated above) for but $49.50.

The "Pieces of 8" set may be secured in any of the famous 1847 ROGERS BROS. classic patterns.

DINNER SETS AND TABLEWARE TO MATCH KNIVES, FORKS AND SPOONS

Your silverware dealer has the chest on display in his window or store. See it today. Ask for the "Pieces of 8" set.
INTERNATIONAL SILVER COMPANY,
Meriden, Connecticut.

·1847 ROGERS BROS·

SILVERPLATE

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.

SALESROOMS:
NEW YORK, CHICAGO, SAN FRANCISCO

CANADA: INTERNATIONAL SILVER COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED, HAMILTON, ONTARIO

NEW!

. . . in everything but name

THE new Orthophonic Victrola is really *new* from start to finish—not merely "improved" or "revised." It is radically new and different, just as though the Victrola had never existed! It is years ahead of all other reproducing instruments, including the old-type Victrola.

New in principle. New in design. Most important of all, it is new in *playing quality!* The new Orthophonic Victrola, through the scientific, Victor-controlled principle of "matched impedance," reproduces tones that are neither too soft nor too loud, but full, round, mellow, *natural!*

So . . . revise all your notions of how reproduced music sounds. Go to your nearest Victor dealer's today. Go with an open mind and a critical ear. Be prepared to hear your favorite music, just as you would expect to hear it played or sung if the living artist stood before you.

The new Orthophonic Victrola and the new Orthophonic Victor Records —Victor's contribution to better music in the home. There are many beautiful models of the Orthophonic Victrola, from $300 to as low as $95. No winding when equipped with new, concealed, electric motor. Order now for Christmas delivery.

The New Orthophonic Victrola

VICTOR TALKING MACHINE COMPANY

CAMDEN, NEW JERSEY, U. S. A.